THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Vol. 194, No. 11. Published Weekly at Philadelphia. Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

An [illegible]kly
Founded [illegible] Franklin

SEPTEMBER 10, 1921

5c. THE COPY
10c. in Canada

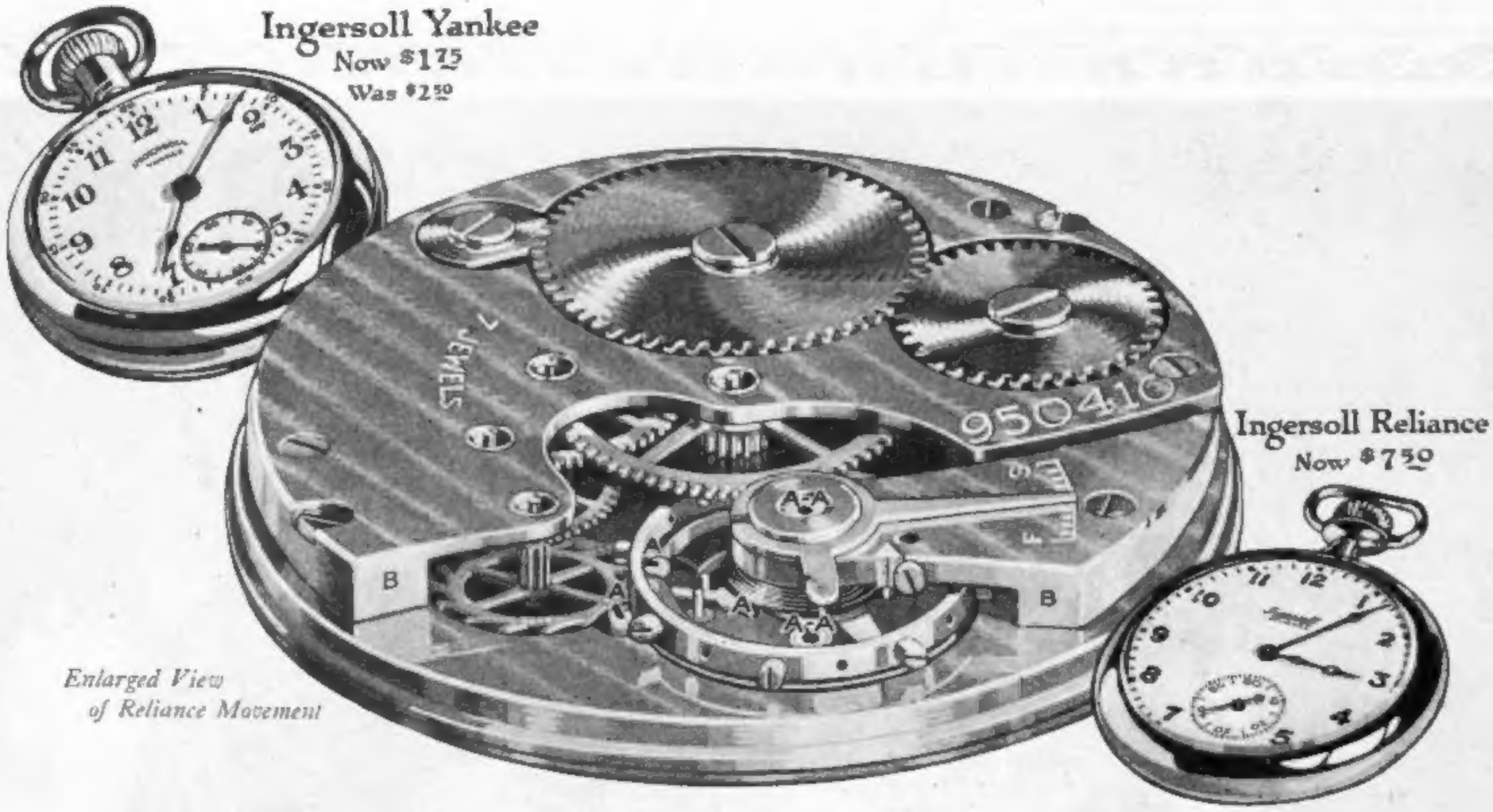
In This Number: **Arthur Train – Lowell Otus Reese – Edwin Lefèvre**
Nina Wilcox Putnam – Kenneth L. Roberts – Octavus Roy Cohen

Kuppenheimer

GOOD CLOTHES

an investment in good appearance

© B. K. & Co.



Born Out of the Ingersoll Economy Idea—

A Real 7-Jewel Watch

Which You Can Buy for Only $7.50

THE Ingersoll economy idea in watches started with the Ingersoll Yankee. Everybody knows this famous watch. More than 40 million of them have been sold in the past thirty years.

The success of the Yankee inspired the thought: Why not apply the Ingersoll Method in the fine watch field and give the highest type of watch service at an Ingersoll economy price?

The Reliance—A Fine Ingersoll

For the first time in watch-making history,—an entire factory was specially organized and equipped to turn out a single model. Ablest chronometer brains and remarkable automatic machinery were concentrated upon one objective: To produce a pedigreed watch and sell it at a people's price. The Ingersoll Reliance is the result. It has as pretty a 7-jewel movement as ever ran. It has the same solid bridge-construction which you find in two and three hundred dollar watches. And it looks the part of a thorobred.

The Price Shaved to $7.50

The Ingersoll Method made it possible to market the beautiful Reliance at the lowest price a quality watch ever sold for. Recently, when manufacturing costs started to come down, its price was shaved to $7.50.

Are you making this an economy year? You can buy your fine watch on an economy basis, too. The Ingersoll Reliance, built, tested and handled like the highest-priced watches, $7.50.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.
New York Chicago San Francisco Montreal

Ingersoll

Important Features of Reliance—*See Illustration*

7-Jewel Movement
The letters "A" indicate the locations of the 7 jewels. These jewels act as do ball bearings in a bicycle; they reduce friction. They make for accuracy.

Bridge Construction
The "works" are built into solid blocks of metal, hollowed out (see "B"). Same construction as used in highest-priced watches.

Interchangeability
Parts are made so accurately that they go together without special hand-fitting. A prime reason for the low cost of the Reliance.

30 Less Parts
Fewer parts mean economies,—also simplicity and precision.

Tested In 6 Positions
Each Reliance is tested for 12 days,—2 days in each of 6 positions.

Thin 16-Size
Solid nickel case.

Also in gold-filled case at $11.50

COMMUNITY PLATE

The Midnight Supper

Perhaps it is in these formally informal little affairs that the charm of *Community Plate* is most distinctly felt—for instance, the *Cold Meat Fork*, for serving delicate *Sliced White Meat*, or the *Jellied Chicken* made by the hostess from her own favored recipe.

Cold Meat Fork
$2.50 each
In Velvet-lined Gift Case

For Serving
Sliced Fowl, Cold Meats, Fish, &c

GROSVENOR DESIGN

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1921, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain
Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Arthur McKeogh,
T. B. Costain, Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879
Additional Entry as Second-Class Matter at Columbus, Ohio, at Decatur, Illinois, at Chicago, Illinois, and at Indianapolis, Ind.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 194 — 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada — PHILADELPHIA, PA., SEPTEMBER 10, 1921 — $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription — Number 11

THE HERMIT OF TURKEY HOLLOW

By ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Oh, my grandfather's clock was too tall for the shelf,
So it stood ninety years on the floor.
It was taller by half than the old man himself,
Though it weighed not a pennyweight more.
It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born,
And was always his treasure and pride,
But it—stopped—short—never to go again—
When—the old—man—died.

FOREWORD—Aforetime, it has been recorded in these pages how the Honorable Ephraim Tutt, adventuring to Pottsville to defend Skinny the Tramp, charged with murdering The Hermit of Turkey Hollow, rescued that inventive young orphan, Mr. William Toothaker, from the clutches of Toggery Bill Gookin and adopted him as office boy for Tutt & Tutt. But in the interest of narrating Willie's abortive prosecution for burglary the chronicler of these legal annals neglected at the time to record the far more thrilling details of the homicide, as well as of Skinny's celebrated trial, without which, in point of fact, the reader might never have heard of Willie Toothaker at all, and perhaps not even of Mr. Tutt himself. Therefore it is fitting and proper that all clients of that famous firm of attorneys, either actual or vicarious, should be informed as to that celebrated happening, which is, and probably for generations still to come will be, a favorite theme for fireside reminiscence on winter evenings in the Pottsville region.

"ALL the same," affirmed Skinny the Tramp, "some one o' these days them bugs'll wriggle themselves off'n their pins—an' do for ye!" The Hermit of Turkey Hollow laughed derisively as he paused in pinning a large gray moth against the wall of the shanty.

"That's all bunk!" he asserted with a show of bravado which, however, concealed a certain uneasiness. "When a thing's dead—it's dead! And that's the end of it!" he added, pushing in the pin firmly until the moth, giving a final flutter, remained motionless.

Skinny shook his head.

"No, it ain't!" said he with conviction. "Nothin' ever really dies—or, if it does, that ain't the end of it by any manner o' means! Your body kin die, like a cocoon, but somethin' goes on after—like the butterfly."

The hermit threw a nervous glance in the direction of the moth, and then, evidently reassured, nonchalantly removed a piece of cut plug from his trousers pocket, bit off an end and held it out to the tramp, who bisected the remainder.

"But the butterfly dies," concluded the hermit decisively, "and then that's the end of it—for good an' all!"

Skinny wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and looked round the smelly little shanty, the sides of which were decorated with a heterogeneous collection of defunct beetles, moths and butterflies.

"The butterfly don't die no more'n the cocoon!" declared he. "Nothin' dies. The moth flies away out o' the cocoon, and then, when the moth dies, somethin' flies away out o' the moth."

"But you can't see nothin'," remarked the hermit with significance in his tone.

"I don't know whether ye can or not!" replied the tramp noncommittally. "Some says ye can an' some says ye can't. Some claim they've photographed the human soul!"

Skinny Hurried to the Nearest Window of the Shanty and Peeked In. What He Saw Made His Heart Stand Still

"What do them as claim ye can see it say it's like?" inquired the hermit in a tone of incredulity, in which nevertheless were mingled awe and curiosity.

"Mostly like a butterfly—somethin' with wings—so's it kin fly, I s'pose."

"Huh!" retorted the hermit. "Just pure bull! That moth, now—how can you say it ain't dead?"

Skinny's jaws relinquished their extreme vigor of motion, as he leaned forward earnestly toward the hermit.

"Listen, bo!" he adjured him. "You think you know all about bugs, an' worms, an' snakes, an' yerbs, an' trees, an' weather. An' I reckon you do, too! But you don't ponder none compared to me. I don't do nothin' but think, 'cause I ain't got nothin' else to do. I lie an' meditate most all the time. And I hear things—and sense 'em. Sometimes I sit hearkenin' all night long. I know a lot more'n most folks about things you can't see."

"I don't say you don't, Skinny!" admitted the hermit politely. "I don't deny it!"

"There's two worlds," said the tramp. "The one you kin see an' smell an' touch; and one that you ordinarily can't—right alongside t'other. But sometimes—dependin' on circumstances—you can catch a glimpse of what's goin' on there—see 'em an' hear 'em. You've seen ghosts!"

"Sure, I've seen ghosts. Everybody's seen 'em!" readily assented his companion.

"Well," continued the tramp, "everythin' has a ghost—walkin' right along beside it all the time; only it's in that other world, the one you don't see."

"But things don't have ghosts!" declared the hermit. "A thing must have been alive sometime to have a ghost."

"Everything's alive!" asserted the tramp. "Rocks an' trees an' flowers an' water an' fire an' bugs an' beasts, as well as folks; an' they all have ghosts, an' none of 'em ever die. An' they all have a right to live in the world they're in until they naturally pass on into the other. Now, when they go, maybe they go one way, maybe another; but they all do go; and some folks claim to have seen 'em. An' mostly they go with wings—flyin'—like a moth or somethin' like that."

The hermit spat disdainfully through the open doorway.

"Huh!" he remarked with sarcasm. "An' I s'pose you'd say when I die I'll go flyin' away like a big gray moth?"

"Like as not!" returned Skinny cheerfully. "Like as not! You got to go somehow, ain't ye?"

"All bull!" repeated the hermit. "You're just a nut!"

"Just the same!" returned Skinny the Tramp, "leavin' out entirely me bein' a nut, I wouldn't kill anythin' that's alive an' can feel—for money! I hate even to put an ax to a tree an' see the sap ooze out. How do we know it ain't sufferin'? An' when it comes to live things—I'd be skeart!" He let his eyes wander over the shanty walls, thickly populated with tiny corpses, and shuddered slightly.

"Yus, I'd be skeart to live in this house! Sometime they'll have their vengeance! An', just as I said, one o' these days they'll wriggle off'n them pins an'—do fer ye!"

"An' then," mocked The Hermit of Turkey Hollow, "I'll flutter off out the winder like I was a moth! Bull, Skinny! All bull!"

II

AS MAY be inferred from the foregoing conversation The Hermit of Turkey Hollow lived in the world of fact while Skinny the Tramp dwelt in that of faith—which is to say, of truth. Yet, as odd sticks, there was little to choose between them. As being a house dweller—and not a mere vagrant open to all the insidious imputations of vagabondage—the hermit may, of the two, have been entitled to greater social recognition, but being a recluse, though something of a curiosity and hence in the nature of a local asset, he was practically negligible as a factor in the life of the neighborhood. Skinny the Tramp, on the other hand, was a sociable sort of being who lived in the open, not because he loved his fellows less but because he loved Nature more.

Turkey Hollow lies a mile strong to the north and east of the thriving town of Pottsville in New York State, surrounded by low hills still thickly covered with second-growth timber, in spots, especially where Chasm Brook flows down into the westerly end of Turtle Pond, wet and marshy, and elsewhere filled with a tangled growth of birch, swamp maple and alder, save for the acre or so of cleared upland above the lake where stands the hermit's now deserted shanty.

On the whole, the original turkeys having for several decades been entirely extinct, the hollow offered no attractions to anybody, save possibly to naturalists impervious to mosquito bites. It was in truth a dank sort of place, full of underbrush, and inaccessible except by the wood road leading to the hermit's abode, which some years he cleared out and some he didn't, and where you had to go afoot anyway. Nevertheless, once you got there you found that the hermit was a genuine up-to-date hermit, with most of the modern improvements. For he was neither a hundred years old with a bald pate and long white whiskers like Walt Whitman's Father Time; nor did he mutter incantations over a seething caldron like the witches in Macbeth, or meander aimlessly about prattling to himself as conventional hermits are supposed to do. And his shanty was no cave, but on the contrary a comfortable enough one-story shack, with windows of glass, which, though they were nailed down tight and hence could not be opened, allowed plenty of light to stream in. By the door usually stood a butterfly net, a fish rod and a hoe and spade, for he had a small garden patch where he raised such vegetables as he needed.

He Ducked Back and Ran Like a Fagged Fox Along the Hedge by the Field

On one side of the shanty was a table, on the other his cot, over which by day was thrown a discolored comfortable, while directly on ax with the door and between the two rear windows was a tall old-fashioned clock—the only article of any value in the place. It was, indeed, rather a strange piece of furniture to be in the middle of the woods, and as it was of shining mahogany, its face decorated with the sun, moon and stars, ships, savages and zodiacal signs, it was an object of comment and surmise to the few who came there. No one ventured to ask where it had come from or how the hermit had acquired it, but he had been once heard to say that it made less noise than a woman, talked no nonsense, and was all the company anyone had need of. Even those who had never seen the hermit himself knew that he had a clock. That is the way of things. People will refer for years to a man as "the old chap that always wears that pair of gray trousers" and then accidentally discover that he is a world-famous civil engineer or retired statesman who has swayed the fate of nations. So the hermit was known by his clock; though regularly once a week he walked to Pottsville to get his mail and buy groceries. For being an up-to-date hermit he was not without an occupation. He drank; and he did it very well.

He was a large, lumbering man of about sixty years, full bearded, bent, frankly ungiven to washing, and generally a shade woozy in the upper story; and nobody could remember Turkey Hollow when he had not been there.

He was reputed to be possessed of mysterious, ill-gotten wealth hidden in and about the clearing, and in spite of his squalor the rumor acquired a certain cachet owing to the fact that his correspondence, regularly inspected by Sheriff Moses Higgins out of abundant caution, consisted almost entirely of get-rich-quick circulars and similar catchpenny advertisements. His name, which otherwise might never have been known, was Wilbur Drake, though he was never referred to as anything but The Hermit of Turkey Hollow. That was his sum total—to the world at large.

Yet sometime and somewhere he had perhaps been somebody; and nailed over his cot in a tarnished oaken frame was a dingy photograph of a dumpy little girl in pigtails. Why this sick soul had sought seclusion nobody knew and nobody cared, yet afterward, though he was morose, taciturn and brutal in his manner, the Pottsville folk were sorry for him and regretted that they had not been kinder to him.

Skinny the Tramp was a totally different type of bird; a "character," as they all said, beloved of the village children and regarded with good-natured tolerance by their elders. He was tall, lean, hawkish, with the traditional stubble about his chin and neck, which a Byronic négligée exposed to wind and weather. He belonged to Pottsville in his own way quite as much as did the hermit, for in spite of his peripatetic sojournings he was a native of the town and, as James Hawkins, had passed those earlier days—before manual labor had been abhorrent to him—in its vicinity, having been even at one time admitted to the lowlier degrees of the local Brotherhood of Abyssinian Mysteries. This famous order, however, he had ultimately abandoned in favor of the Hibernating Hoboes of the Hesperides, of which he was still a member in good standing.

The reader will of course understand that for various reasons—including that we may sometime run for public office—the foregoing names and titles are fictitious; but the organizations themselves are not, and each in its own way exerts an influence not lightly to be disregarded. Twice yearly—once on his annual autumn trip to the Golden West, and again on his return therefrom in the spring—Hawkins, emaciated, hairy, black from coal dust, dropped lightly off the truck of some fast freight and revisited the scenes of his youth. Sitting upon a cracker barrel in Colson's Grocery—so that nutriment might be the more easily accessible—Skinny the Tramp, like some wandering scop, bard or friar of medieval days, would fill the wagging ears of the countryside with the narrative of his later wanderings in search of the treasure that somehow always just managed to elude his grasp. For Skinny believed absolutely that at the foot of every rainbow there was a crock of gold, and he would have gladly died for his belief—as any gentleman and sportsman would have done, and as he came very near to doing in this case.

However, though Skinny chased rainbows he declined to do so afoot—preferring the artificial and speedier means of transportation afforded by the transcontinental railroad systems, from the trains of which he was habitually—and at divers times and places ignominiously—hurled, to his great physical and temperamental detriment. Yet, albeit that he was a high officer of the Hibernating Hoboes of the Hesperides and had once been an Abyssinian Brother of that elevation known as the Order of the Sacred Camel of King Menelek, from which noble association he had been swiftly dropped for nonpayment of dues, he was, like a multitude of his fellow wanderers, merely a harmless child of good nature, nearly a half-wit, essentially a disciple of Zoroaster, who spent his life following the sun. On these semiannual visits Skinny hung about the town, spending a goodly portion of his time—both by night and by day—sleeping in a lean-to on the hillside above Turkey Hollow, and part of it wandering through the woods; but always looking for the rainbow that should empty a hoard of gold into his tattered lap.

Twice yearly also passed through Pottsville the Sons and Daughters of the Southland—the Zingari Gypsies—in auto trucks and flivvers, camping for a time on the end of the old deserted race track; a sinister crew, surreptitious panderers to credulity, the men surly and arrogant, the women insolent and dirty, but attracting the imaginative and susceptible as a trickle of molasses will draw a swarm of flies. When in the night they folded their tents and stole silently away the citizens of Pottsville invariably discovered that many of their most cherished personal possessions were unaccountably missing. But no one cared to pursue and prosecute them. They were too dangerous. Besides, they could have told things.

In the case of Skinny the Tramp there was, however, a practical as well as a sentimental reason for these half-yearly stop-overs—the legal necessity of his putting in a personal appearance to claim and receipt for the one hundred dollars of income which accrued to his account every six months from the trust fund created by his mother in her last will and testament, of which the Honorable—or Squire—Hezekiah Mason was executor. And as Squire Mason is one of the central figures in this legal tragi-comedy it may perhaps be worth while to stop for a moment at this point and give him what might be called the literary once-over.

Let us state frankly, without circumlocution or evasion, that though Hezekiah was known as honorable and squire, this grim-visaged, tight-lipped country attorney was neither. He was honorable only in a Pickwickian sense; and a squire only by courtesy; but why or how any courtesy should have been extended to him remained a mystery, since he was the most unpopular man in the county, evidenced by the fact that he alone of Pottsville's masculine élite—which included the barber, druggist, sheriff and dentist—was not one of the Sacred Camels of King Menelek, and needless to say it rankled in his dried pea pod of a soul.

Nevertheless, the Honorable Hezekiah was a power, for he had mortgages on a majority of the farms of the township already, and his tentacles were reaching out along the county highways and byways after the others. Moreover, he was the only lawyer practicing in either Pottsville or Somerset Corners, so that in one way or another he managed to be mixed up in almost everything that went on. However, he couldn't break into the mystic circle of the Abyssinian Brotherhood, which has a distinct bearing on our narrative. As Sheriff Moses Higgins, who was the

Grand Supreme Exalted Patriarch and Ruler of the Sacred Camels of King Menelek, had said at the lodge meeting held three months before in the P. of H. Hall when Hezekiah had made his final attempt to become one of the genus dromedary and had been flatly and contumeliously turned down, cast out, refused, rejected, repulsed, rebuffed and repudiated—I repeat, as Sheriff Higgins had said on that well-known occasion, it made no difference how big a feller's bank account was if he was a stinker, and everybody who had an atom of brains fer fifty miles round knew all-fired well what kind of a cuss Mason was. Get a feller like that into the Camels and you never could get rid of him—"once a Camel, always a Camel"—the whole herd would be contaminated. He'd sooner take in Nigger Jo, the colored hostler over to the Phœnix House stable. He spoke fifteen minutes and there wasn't a white ball in the box when it had passed round.

Wherefore Squire Mason nursed his grudge and took his revenge in coin of the realm. Then came the turn of the wheel and Hezekiah found himself in a position where by the adroit application of five thousand dollars where it would do most good he could get a strangle hold on one of the leading politicians of the county. The fact that the only funds available were those he held as trustee for James Hawkins was the merest incident and did not disturb him even momentarily. They were at hand and he used them. Skinny was only a tramp. He might get run over any day, as, fortunately for Hezekiah, did Lawyer Putnam, of Felchville, the public prosecutor of Somerset, for whose vacant job the Honorable Squire Mason instantly applied. As he had the goods on the local political boss he won in a walk, and duly became, by official appointment and designation, for Putnam's unexpired term, district attorney of the county, and having, after forty years of plodding obscurity, suddenly found himself elevated to office, he instantly became consumed by the fire of ambition. Though Cicero says that "the noblest spirit is most strongly attracted by the love of glory" we do not intend by this mere statement of fact to entwine with any wreath of bay or laurel the perspiring brow of Hezekiah. Objectively Mason was a bombastic, old-fashioned country lawyer, acrid, dry as dust, entirely unscrupulous, and, though superficially shrewd, on the whole rather dull. Noise was his strong point, and there was not a tougher pair of leather lungs in the valley, down which he now looked with longing eyes toward the capitol at Albany, hoping perhaps to roar loud enough to be heard there, which at times seemed by no means impossible. Once ambition stirs a man's soul no eminence appears too high for him to scale.

On the summit, see,
The scales of office glitter in his eyes:
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them! At his heels,
Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
And with a dexterous jerk soon twists him down,
And wins them, but to lose them in his turn.

And now, having had one piece of luck, the lightning of fortune, as sometimes happens, struck him again.

Pottsville is the kind of town where the girls bob their hair and the boys wear the very latest pineapple cut, where you can buy college ices and sundaes at the drug store, but where the movies run only twice a week and the barber shop is open only after four o'clock on Saturdays. There is a smutty little wooden railroad station, a memorial library of funereal granite, a brick business block bearing date 1879, a horse trough in the middle of Main Street, and the rickety old Phœnix Hotel, run by Ma Best, née Louisa Barrows, whose dad, Old Doc Barrows, was sent to Sing Sing for high-financing the countryside.

There are, in addition, two churches, Baptist and Methodist, each white with green shutters and a steeple; a courthouse; the Palace Theater—celluloid; the P. of H. Hall; the Pottsville Dry Goods Emporium, belonging to Toggery Bill Gookin; Meachem's Notion Store; and Colson's Grocery. The street is unpaved, and from February to April is ankle high with mud. Such towns still survive even in the Empire State. But though Pottsville will refer to Somerset Corners five miles away as a hick town it remains serenely oblivious of its own hickitude, and will doubtless still continue to be so even after studiously perusing this narrative next Thursday evening.

It was here that, on a soft Saturday afternoon toward the end of April, Squire Mason's great moment came—that opportunity knocked upon his office door and beckoned to him. And Hezekiah did not hesitate! For something told him that it would not come again.

"If You Really Want to Know What I Think," He Replied, "When a Man's Dead He's Dead"

He had been more than usually sour all day, for he had quarreled with his wife at breakfast and when he reached the office he had found that the farmer over Felchville way whose mortgage he held—and on whose prompt payment he had relied to cover James Hawkins' semiannual interest of like amount—had unexpectedly defaulted. And—curse it!—at eleven o'clock Skinny had come for his money, peering apologetically through the door like the half-wit that he was, twisting his faded bicycle cap between his fingers, almost afraid to ask the squire for what was his.

"Mornin', squire," he said, leaning awkwardly against the door jamb. "Been well, I trust?"

The Honorable Hezekiah Mason regarded the tramp malevolently.

"Tol'rable," he replied curtly. "I s'pose you've come after your money."

"Yes," assented Skinny. "Still," he added politely, "if it ain't convenient ——" His blue eyes roved vaguely round the barren room, seeing nothing.

"Look here, Skinny!" remarked the lawyer gruffly. "What's the use of my turning over a hundred dollars to you to throw away? Why don't you let me keep it an' invest it for you? The way you live ain't provident. A penny saved is a penny earned, an' a hundred dollars is a lot of money."

"It's very kind of you," faltered Skinny, "but I don't throw it away. Honest Injun, I don't. It keeps me wanderin'. I'd like it if you kin let me have it." He paused and took a timid step toward the squire. "May I ask you a question?"

Now the one thing in the world that Squire Mason did not want was any question from Hawkins about the whereabouts of his principal. He had intended to put the tramp off, but now he swiftly changed his mind.

"Your money's all right," he retorted, getting to his feet. "You don't need to worry! I'll go get it fer you!"

"Thank you," replied Skinny. "I was only goin' to ask ——"

But Mason had bolted through the door. Ten minutes later he returned and handed the tramp five twenty-dollar bills, for which he took Skinny's receipt.

"Now," he remarked brusquely, "you've got your money. You better get along. I'm busy this mornin'."

Skinny, however, had a matter of vital moment upon what by a euphemism might have been termed his mind. It had been troubling him ever since his conversation with the hermit with which this chronicle opens.

And he wanted the opinion of Squire Mason, as a learned man who presumably knew all about such things.

"I'd like to ask you a question, squire!" he persisted.

Mason, cornered in his office, turned on him like a rat.

"Well—ask it!" he snapped defiantly.

"I want to ask you if folks that know about such things think that when a thing's dead it's dead?"

The squire stared at him contemptuously.

"P'tah!" he ejaculated. "What are you ravin' about?"

"About whether when folks die, that's the end of 'em," explained Skinny. "And if it's the same with the animals."

Mason took courage: Skinny was not bothered about the safety of his investments.

"What's the use conjecturin' about things like that?" he asked more genially.

"It's kinder important, ain't it?" returned the tramp.

The lawyer pursed his lips and gazed for an instant through the window, upon the sill of which a bluebottle lay upon its back with its legs stiffly in air. Then he turned sententiously to give his answer to the tramp.

"If you really want to know what I think," he replied, "when a man's dead he's dead."

Skinny, his money in his pocket, but troubled in his mind, made his way slowly back to Turkey Hollow. The sun, which had been shining when he had gone into the squire's office, had become obscured by a bank of cloud and it looked like rain, but all about him as he strode through the woods the dogwoods were bursting into blossom against a background of diaphanous, budding green. The spring was stirring in him too. A hundred dollars! Visions of purple valleys, of cool, trickling ravines dank with spreading ferns, of fragrant fields of hay in which to lie—without the necessity of chopping a single piece of kindling to pay for his supper—rose in his mind. Wouldn't it be great to be rich! To lie in a hammock with a feather pillow under your head in the shade of an orange tree and a nigger to hand you cool drinks and sandwiches and gold-tipped cigarettes! To ride luxuriously inside a Pullman car or stand on the clinking back platform of the limited watching the misty mountains turn from azure to rose and from rose to lilac—and pitying the bums walking the sleepers. To sleep—sleep—sleep—in a big, soft bed! To have a man delicately remove the hair from your neck and chin and scent your cheeks with cologne water! To go into a grand hotel, bully the waiter and eat everything on the bill of fare without asking the price! Money! That would do it. But a hundred dollars was only a fleabite! What he needed was the real kale—a whole pot of gold!

It had begun to rain by the time he had cooked his dinner, and afterward as he sat in the opening of his shack smoking cigarettes it grew very dark and for half an hour

(Continued on Page 53)

FARMERS AT RUNNYMEDE

By HARRY R. O'BRIEN

DECORATIONS BY RAY ROHN

"FOR years the people of England suffered economic opposition and tyranny of overlords, who ruled them without regard to price of what was produced or the tax which they enacted. Finally at Runnymede the Magna Charta was evolved, recognizing the fundamental right of the people themselves.

"For years the American farmer has suffered from and objected to uneconomic and speculative marketing systems which have held him powerless. After days and nights—yes, weeks and months—of careful and devoted thought and study, the Committee of Seventeen, assisted by the keenest experts, bring to us this new Bill of Fundamental Rights for the orderly marketing of our products.

"To-day again we are at Runnymede. Countless thousands of farmers stand with upturned faces buoyed by one hope—that this meeting will evolve their Magna Charta. This morning marks sunup for American agriculture.

"The right to follow our products to the manufacturer, processor or consumer in no way differs from the universally accepted right on the part of all classes of industry to consolidate capital and effort. We are seeking no class privileges. We are seeking a stabilization of market wherein the farmer gets the benefit of the economic working, not the effect of manipulated working, of the law of supply and demand.

"Let no one consider this report or this meeting a pink-tea party. Rather, it is a Boston Tea Party. It is the manifest expression on the part of the American farmer of the necessity of coöperative development."

Now all this may sound like unto July Fourth oratory. But the man who made this declaration was James R. Howard, a tall middle-aged Iowa farmer, with face care-lined and hair turning gray, who is president of the American Farm Bureau Federation. The date was April 6, 1921. He was making the opening remarks as chairman of the ratification conference on the coöperative grain-marketing plan submitted by the Farmers' Marketing Committee of Seventeen, appointed by him some eight months previously.

Operating on Big-Business Lines

AT THAT meeting, attended by accredited delegates from practically every farmers' grain association of importance in the United States, the grain-marketing plan proposed, after thorough debate, was adopted. As a subsequent result the U. S. Grain Growers, Inc., has been brought into being, which has for its avowed purpose taking into its own hands, as a farmer-controlled organization, the marketing of grain for the farmers of the country; taking such marketing, as far as competition and better service can do it, out of the hands of the members of the various boards of trade, the private commission merchants and grain speculators.

Another result is that there has been organized since a subsidiary body, known as the Farmers' Finance Corporation, incorporated under the laws of Delaware, with a capitalization of $100,000,000. This proposes to furnish the grain farmers of the country with their own credit institution, whose chief function will be to issue receipts covering grain stored or pooled by members, which will be a uniform security that can be placed in city or country banks or with private interests.

This in itself is said to be the second largest financial institution of its kind in America. Further plans being evolved will provide for other subsidiary corporations, which will handle export grain trade and will build or acquire terminal elevator and warehouse facilities for storage, cleaning, mixing and conditioning grain. News of these various farmer activities of the past few months has created widespread interest everywhere. In some quarters these activities have stirred up considerable alarm.

Because of the interest being stirred up it may be worth while to set forth in some detail, without discussing the merits of the matters in controversy, just what these farm organizations are, how they came into existence, what sort of men are heading them, what vision they have as to their activities in the future, and whether or not they will, if they succeed, build one or several gigantic grain trusts, using the term "trust" in its commonly accepted meaning.

The old idea of the farmers was to fight "big biz." The new idea is that the farmers are going into "big biz" for themselves. They have not only taken a leaf out of the book of high finance but have adopted the whole book. Incorporation in Delaware, subsidiary corporations, interlocking directorates and all the rest come as handy for farmers as for anyone else, it seems.

Just now the grain growers and their marketing plan are in the limelight, but that does not mean that this is at all the entire or even major portion of the plan that is being evolved by the leaders of the present farmer movement. It means only that the grain marketing was tackled first and that this program is advanced more than the others.

Livestock, fruit, vegetables, cotton, market milk, tobacco, poultry and on down to onion sets and pecans are to be tackled just as systematically and as soon as it can be done expeditiously. Taking a hand in national and state legislation, in taxation, tariff, rail and waterway transportation, banking, credit systems, exports—all these are involved in the plan.

The central agent and prime mover in all this is the American Farm Bureau Federation. This organization is as yet scarcely two years old, yet it has more than a million members, with permanent organizations in forty-seven states, and shortly the entire nation will be embraced within its scope.

This is no paper or overhead organization, either, for be it known its membership is of actual grass-root farmers. It goes back to county farm bureaus, made up of bona-fide farmers, be they sod busters or cow-punchers. They are organized from the ground up rather than head down, and they are ably financed. The majority of the members have paid either five or ten dollars a year to become members. The Illinois state budget in 1920 was more than $386,000. Iowa farmers supplied an extra surplus state fund of $400,000 above membership dues. The major portion of dues remains with the counties, part is paid to the state treasury, and fifty cents is paid into the treasury of the American Federation for each actual paid-up member.

To one unacquainted with the development of this farm-bureau movement it is a bit hard to understand just how such an organization has been built up in so short a time. The story of how in the last two years farmer solicitors have systematically canvassed by county, by township, persuading their neighbors as they stood at the end of the corn row or leaned against the feed-lot fence to join, is a story in itself, not to be told here.

Genesis of the Farm-Bureau Idea

BUT it has been done, not by professional organizers but by farmers. The main thing is that it has not been by any appeal for revolt or by any inflaming of the public mind. It has been rather an appeal to solve farmer problems. The farm-bureau idea is a movement, not an uprising.

Getting back of the scenery one can readily see that the farm bureau is after all no new idea, but one that has been years in developing. The activities of the past two years have been but erecting an overhead structure and joining together the units that had already been assembled in considerable part. For the farm bureau is built around the county agricultural agent as a basis. The county farm bureau in its first essential is an organization of farmers for whom the county agent is working as their representative, under the direction of the state agricultural extension department and the United States Department of Agriculture.

It was in Texas, about 1903, that the germ of the county agent, or farm-demonstration agent, as he is often called, had its beginning in an attempt to teach the cotton farmers how to fight the boll weevil. The first county agents as such were employed in Oklahoma and Texas about 1906. The idea spread through the South first.

The first farm bureau as such was organized in Broome County, New York, in March, 1911. This, however, was financed by banks, the Lackawanna Railroad and the United States Department of Agriculture, and was not taken over by farmers until 1915. It was a branch of the Binghamton Chamber of Commerce. The first farm bureau organized and financed by farmers was in Oneida County, Wisconsin, in August, 1911.

The Smith-Lever Bill of 1914, providing for Federal funds for the establishment of county agents in cooperation with states, gave a great impetus to the county-agent work. The need for immediately increasing food production as a war measure brought forth the plan of having the farmers organize into farm bureaus to support and aid the county agents, and really furnished the impetus that has culminated in the present organization. With emergency war funds, farm bureaus and county agents were placed throughout the interior food belt of the country. From July 1, 1917, to June 30, 1918, the number of county agents in the North and West increased from 542 to 1133.

So out of wartime enthusiasm was the farm bureau developed. And the war over, there came the big idea. Instead of disbanding these county agents, why not continue and organize into a state body of farmers? The farmers had seen what thorough organization could do. No sooner was this state farm-bureau federation idea advanced than it was carried out. Missouri, New York and Illinois already had organized. So Iowa, Michigan, Indiana and Ohio followed in short order. Once the states were organized the next step was to bring these state farm bureaus together into a national body. In February, 1919, the New York State Farm Bureau Federation took the initiative and invited fourteen states to send representatives to Ithaca to consider the advisability of such an organization. This body appointed an organization committee, of which O. E. Bradfute, of Ohio, was chairman, who brought together the representatives of thirty-one organized and unorganized states at Chicago on November 13–14, 1919.

There the American Farm Bureau Federation was temporarily organized.

By the time of the annual meeting, in March, 1920, at Chicago, twenty-eight organized states, with a membership of 456,000, formally ratified the national constitution. When the second annual convention was called, at Indianapolis in December, 1920, forty states had formally become members and the paid-up membership of these totaled 744,401.

On June 1, 1921, the total paid-up membership in forty-seven organized states had increased to 1,052,114. It is growing at the rate of 50,000 a month and by the next meeting, at Atlanta this coming November, it is expected to total 1,500,000. Iowa leads with 118,000 members and Illinois is second with 110,000. Ohio and Texas have more than 100,000 each, and Michigan has almost the same number. Membership campaigns are still being carried on in twenty-two states this summer. Five states—Iowa, Ohio, Indiana, New Hampshire and Delaware—have farm bureaus in every county now.

A Farm Movement Led by Farmers

THE operative machinery of the American Farm Bureau Federation is a simple one, consisting of a president, a vice president and twelve elected executive committeemen, three from each of the four districts into which the country is divided. Directors and delegates from each state are sent once a year to a national convention, and these elect officers.

The actual governing power is left pretty much to the officers and executive committee. The secretary and treasurer are selected by the executive committee. A salary of $15,000 a year is paid the president.

When the first temporary organization was formed at Chicago the first president selected was J. R. Howard, of Iowa, the same Howard who declared that the farmers are standing at Runnymede. The December before, he had been elected the first president of the Iowa Farm Bureau Federation. Then he had gained considerable prominence when, in the summer of 1919, along with four other farm-bureau representatives, he had gone down to Washington and was able to persuade Congress to repeal the daylight-saving law over the veto of the President.

S. L. Strivings, president of the New York Farm Bureau Federation, was the first vice president. The twelve members of the executive committee represented all important farming interests, from the New England hillsides and the orchards of the Blue Ridge to the cotton farming of the South, the range men of the plains and the fruit growers of the West.

The original officers were all elected for a second term, except for one resignation on the executive committee and the elevation of O. E. Bradfute from a committee member to be vice president. The secretary selected was J. W. Coverdale, who had given up his post as county-agent leader in Iowa to be secretary of the Iowa federation. Thus two Iowa farmers, Jim and John, as they are called, were selected to head this new body.

Before going into details as to what the American federation, piloted by these men, is attempting, I should like to explain a few things as it appears to me concerning the men themselves. Though I know all of them personally, I trust that no friendly prejudice will lead me to overstate in their favor.

In the first place, these officers of the American federation are all farmers, actual and substantial farmers, not professional agitators and revolters of the type that has so often led farm movements in the past. E. F. Richardson, for example, is the seventh generation that has tilled the soil of his Massachusetts farm. Bradfute, of Ohio, is a well-known Aberdeen-Angus cattle breeder on a Greene County, Ohio, farm where pure-bred livestock has flourished since about 1845. Gray Silver has 900 acres of orchards in West Virginia. W. G. Jamison is a rancher in Colorado, and W. H. Walker has a prune orchard in California. The others are men of similar type.

As for President Howard, he was born and reared on an Iowa farm. Though in his younger days after leaving college he was a college instructor for a little while, tried his hand on a country newspaper at Eldora, Iowa, was cashier of a county bank at New Providence for a bit, he has done nothing but farm on his 400-acre place in Marshall County, Iowa, for the past twelve or fourteen years.

The farm-bureau idea is organization for obtaining results. But the American Farm Bureau Federation in itself has no intention of going into business in any way or form. This will not apply to some state and county units, however. Nor has it any intention of going into politics other than that it is asking for legislation needed to advance farmer interests. Rather, it aims to be the clearing house and the service bureau for the farmers. Instead of trying to set aside or supplant any existing organizations it seeks rather to be the focus about which all of them can function in unison when such unified action is desirable. It has no connection with nor did it spring from any other farm organization of any type whatsoever.

With this explanatory statement let me go back again to the U. S. Grain Growers, Inc., and explain how this organization has come into being. It is not of the Farm Bureau Federation, has no official connection with it, yet it owes its being to the American federation and the state units.

The idea was born at Ames, Iowa, where in June, 1920, a number of presidents and secretaries of state farm bureaus met informally to consider what activities they might take up. After discussing grain marketing a resolution was adopted, asking President Howard, of the American federation, to issue a call for official delegates from various farmers' grain and co-operative organizations of the country to meet and formulate some plan of action.

Such a conference was summoned by Howard and it met in Chicago on July 23–24, 1920. It was representative, selected from organizations the country over. The conference ended by asking President Howard to appoint a committee—which since has come to be known officially as the Committee of Seventeen—that was to be representative of all the various farmer grain interests and of the public as well, to study the fundamentals of grain marketing and devise a plan on some sound basis that would enable the farmers to take matters into their own hands and supervise the marketing of their own products.

Howard took considerable time in selecting this committee, making sure that every man was qualified for the job. In the end the men selected represented, among others, the American Farm Bureau Federation, the Grange, the Farmers' Union, the Equity Coöperative Exchange, the National Farmers' Equity Union, the Farmers' National Grain Dealers' Association, and on behalf of consumers and the general public, men from the United States Department of Agriculture, the American Agricultural Editors' Association and the South Dakota State Bureau of Markets.

To carry on their investigation Illinois, Iowa, Indiana and other state farm bureaus put a fund of $50,000 at the service of the committee. Subcommittees were sent to investigate the most successful coöperative agencies in the United States and Canada. Four competent investigators from the United States Department of Agriculture and the Federal Trade Commission were secured to compile exhaustive data on the domestic and foreign grain trade and to tabulate this material for use of the committee. Well-informed men in the grain trade—both those friendly and those opposed to coöperation—were consulted.

The committee discovered that 72 per cent of all our wheat produced is marketed within ninety days after harvest. So they incorporated as one of the first principles of their marketing plan that there must be a more orderly movement of grain from farm to market so as to avoid market gluts. They found that some of the greatest profits are made in mixing, regrading and conditioning grains, so they settled upon the principle that the farmer must do these jobs himself. This would involve owning terminal elevators and warehouses.

Plans of the Grain Growers

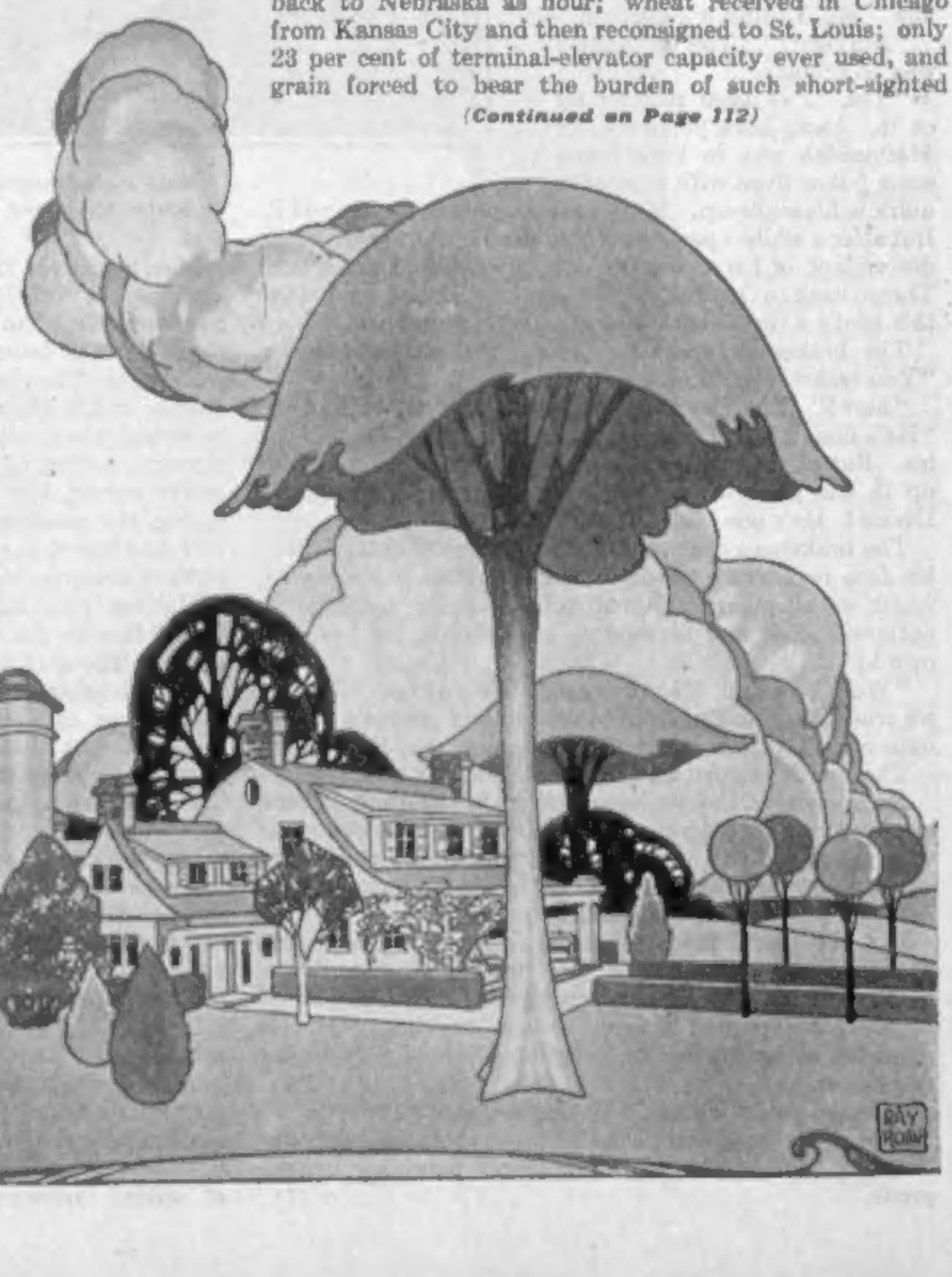
"THEY found that false market reports of foreign crop conditions give the farmer low prices and do not lower the price to the consumer"—to quote from the official booklet recently issued by the U. S. Grain Growers, Inc.; and the principle of an unbiased crop-reporting service to be gathered and disseminated by the farmers themselves was added as a part of the marketing plan.

"They found that fifty times as much 'grain' is sold in the pits of the Chicago Board of Trade every year as is actually marketed in the Chicago market, and that these transactions in imaginary grain affect the cash price of real grain to the detriment of producer and consumer.

"They included in their plan the fact that by selling direct from farmer to miller or exporter, both producer and consumer would be benefited. They found that a Canadian coöperative export company had effected savings of from three to five cents a bushel over what privately owned export companies had exacted, and they included an export company in their plan.

"They found numberless instances of wastage in transportation and equipment—Nebraska wheat shipped to Chicago, thence to Minnesota to be milled, and then back to Nebraska as flour; wheat received in Chicago from Kansas City and then reconsigned to St. Louis; only 23 per cent of terminal-elevator capacity ever used, and grain forced to bear the burden of such short-sighted

(Continued on Page 112)



THE KILLER

By LOWELL OTUS REESE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

THE night passenger crept out of the yards of the little mountain town and began laboring up the long miles of sharp turns and heavy grades. Halfway down the smoking car the brakeman stopped and grinned.

"Hello, Jim!" he said to a big good-natured man sitting next the aisle. "What you doin' away up here?"

"Taking this bird down to the cage!" the big man grinned in return, indicating by a slight jerk of his head the man sitting beside him. "He's the Killer."

"No!" The brakeman regarded the heavy, sullen man beside the sheriff with tremendous interest, for he had been reading about the exploits of this noted criminal and of the exciting chase through the mountains. "Just get him?" he asked.

"This evening. I'm as sleepy as a barn owl, for I haven't been getting a night's rest since I got after this Indian. And I don't dare sleep a wink. Got to watch him all the way. He's earned his name. He's a killer, all right."

The brakeman looked at the animal-like jaw and the furtive, ratty eyes set close together beneath a porcine brow. He noted the powerful hairy hands, the manacles clamped upon the huge wrists.

"He looks it!" he said in a low voice.

The sheriff nodded. "Kills 'em for the love of killing," he explained. It was as though he discussed a caged wildcat which could of course understand nothing of the conversation. "Same as you or I would kill a deer or a trout. It's sport to him. Blood lust. Me, I think it's atavism."

"Atavism?" The brakeman was no scholar.

"Yes. I've been reading up on it. Away back yonder when Methuselah was in knee pants some fellow lived with a peculiar quirk in his make-up. Maybe his progeny never showed it. But after a while—perhaps ten thousand years later—some descendant of his shows up with exactly the same quirk! Throw-back to that funny old ancestor; see? I figure that this bird's a throw-back to a mad gorilla; hey, Bill?"

The brakeman nodded. "Looks it!" he said again. "You reckon they'll give him the limit?"

"Sure!" The sheriff was not doubtful on this point. "He's done enough to hang him a dozen times! He'll get his. But at that, they better keep an eye on him, plumb up to the time when they boost him across the Great Divide! He's one bad onion!"

The brakeman once more looked covertly at the Killer, his face registering the serious, half-scared interest with which we all regard a human being that has deliberately outlawed itself and become an animal, preying upon its own kind.

"Well," he said, "I got to go." He yawned. "Soon's we cross the Pass I'm goin' to curl up and get me a pair of naps myself. I was out last night too. G'-by, Jim."

The sheriff yawned also. "G'-by, Bill," he said.

No one else of the dozen passengers in the dimly lighted smoker knew that the two big men in the middle of the car were the sheriff and a manacled prisoner. An hour passed without a word between the two, then the Killer spoke.

"Like to have a drink, sheriff."

But the sheriff made no move to leave the seat. He flashed a sardonic grin at his prisoner and pulled a bottle from the suitcase between his feet. "Here you are!" he said, and poured a drink into a traveling cup. He chuckled as he fancied he caught a flash of rage in the ratty eyes.

"Fooled you, didn't I?" he laughed.

And again there was silence between them, and only the clanking roar of the night passenger pounding up the grade.

One Hairy Finger Was Pressing the Trigger When the Killer Hesitated and a Sinister Grin Crossed His Face

Near midnight the few remaining passengers began to grow sleepy. One by one they wilted down into their seats and surrendered to the lassitude of a long, uncomfortable ride. An hour later there were no heads visible above the seat backs. The sheriff lighted a fresh cigar. His hand was clumsy and in the middle of the process he yawned. But he straightened resolutely, braced his feet and leaned back strongly, puffing hard. Beside him the Killer was slumped in the corner, the back of his head against the window casing, and apparently he was asleep. The officer eyed him with the bored, impersonal look of one accustomed to the sight of disagreeable things, and yawned once more.

Half an hour later the Killer continued to sleep, his brutal face in the same position, half turned toward his captor. The sheriff's cigar drooped lower and lower until the dead ashes nearly touched his breast. The Killer's ratty eyes opened slightly and the manacled hands twitched. At that instant the exhausted officer caught himself awake again and glanced sharply at his companion. The Killer was asleep, his great hands lying open in his lap.

It came in the very early morning; the dark, dead hour when tired people sleep soundest. The sheriff's head dropped again and his eyes closed. The Killer raised his manacled hands high, curved his gorillalike arms in an awkward circle and dropped them about the sheriff's neck, twisting the big officer's body face down upon the seat and flinging his own body atop, straining the chain of the handcuffs against the struggling man's throat. It was all done in silence.

After a while the Killer arose, felt in the sheriff's vest pocket and found the key. He did not hurry. When the handcuffs were off he put them in his pocket. "Souvenir!" he grinned. Deliberately he robbed the body of everything of value, including the officer's pistol. "Sassy little feller!" he said, addressing the automatic. "Come with papa!"

The train slowed down and stopped at a lonely water tank, high up in the hills. The sleepy brakeman took his lantern and stumbled to the ground, rubbing his eyes. The slouching figure which dropped off the steps of the smoker and clumped away into the darkness did not interest him. He was used to them. This one was a wood chopper, probably, or a prospector who had suddenly decided to leave the train at the water tank and take a short cut to some distant camp in the hills.

On ahead there was a rattle of chains and a splashing of waste water as the spout was heaved up from the tender and thrown back against the tank. The brakeman waved his lantern and swung aboard, already half asleep when he once more curled himself upon a car seat.

Everybody else was still asleep. Halfway up the car one big man slept upon his face, half his body sprawled awkwardly across the open suitcase upon the floor.

II

A COLD gray wind breath across the high slope, moaning through the forest and rustling the brown leaves that whispered along the ground. Over the summit of the mountain a leaden cloud curtain was crawling, coming from the southwest. At midafternoon it had been but a faint sheet of gauzy vapor; now it was thick enough to obscure the sky. Soon it would shut in the world.

Old Finney Bone emerged from the edge of the forest ringing his homely little cabin, where a tiny clearing perched upon a shoulder of the mountain which thrust out above the river cañon. For a moment the old man paused and observed the sky with dim but experienced old eyes. Yes, the first snowstorm of the season was coming. But he did not care. His woodhouse was jammed with dry fuel and his trap line was safely located above high water. Let her come!

Finney Bone moved on across the clearing, walking with the peculiar shambling gait of a white man who has lived most of his life in the wilderness. He was a thin, undersized, wizened old man, and his face was that of a shy, timid child. He hurried, because he had seen a bear track a quarter of a mile back and he meant to put out his trap before it got too dark to see.

"Ole bear will be hungry, Gravy," he said to the big dog walking at his heels. "He'll see the storm comin' up and he'll want to get him a square meal afore he holes up for the winter. Well, we'll give it to him, Gravy—you'll see!" The man talked in the queer flat tone of one who seldom holds speech with his kind but talks much to himself.

Inside his cabin he set his rifle by the fireplace and went out into the lean-to kitchen. This structure had been erected long after the main cabin and there was a step down of about eighteen inches to the hard earthen floor. Here Finney had placed a rude mat, made of braided strips of barley sacking. He was very proud of this mat. The hermitlike dwellers in the far places grow old-maidish in their habits, and as he stepped down Finney disarranged his mat. He was in a hurry; nevertheless he stopped long enough to replace it with meticulous care. He then took the thirty-pound steel trap from its peg beside the door and proceeded to clamp down the two great springs, opening the grim jaws and setting the trap gingerly, for he knew the possibilities of bear traps when handled carelessly. Frequently he prepared his trap in the house, carrying it then to the point where he planned to make his set, if the place happened to be close by.

The trap opened and ready, he hung it back carefully upon its peg at the side of the door and went into the main

room, dived under the bed and brought out a shoulder of venison, which he intended to use for bait. As he stood up old Gravy growled deep in his throat. Finney Bone stiffened and listened, watching the door.

The hair along Gravy's spine had risen and the dog's eyes were also fixed upon the door. Again a low growl, which the trapper knew would presently resolve itself into a deep-toned bellow. In a panic Finney flung the venison back under the bed as a heavy knock sounded upon the door. Old Gravy shook the cabin with fierce bawling.

"Chain up your dog!" ordered a harsh voice from outside. "Then open the door!"

"All right—all right!" quavered the old man. He hauled the resisting dog across the room and chained him to a leg of the bed and came back to stand irresolutely in the middle of the floor. "Who are you?" he asked.

"It's me!" replied the voice. "Open up!"

Reluctantly the trapper unfastened the door, which he always bolted behind him after entering. An uncouth figure entered; a man with an animal-like jaw and furtive, ratty, bloodshot eyes set close together beneath a porcine brow. He carried in his hand the automatic which he had taken from the body of the sheriff that night in the smoking car. His face was covered with a three weeks' growth of stubbly beard and he moved with the stealthy gait of a man who is habitually hunted. Something hot shot through Finney Bone's heart, a sickening premonition, for Finney did not need to be told that trouble had entered his home. Gravy sensed it, too, for he bawled still more ferociously and lunged to the end of his chain. Finney drove him back and the old dog lay down with his muzzle upon his paws and his red eyes watching the stranger.

"Won't you set down and wait while I get you a bite to eat?" asked Finney in his quavering voice.

It was the unfailing formula with which the mountain dweller always addresses a visitor. The man grinned; and at the grin the sickening dread once more speared through poor old Finney Bone's heart.

"Well," said the stranger with exaggerated politeness, "now that you've mentioned it, I believe I will."

But he continued to stand, his evil little eyes flitting about the cabin. They came to Finney's rifle, standing by the fireplace. He took it up, pumped out the shells and put them in his pocket. The gun he tucked under the blankets of the bed on the other side of the room.

"Here's where I'm goin' to sleep," he grinned mirthlessly. "It'll keep me company. I like company." He noted the revolver in the trapper's belt. "Take it off!" he commanded, and Finney did so, laying it upon the table. The Killer emptied this one also and tucked it in beside the rifle. "More company," he chuckled, and started back toward the fireplace. As he passed the dog old Gravy went into the air and his formidable jaws clashed within an inch of the man's throat. The Killer sprang back and threw his revolver forward. Finney Bone uttered the queer, hurt cry of a frightened child.

One hairy finger was pressing the trigger when the Killer hesitated and a sinister grin crossed his face.

"Not now," he said to the bristling dog. "I've thought of a way I can use you. After that ——"

He whirled suddenly upon the frightened trapper. "Why don't you get me some supper?" he demanded.

At the same time he gave the little old man a powerful shove, which lifted him from the floor and flung him face downward into the lean-to kitchen. The fall was a hard one, even though partly broken by the narrow burlap mat. Finney got painfully to his feet and set about the business of getting supper, his fingers shaking and clumsy. Back in the main room the Killer sat down by the fire, muttering insults at the crouching dog. Gravy understood them, too; for at one particularly vile epithet the old dog's muscles stiffened and he made an involuntary motion as though about to spring again. The Killer caught a stick of wood from the woodbox and hurled it with all his strength. It struck Gravy a glancing blow upon the head and the dog subsided, but there was no yelp of pain. Only a harsh, metallic growl deep in his throat. Out in the kitchen Finney Bone saw and caught his breath, but he dared not remonstrate. Once as he passed the doorway his shoulder brushed something that tinkled. It was the heavy chain, stapled into the logs, with the ponderous padlock swinging at the end.

"Goin' to be all night?" demanded the Killer from within.

"Supper's ready!" Finney announced, speaking with difficulty.

The Killer came out, stepped down upon the burlap mat, crossed the kitchen and took his seat at the table. Even here his inherent caution persisted—the caution of the habitually hunted man. He made Finney eat a portion of everything before he would touch it.

"Might try to dope me," he grinned.

While he finished his meal the trapper sat opposite and his faded eyes watched his obscene guest with the innocent, puzzled gaze of a scared child. He looked about the little kitchen, but faintly illuminated by the stub of a candle set upon the table. It seemed suddenly strange to him. The one little window above the bench where he regularly washed the dishes; the iron chain hanging from the staple beside the door, with the old-fashioned padlock hanging at the end of it. He remembered when he put it there. That was in the old days, when that was the only door leading into his home. Later he had built this lean-to kitchen and cut another door into the front of the main cabin. The braided burlap mat upon the floor—absurdly it took on a new interest and he regarded it solemnly. A minute ago a heavy, brutal foot had stepped down upon his mat. It was disarranged. Finney felt a desire to straighten it out neatly. But all was strange.

Why? He knew! Something within him told him that soon he was to die; and then all these things which for forty years had been so familiar would be strangers to him—forever! He had felt that sickening premonition with the first impact of the heavy fist upon his door.

The Killer shoved back from the table and watched while the trapper washed up the dishes and put them carefully away where they belonged. Even in this terrible time of mental stress Finney did not fail to hang the dishrag upon its rusty wire behind the stove and the battered dishpan upon its own peg beside the little window above the wash bench. He had been doing it for forty years. Finney Bone's eyes misted. It just occurred to him that undoubtedly Gravy would die too. Poor old Gravy!

The Killer herded the trapper back into the main room and lighted his pipe, sitting down before the fireplace with a contented grunt. It had been a good supper.

"Whisky!" he commanded.

Finney Bone winced at this added blow but dared not deny the possession of whisky. Obediently he brought out the old black bottle from which he had partaken sparingly for nearly half a century. The Killer took it and settled back luxuriously, and Finney crouched at the end of the hearth. Over in his own dark corner Gravy rested with his muzzle upon his paws, his malevolent red eyes never leaving the stranger. After two or three long drinks the Killer began to speak. He was in a better mood now, and the whisky had bred in him a desire for conversation.

"Well," he observed, "here we are—all nice and snug. Reg'lar happy family, ain't we? I'm lucky, all right; come in from a long, hard journey and find a warm cabin waitin' for me and a good supper and a bottle of whisky. Honest, I can't think of a thing more that I'd ask for."

Finney Bone did not reply. The Killer was not expecting a reply. He was about to take another drink when his hand paused and held the bottle suspended in midair. "Listen!" he said.

The wind had ceased and in its stead was a strange, dead silence, broken only by a ghostly padding at the window above old Gravy's dark corner.

"Snow!" exulted the Killer. "Didn't I say right? Lucky is my middle name! Didn't make many tracks gettin' here, and what few I've made will be covered up before morning!" He drank, watching old Finney Bone. "Say," he remarked, setting the bottle on the floor beside him, "I'm goin' to tell you all about it. What harm can it do me if I do? No harm in the world—for after to-morrow you won't be here to tell it. No, sir, you'll be up yonder ridin' a buckin' cloud and chasin' the ghost of a bear across the Everlastin' Hills—that's where you'll be!"

He chuckled, with no sign of mirth appearing in his face. "Listen here," he went on. "You'll be tickled stiff. Of course I'd be a fool to go off and leave you here. You'd be down to the store in a couple of hours, and before night the forest-reserve telephone would tell the world that the Killer had just left this here cabin. Yes, sir, California would be all stirred up and I wouldn't get ten miles away before there'd be a thousand men after me! And all they'd have to do would be to follow my tracks over this here snow.

"But the way we're goin' to do it—why, instead of an enemy the snow's goin' to be my friend. We'll let you live long enough to get my breakfast for me—I never could cook somehow—and then I'll hug you, same way I hugged that big sheriff." He held up the gorilla arms in an awkward circle, dropped them over an imaginary head and strained back against his chest. "Like that," he said. "No fuss—nothing. Then I'll tuck you away under the hearth—with your pick and shovel over yonder in the corner—and I'll sweep up neat and hang the broom on a nail. All tidy as hell! See?

"When I get you all fixed up in your little truckle-bed under the hearth I'll swing on my pack, put on your snowshoes and light out. Chances are there won't be a soul come near this cabin till spring; but if they should happen along—why, they'll see a snowshoe track and a dog track leading away across the snow into the woods, and what'll they think? Why, they'll not think

(Continued on Page 49

The Constable Went Round and Peeped Through the Kitchen Window

MEN, THE BRUTES!

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

I Found Them All by Themselves and Having That Kind of Wilted Look About Them Which Comes of a Date Which Ain't Materialized

WHEN I was with the circus, Mrs. Binz my dear, I didn't see very much domestic troubles between men and wives and it's the truth circus ones are noted for faithfulness and getting along together good.

I suppose this is maybe because of their having considerable other work to do. On the trapeze, you know, or ropes, or in the lions' cage, say, or practicing the Leap of Death, or whatever their specialty happens to be. That kind of thing takes up a lot of their fighting strength and besides, gives them a feeling of we may never meet again each time they go away to a rehearsal or a performance is due, and you know persons is naturally tenderer to each other on the verge of parting or sudden death, which is no exaggeration, I personally myself having twice seen it in the center ring and the show went on just the same.

But, oh, Mrs. Binz my dear! Since I left the circus—because of gaining all this weight, yet not enough to remain on as Fat Lady which I wouldn't of been willing to do at the salary anyways—well, since leaving it and staying home with my daughter Marie, only to find that all the weight I got with my own family is physical weight which they kid me about, Mrs. Binz my dear, I could tell a lot! Only of course I wouldn't do it, not about my own people, except of course to a close friend like yourself which never repeats a thing—and I do feel like I owe you a little news in return for the earful you give me yesterday about what your brother's wife had just confided in you.

You see, Mrs. Binz my dear, living with my married daughter, Marie La Tour and her husband, has give me a lot of side lines on marriage, as you might say, and you know as good as I do, dear, what a man will put over! Even the best of them—ain't it the truth? And when both parties are in the pictures, that's strain enough on any marriage, although I will say they have stood it remarkably well and I never knew them to have but the one quarrel—and even that would never of happened only for Goldringer sending them down so near the Mexican border which everybody knows is not a peaceful location at any time and married couples are no exception to its influences, especially when they get sent down for a solid month practically opposite to a place like Tia Juana. I leave it to you, Mrs. Binz my dear, was something bound to happen or was it not? Certainly!

Really, I wouldn't of believed Jim could be such a brute to her if I hadn't seen the whole thing with my own eyes. What we women have to stand for from our husbands is something fierce, Mrs. Binz my dear, and it made me appreciate the late Mr. Gilligan's insurance money more fully when I see what my daughter Marie went through during that month down at Coronado Beach.

You see her and Jim was making the third of these Shaksperean scripts, The Merchant From Venice it was called by the author, but the scenario department had switched that to The Bloody Bargain and the company come down to the border so's to use some of the San Diego Exposition buildings for Venetian palaces, and so forth, and I come along to keep my eye on that trained nurse that my daughter Marie keeps to keep an eye on my grandson. Marie's got so that she lugs that poor child around on long-distance locations with no more excuse than that I done the same with her when I was with the circus. Poor little feller! It's a good thing for him he's got his old grandma to watch out for him and take his part, and also my daughter can say the same, although she don't—not very often. She's a whole lot more liable to say "Now, ma, this is my house and I got to run it my own way and no servants will stand two bosses!" You know, Mrs. Binz my dear, the way daughters are, and she no less, although the best one in the world, I must admit.

Well, at any rate, we was at the Coronado, which is a great big hotel outside of San Diego, and it's a terrible hotel to stay at because of the American-plan meals, which are a very serious matter for one of my weight. I can stand American-plan meals when they are no good, but these was delicious, and I felt like I couldn't afford to put on the extra weight, nor yet afford not to eat food that was being paid for anyways. You know how it would be. Seems so wasteful not to take a little of everything. Certainly!

Well, there we was in beautiful rooms on the ground floor, with the entrance from an immense court full of wonderful flowers, and a private piazza to each bedroom overlooking the ocean. These porches was walled off one from the other by match-board partitions. They was not thin enough to see through, but hear! Oh, Mrs. Binz my dear! You could hear everything! I was in the middle room, with that awful nurse and the dear baby on the one side of me, and Marie and Jim on the other. And if I wanted to know what was going on in the family all I had to do was go set quietly on my private porch and I could hear a safety pin drop or a collar button according to which side the dropping was on. Not that Jim makes any worse fuss about it than most men, and our baby is without prejudice the best-behaved child I ever seen in my whole entire life and don't cry at all, except only a little in the morning and afternoon and evening, and sometimes in the night when the poor blessed infant is maybe fretful.

Still, while he was so good, my room wasn't exactly a restful place and it's a lucky thing it was me in it and not some stranger who might go out and tell everything they heard.

Not that I minded the noise, Mrs. Binz my dear, or hearing such a lot either. If I didn't overhear a good deal I wouldn't know much about my own folks, because there is something, Mrs. Binz, keeps grown-up children and their parents a considerable ways apart no matter how fond they are of each other. It's that the world grows quite a bit each year, I reckon, and whether or no they intend it, each generation gets brought up a good deal different from the one before, and so has new standards. Yes, my dear, I would be real lonesome sometimes, and kind of out of it if I didn't overhear my folks a little now and then. Marie and I love each other a lot, and Jim is a fine young feller in spite of the one fault of being a man and of course he ain't really to blame for that, I admit. In fact we are about as happy a family as ever I seen except for that trained nurse and I don't know who trained her unless it was the owner of a seal act.

But much as I love them and they me, I often feel a whole lot nearer to them when I overhear them than when they tell me something direct. And it give me real comfort and pleasure to set out on that screened porch of mine and hear the baby cooing to his self on one side and his parents murmuring on the other, and if I hadn't done so I would never of been able to understand just what that trouble between them two was all about.

Now you understand, Mrs. Binz my dear, I'm no eavesdropper; no, nor eye-dropper, either; and I don't go around my daughter's home, wherever it happens to be, hearing and seeing things that are none of my business—not ordinarily. But there is times when a mother must know a thing against her child's will for their own good—ain't it the truth? Certainly! And so it was just as well I heard Marie crying over Jim having her roadster painted gray without consulting her.

Now to cry over a thing like that is strange to my daughter, Mrs. Binz my dear, for she is an awful sensible, practical girl and got none of her father's unreliableness but always took after me, or so folks claimed. She wouldn't ordinarily of cared enough to cry over such a small thing—not her! Even although this was her own particular pet roadster, you understand, and she had her mind all fixed on light yellow.

But the real trouble was not paint but propinquity, Mrs. Binz. Them two had been thrown too close for too many weeks—waiting for hours, doing nothing on location; hanging around a resort hotel; and worse than all, playing opposite to each other in the very same picture. Any husband and wife gets on each other's nerves a little and I always claimed that each should have their own work, and only meet in the evening to talk it over—the same as I and Gilligan, which he was on the bars while I done bareback work. Jim and Marie, they didn't know what ailed them, but it was seeing too much of themselves after making separate pictures for years. I knew it, even if they didn't, and so you see, I wasn't much surprised when she blew up over a little thing like gray paint. Just the same I pretty near dropped the cookbook I was dipping into here and there, when I heard the row.

"I told you not to, Jim Smith!" says Marie on the other side of the partition.

"Well, then," says Jim, "if you're going to raise a kick about it, I'll sell the damn roadster!"

"Do just as you like!" says Marie, very clear and cold. "I won't say a word -I'll be speechless with rage!"

"The first time rage ever affected you that way," retorts Jim "Damn these shoes the saddles is too tight!"

"Jim," says Marie, "you used to be a little more considerate of my feelings, once. I guess you don't love me any more!"

At that Jim made a noise like his temper had exploded.

"Jumpin' Jehoshaphat, don't begin that line again!" he says. "I have told you six thousand times that I do. And you always come back for more!"

"There!" says Marie. "You see? I told you you didn't love me any more! You don't, or you couldn't speak to me like that!"

"All right!" shouted Jim, real mad. At his shoes, probably, and not at her at all, but neither of them willing to realize it. "All right! I've told you I do! And you won't believe me, so have it your own way—I don't love you any more!"

"Jim!" says Marie in a tragic voice. "Well, I'm glad to know the truth! I don't care, anyhow! I'm fed up with giving in to you over everything from breakfast to the color of my automobiles! I got a life of my own! I'm a young woman yet, even if I have got a baby! Oh, thank God I got him to love me anyways!"

"Oh, hell, if you're going to cry I'm going to beat it!" says Jim.

Then the door to their room slammed and I didn't hear nothing for a moment only Marie sobbing to herself and I not daring under the circumstances to go in and comfort her, but setting there alone in my rocking-chair and thinking, "Oh, the foolish children, don't they know they are only quarreling to amuse theirselves because they are a little bored? Or don't they?" But I was not really worried because of knowing what marriage is myself, especially now that I am safely past it. Then after a little while come the knock on my door I was hoping for, and Marie slipped into my room.

When I was with the circus, Mrs. Binz my dear, I learned several things through meeting, not to mention traveling, with quite a variety of people ranging all the way from tattooed men to box-office managers, and one thing I learned was never to ask no questions but let them volunteer, for they will talk of their own free wills if they have a mind to. And I put this good sound principle into practice even with my own family, which is one reason why I've lived with them so long. And believe me, Mrs. Binz my dear, you never miss a thing by holding your tongue, and I remember how I was the first to learn of his troubles when our human skeleton, Ted Casey, commenced gaining weight. And when the manager of the Amazon Bros. Show found out the Caucasian Girl was wearing a wig and fired her, it was to me she fled direct.

So when my daughter Marie come into my room with the kind of a careful new make-up on that a woman always fixes after a crying spell, why I just didn't say a word but let her set quietly for a while until she had worked out of her self-pity and heated herself into a good, healthy mad, instead.

"Ma!" she bursts out at last. "The trouble with husbands is that they get used to you!"

"One of the troubles, my dear," I corrected her. "Another is that you get used to them. The both of you are inclined to slump after a while and that's the truth. And anyone in the show business ought to know what that means. You gotter keep up the attraction and a little mystery, or the attendance is bound to fall off!"

"Now, ma!" says Marie, a chip all ready to sprout where her wings ought to be. "Now, ma, you know I am just as snappy and good-looking as anyone, and no bride would need to be ashamed of my boudoir caps and et ceteras. I'm no fool, and Jim La Tour has never seen cold cream on my nose in all his life except in the studio!"

"But he's seen cold cream on your temper," I come back at her. "Not that I want to pick on you, dear, and all men is brutes, that goes without saying. Still and all it is a mistake to hang on their neck too much. The lovingest man in the world will get fed up on being pleased. He grows to be like the feller that said he was going home and if supper wasn't ready when he got there he was going to raise hell, and if it was ready he wasn't going to eat a mouthful!"

"I know!" said she thoughtful-like. "I know what you mean, ma. I let him see too plain how much I love him, and he's too darn sure of me!"

"Now, Mary Gilligan, don't you go starting any nonsense!" I warned her real quick. "You'll be sorry for it if you do! Marriage is tiresome part of the time, my dear, but it's the best arrangement of the kind which we have got, and breaking the rules don't ever make the game better—not for good sports, anyways!"

She shot me a look of scorn at that, and started fluffing her hair out before my dressing mirror.

"You know me, ma!" she said witheringly. "I wouldn't cheat on Jim for the world—but I got a mind to throw a good scare into him!"

"Well, change your mind then!" I says. "Or it'll come back on you sure as shootin'! Boomerangs come home to roost, you know!"

There was a knock on the door then, and Marie went to open it, thinking maybe it was the nurse wanted a errand run. Running to the drug store for the nurse is about as near as we ever come to taking care of our baby. Well, anyways, she went and it wasn't the nurse after all, but Marie's friend Maison Rosabelle.

Now, Mrs. Binz my dear, I wouldn't for the world say anything about a friend of my daughter Marie's, but that woman Maison Rosabelle is hard-boiled! Of course she's the swellest dressmaker in New York, and done it all herself, because Rollo, her husband, is a mere shrimp which is useful to sweep out her office and that's about all, not that really I believe for a minute he ever done that much work in his life! Of course, they are nice people, you understand, my dear, and I haven't a thing against them, really! But Maison was out there at the Coronado without her husband, he having been left up in San Francisco where they was opening up a branch. And Maison was down to the hotel with one of the smaller parlors full of a special display of hats, gowns and sports clothes.

Sports clothes is right, being as they mostly were intended to wear over to Tia Juana, where there certainly was a lot of sports hanging around—they come there from all over the country, you know.

Well, Maison had on a grass-green silk sweater over her bustlike bust, and a white satin sports skirt around her narrow hips, which are narrow because of being all pulled up inside her corset—one of them condensed figures, you know, Mrs. Binz my dear. She had also sports shoes on in the sense of anybody that wore them heels was taking a sporting chance, and a cute little sports hat was pulled far down over her hair so that a couple of black sports cherries tickled her left eyelash. California is a healthy climate and Maison was flourishing like a green bay horse since she arrived.

"Hello, girls!" she gurgled as she come in. "Things is awful quiet in the lobby so I left Mae with the goods and dropped over to chin."

"Sit down, dear!" says Marie. "My, you look peppy! What you been up to?"

Maison giggled again. For thirty-eight years and forty-two bust, she's real cute.

"Say!" she says, tickled a lot by something or other. "Say—I ought to been working—the dew is on the rent, and everything; but oh, you races!"

(Continued on Page 101)

"There!" Says Marie. "I Told You You Didn't Love Me Any More! You Don't, or You Couldn't Speak to Me Like That!"

They Sometimes Come Back

By Kenneth L. Roberts

Constantine and Sophia, With Their Two Daughters, Their Youngest Son and Prince Carol of Rumania. The Latter is the Husband of Princess Helena, Who Stands on Her Father's Left. In the Oval—Kleutherios Venizelos

MODERN Greece is celebrated for her ancient ruins and for her unscrupulous politicians—who might with some reason be classed as modern ruins. The remains of the unrivaled temples on the Acropolis are fitting monuments to the race which produced many of the world's greatest sculptors, dramatists, poets, statesmen, philosophers and soldiers, and which ruled the known world. The unscrupulous politicians are fitting reminders of the horrible results of attempting to mix a score of races in a human melting pot. It can't be done successfully, whether the attempt be made in Persia, Italy, South America or North America; and those who think that it can are entitled to study history, biology and Greece, and then indulge in another think.

Our steamer from Constantinople waddled across the Sea of Marmora and out through the Dardanelles almost six years to the day after that terrible twenty-fifth of April, 1915, when the British transports spewed their human freight into the water under the barren Gallipoli cliffs, and the German and Turkish machine guns on the cliff edge snapped out their lives in a welter of bloody foam. All around that barren point the hulks of the transports are still lying where the British beached them in the landing. The early morning sun was bright on the flat sea, a soft breeze blew out of the Ægean, the sky was silvery blue and cloudless. It was a day to make all things look pleasant and harmless. But the silent and rusted transports, ranged in a drunken half circle in the calm sea at the cliffs' base, were the grimmest remnant of all the many grim remnants of the late war that I have seen, and the greatest monument to man's heroism. In the London papers on every April twenty-fifth appear columns of memorial notices which read about like this:

"Dublin Fusiliers: In honoured and grateful remembrance of the Officers and Men of the Dublin Fusiliers who won undying fame and were killed during the landing from the River Clyde at V Beach, Gallipoli, 25th April, 1915. May they rest in peace. They achieved the impossible."

Men Who Achieved the Impossible

OR INSTEAD of the Dublin Fusiliers, it may be the King's Own Scottish Borderers or the Lancashire Fusiliers or the Essex Regiment or the Royal Fusiliers or the Hampshire Regiment.

The awful length of the columns tells an impressive but uncolored story of the horrors of the Gallipoli landing; but the merest glimpse of the shattered transports beneath the frowning cliffs and the thought of the thousands who fought their way ashore through the bloodstained water send a sickening chill through the most hardened spine. I mention these things because Constantine was King of Greece when they happened. Constantine, King of Greece, was hindering the Allies at every step. And Constantine has come back from the exile into which the Allies drove him, and is King of Greece again.

The steamer waddled on past the barren shores of a few of the widely sung Isles of Greece, as bleak and bare and inhospitable looking as the back of an enlarged whale, and crept slowly by the symmetrical white marble cone of Mount Athos, that peculiar stronghold of the Greek Church where for centuries thousands of monks have existed, completely removed from the females of all species, with the sole exception of insects and birds. The monks of Mount Athos have never yet been able to issue an edict which would be obeyed by lady fleas, flies and other winged wanderers; but lady cats and dogs and horses and goats are unknown upon its silent slopes. No cow mellows the twilight with her ruminative moo, and no hen roams fussily about the countryside to make the gentle hermits speculate on the reasons which lead her to cross the road. Then the steamer turned north into the Gulf of Salonika, at the northern tip of which lies the city of Salonika, northernmost of the large Greek ports, known to the ancients as Thessalonica. To the church of this ancient city St. Paul addressed his two epistles to the Thessalonians.

Now all modern Greeks, whether you find them in Constantinople, Turkey, or Lowell, Massachusetts, or London, England, or Portsmouth, New Hampshire, or Rome, Italy, are politicians first and business men or laborers afterward. And as politicians they are divided into two strict and passionate camps. They are either Royalists, shrieking wildly and deafeningly for King Constantine and cursing all the doings of a man named Venizelos with black and searing curses; or they are Venizelists, howling hysterically for Venizelos and hating King Constantine with their haters wide open and hitting, as one might say, on every cylinder. Many New England barber shops and bootblack stands, 4000 miles removed from the front-line cafés of Greek politics, have been wrecked during the past four years because of internecine strife between their Greek owners and patrons over the Constantine-Venizelos question. In Greece itself this political frenzy becomes so poisonous that either political party is almost willing to wreck the entire nation if by so doing it can embarrass the other party.

Venizelos is a Greek from the Island of Crete. He was prime minister of Greece during the Balkan Wars, and by cleverly and persistently advertising King Constantine he made a national hero of him. He was strongly pro-Ally during the war. When Constantine played against the Allies, Venizelos headed a bloodless revolution and led Greece into the war on the Allies' side. He won striking victories for Greece at the peace conference, and showed himself thoroughly able to cope with such experienced diplomats and politicians as Lloyd George, Clemenceau and Orlando. By his unaided efforts he built Greece from a small and insignificant country to a large and potentially wealthy country. In Salonika one gets his first glimpse of the lengths to which the Royalists of Greece will go to discredit and disregard the Venizelists. When Venizelos was in power he brought large numbers of Greeks from the Greek Caucasus, which is a part of Southern Russia lying over to the east of the Black Sea, back to Greece for the purpose of populating the plains of Macedonia and Thrace, which had been depopulated by the Balkan Wars and the Great War, and also for the purpose of having a Greek population in these districts to back up the claims which he might make before the Council of London. These returning Greeks, who were for the most part poor farmers with their families, were landed at Salonika, placed temporarily in the barracks used by the British during the war and distributed gradually to the farm lands of Thrace.

When the Exiled King Returned

THESE colonists started returning to Greece in July, 1920. Under the Venizelist government the scheme worked well. In November of 1920 Venizelos was defeated at the polls and King Constantine was recalled from his hideous exile in a Geneva hotel that had only sixty-five palm trees in its dining room and served ice cream at only two meals a day. Immediately, so far as it was possible to do so, all Venizelists were removed from power and all Venizelist plans were given a swift and well-aimed kick.

The Roof Tops of Athens and the World-Famous Acropolis

Queen Mother Olga of Greece and Crown Prince Carol of Rumania

Since the program of bringing Greeks from the Greek Caucasus to colonize Thrace was a Venizelos program, the new Royalist crowd refused to ship them from Salonika into the interior. So, starting in November, 1920, these penniless Greek families began to back up in the camp like a dammed river. They overflowed the British barracks into a big tent camp, and they overflowed the second camp into a third. I came to Salonika in April, 1921. There were then five camps with more than 26,000 persons crammed into them; and they presented one of the most shocking spectacles that I have ever seen. The meager dole of food that the Royalists were dribbling out to them each day was insufficient to support life; typhus and almost every other disease known to man were running riot through the camps; and the death rate was 128 per cent a year. That is to say, the people were dying so rapidly that all of them, if things continued as they were, would be dead in less than one year's time. These people were left to starve in the Salonika camps; while down in Athens the Royalists poured out money in rivers on their king and on glittering fêtes in honor of his return and on a criminal war in the heart of Asia Minor.

The Salonika Tragedy of 1921

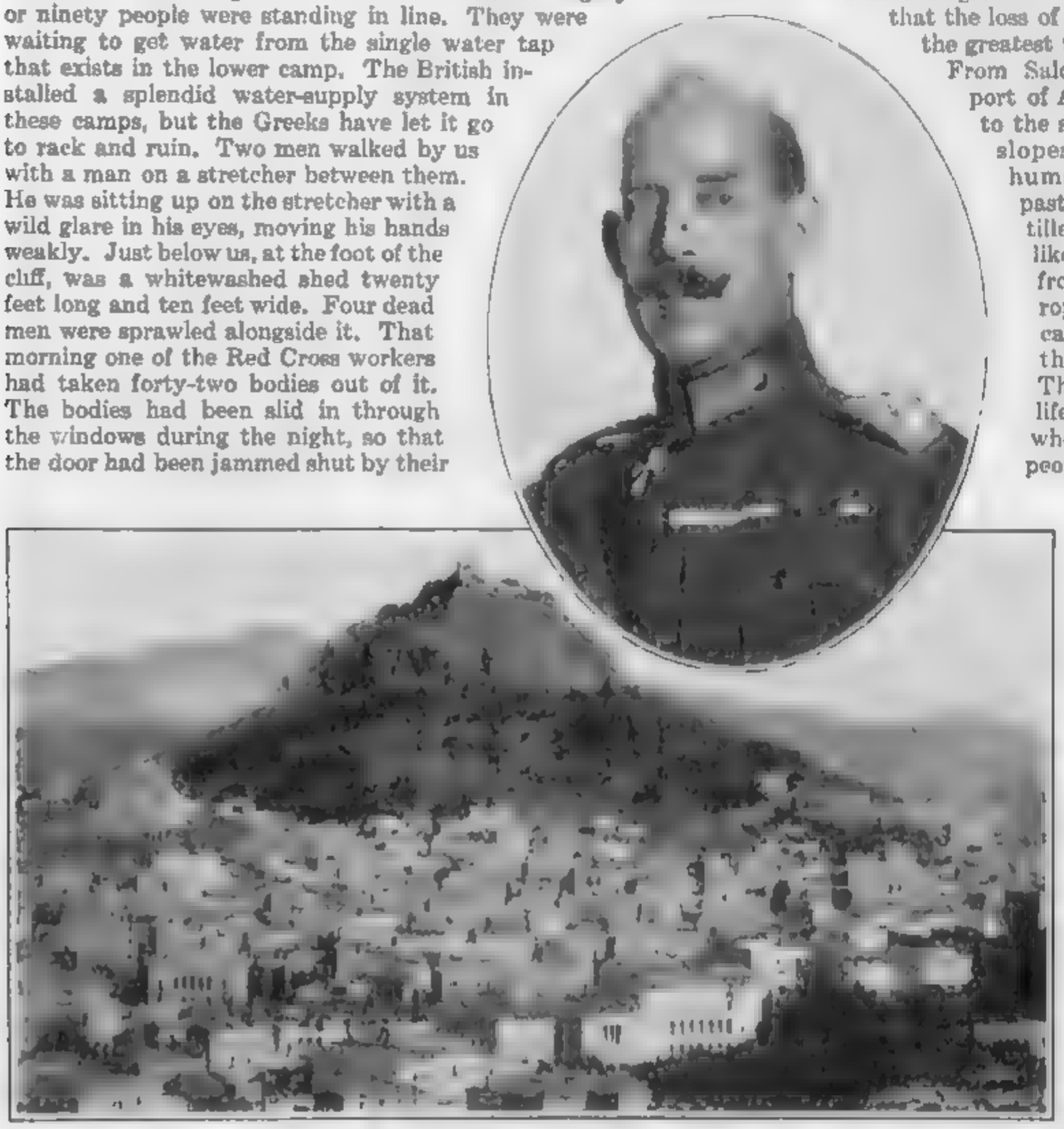
I WENT out through these camps on a balmy April morning with Major Hillas and Captain Van Camp of the American Red Cross, which is doing what it can to help the situation. Salonika is a dirty, desolate city, scarred by a recent devastating fire and backed by barren hills. Away to the east of it stretches a wide and wind-swept plain, sweeping back from the water's edge; and in the middle of the plain are the old wooden barracks that the British troops occupied during the war. Those barracks have almost no ventilation. The window openings are closed with coverings of tin or wood. A family of five persons is allowed a space eight feet long by five feet wide. The stench in the buildings is very bad, and disease runs through them like fire through dead grass. The only sanitary arrangements that exist have literally been jammed down the camps' throats by the American Red Cross. Men aren't considered sick in the camps until they are within one day of being dead. Children with measles, scarlet fever, diphtheria and other diseases run free through the camps. A family may eat dinner together on one day, and by dinner time of the following day the whole family may be dead.

Where the plain falls away to the water's edge there are two tent camps. On the plain above the cliff there are 900 small conical tents with fifteen people jammed into each tent. On the beach below there are 100 more tents. The beach camp is the receiving station, and more unfortunates were coming ashore from two steamers as we stood on the cliff's edge and looked down at them. Eighty or ninety people were standing in line. They were waiting to get water from the single water tap that exists in the lower camp. The British installed a splendid water-supply system in these camps, but the Greeks have let it go to rack and ruin. Two men walked by us with a man on a stretcher between them. He was sitting up on the stretcher with a wild glare in his eyes, moving his hands weakly. Just below us, at the foot of the cliff, was a whitewashed shed twenty feet long and ten feet wide. Four dead men were sprawled alongside it. That morning one of the Red Cross workers had taken forty-two bodies out of it. The bodies had been slid in through the windows during the night, so that the door had been jammed shut by their weight and numbers. Three men had been required to force the door inward.

In one tent a Red Cross worker found several women huddled under straw without any clothes at all. Their only clothes had been destroyed in the delouser. Two girls among them had pneumonia. Five thousand people in the camps have so few clothes that they would be unable to go into Salonika in the daytime. We went into the hospital of the tent camp. It has no beds. Four women were lying in blankets on the bare floor, dying. Thirty dead men and women were carried out of this hospital on the preceding day. The Greeks, urged by the American Red Cross to send more doctors, reply that their doctors are needed in Asia Minor. These are the barest and the least offensive outlines of the Salonika situation. Colonel Olds, head of the Red Cross in Europe, and a representative of the American Relief Administration, visited Salonika shortly before I did. They immediately wired their organizations that conditions in these camps were a disgrace to the Greek nation and that the loss of child life in them was the greatest they had ever seen.

From Salonika to Piræus, the port of Athens, is a day's trip to the south, past barren hill slopes almost devoid of human habitations, and past mile after mile of untilled fields. The Greeks, like many other people from Southeastern Europe, seem absolutely incapable of developing their own resources. Their chief ambition in life is to rush to America, where a sturdier race of people has developed industries and a civilization that will provide them with a maximum of money in return for a minimum of enterprise. The Greek farms produce pitifully poor crops, but only because the soil lacks nitrogen and phosphates. Only once in every four or five years does the land produce a decent crop. Doctor Hopkins, of the University of Illinois, studied the Greek soil and found that if the farmers would plant white clover and turn it under the land would produce a 100 per cent larger crop on the following year. Yet the Greeks won't do it. They prefer to let things happen as they have always happened.

Coöperation is almost impossible to get in Greece; and organizing ability, as we know it in America, is peculiarly rare. Greece produces a good olive oil, for example. Yet the Greeks do not market it to advantage. They sell it to France for a small profit, and the French make a large profit by bottling it and selling it to the United States. The Greeks haven't been able to develop the grading and the marketing of their lemons and oranges. Venizelos recognized these things and had laid plans which he hoped would remedy them. With Venizelos gone, the plans are discarded and forgotten, for the rest of the Greeks are for the most part only politicians.



Mount Lycabettus From the Acropolis. In the Oval—King Constantine

A Victim of Over-Immigration

AS ONE sails up to Piræus one finds it hard to believe that the small, green plain directly ahead, with the insignificant-looking city huddled around the two hills in the center of it, was the heart of the world once upon a time. The plain is the Plain of Attica, and the two hills are the Acropolis and Lycabettus, and the city around them is Athens. From the people who built this city and the other great Hellenic cities and made Greece the mistress of the world—fair-haired people who came down into Greece from the distant north—came, in the space of a few hundred years, men and women whose names will be great so long as books are made and people exist to read them; names familiar to every high-school boy; such names as Sophocles, Euripides, Æschylus, Aristophanes, Phidias, Praxiteles, Aristotle, Plato, Hippocrates, Pythagoras, Socrates, Demosthenes, Heraclitus, Empedocles, Democritus, Anaxagoras, Anacreon, Sappho and a host of others. And when Greece had become great through the greatness of her soldiers and statesmen and scientists and dramatists, and her cities had become rich and powerful and great industrial centers, she was flooded with immigrants and slaves. In the days of Philip of Macedon, when Greece had passed the crest of her glory and was on the edge of dissolution, the population of Athens in round numbers consisted of 20,000 Athenians, 10,000 aliens and 400,000 slaves.

It might be mentioned in passing that the 1915 census showed that the population of Boston, sometimes known as the Athens of America, consisted of 238,000 native-born Americans of native American parentage, and 512,000 foreign born and children of foreign born. Boston is indeed uncomfortably close to being the modern Athens of America.

These aliens and slaves of ancient Athens spoke the Greek tongue and they wore the Greek dress, but they were not Greeks. Citizenship was conferred on them so that they might fight the battles of Greece. The result was inevitable. Any promiscuous crossing of breeds invariably produces mongrels, whether the crossing occurs in dogs or in humans, and whether it takes place in the Valley of the Nile or on the Attic plain or in the shadow of Rome's seven hills or along the stern and rock-bound shores of New England.

People whose trust in catchwords is greater than their common sense are fatuous enough to believe that by pouring

(Continued on Page 53)

THE EVIL LIE

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

Slowly, Tensely, the Strange Pair Moved About the Stage

PROFESSOR DEXTER SABB plumbed the nadir of misery. "This heah lef' mump of mine," he complained bitterly, "is the dawg-gondest, hurtin'est mump I ever did have."

Noah Cripes simulated sympathy. Gazing down upon the grotesquely swollen features of the man whose smallness and blackness were accentuated by the large bed and white sheets, he marveled at the fact that in all the world this was the one person whom he feared.

Certainly there was nothing in the figure of the prostrate Mr. Sabb to inspire fear in the breast of anyone. Helpless, as he now was, there was something rather ludicrous about him. Yet when his small beady eyes fastened upon the large and flashy form of Mr. Noah Cripes, that gentleman trembled visibly.

Which explains his exhibition of a sympathy he did not feel. It was Mr. Cripes' idea that if someone just naturally had to have mumps, he preferred that person to be Dexter Sabb. And now that the doctor had pronounced a month's quarantine Mr. Cripes' brain was commencing to function. As the first step of a course decided upon after much headachy thought, Noah Cripes had slid through the natural fear of a quarantine and stood now by the bedside of his employer.

"Reckon Ise soht of gwine be laid off fo' the time you is mumped, ain't I, prefessor?"

"Reckon you is, Noah. Money is the one thing I ain't got much of, an' which I has got I needs fo' my ownse'f." He paused, and then: "What you is got on yo' min' 'ceptin' water?"

Noah Cripes fidgeted guiltily. He had frequently more than half suspected that the wizened little man on the bed could read his mind, and Noah was not at all desirous of having his mind read at this particular moment.

"Nothin'. Nothin' much."

"Tha's mo'n usual," snapped the sick man. "What you is aimin' to do with yo'se'f while I is sick?"

"Oh"—vaguely—"jes' drif' aroun'. Jes' drif' aroun' a li'l'."

"How come you to talk 'bout driftin'? Where you git driftin' money?"

"Ain't got it. But I aims to git some while I is driftin'."

Mr. Sabb's eyes narrowed, glittered. "Also you aims to join back with me when I gits well onless you craves to cillec' on yo' life insu'nce."

"Ise comin' back all right," protested Noah hastily. "I knows which is good fo' me."

"Hmph! You better had. You ain't much good, Noah, but I ain't cravin' to have to git my printin' done over agin on account you stays away once you gits gone." The eyes of the small sick man focused on the opposite wall. "That new printin' I is got, Noah—tha's some elegant printin', ain't it?"

Noah Cripes turned obedient eyes to the vermilion throw-away which Dexter Sabb had pridefully tacked upon the wall before succumbing to the ravages of mumps. He deciphered each word:

PROF DEXTER SABB
Worlds Most Greatest & Extra Poerless Colored Hypnotist
Also Magician & Slight of Hand Artist
GUARANTEED
Not to be No Fake
To Hypnotize Anybody Anytime
Also Produce Rabbits from Hats.
PRIVATE DEMUNSTRATIONS A SPECIALLTY.
MY MOTTOE
"If You Has Got a Brain I Can Put it to Sleep."
ADMISSION—ONE DOLLAR (Cash)

"Awful 'tractive," commented Noah.

"Sho'ly am. Ain't no cullud pussons could persist seein' me once they had read that."

"How many of these things you got printed, Dexter?"

"Two thousan'."

Noah whistled. "Sufferin' tripe!" Then an idea came to him. "Where is they at?"

"Under the bed."

Noah t'chkd commiseratingly and shook his head. "Too bad!" he said. "Tha's too bad!"

The professor squirmed. "Says which?"

"Says too bad."

"Words!" raved Dexter. "But they don' make no sense. What you means—too bad?"

"Nothin'. Nothin' a-tall, prefessor. 'Ceptin' that on account both yo' mumps is contagious, the doctor is mos' likely gwine make you burn up all that new printin' when you gits well."

The professor gave solemn and doleful thought to his assistant's postulation. And finally he waved a commanding hand.

"Take it outen heah. Take it with you. Keep it—ontil I gits well an' you comes back."

Noah Cripes rescued the new handbills from their hiding place. "I does what you sigges's. An' I comes back heah in fo' weeks."

"You does. 'Cause if'n you don't, Noah Cripes—the Over the River Buryin' Sassiety is gwine have a job to do which you is gwine be at but which you ain't gwine know nothin' of."

Weighted down by the twin bundles Noah Cripes slipped out of the house. One block he walked, eyes turned toward the building which was the capitol of the State of Tennessee. And then he halted his portly and majestic figure and apostrophized his employer.

"You po' li'l' runt," he proclaimed loudly to the city of Nashville. "Ise gwine fling my own li'l' fling right heah an' now. Where you has lef' off in the hypnotizin' business, I cimmences!"

Whereupon Mr. Noah Cripes turned and strode with rapid steps toward the best colored hostelry boasted by the capital city of Tennessee.

Freed from the sinister influences of the mumpy Professor Sabb, Mr. Cripes took on an independence and a dignity which set well upon his Gargantuan figure. In truth, Mr. Cripes was a personage to inspire instinctive respect. The brim of his gray derby hat was six feet above the level of the street; his perfectly pressed gray suit covered two hundred and ten pounds of human weight; his patent-leather shoes—somewhat protuberant at the point where bunions flourish—housed pedal extremities of unbelievable proportions. And now that he was no longer within range of the professor's beady black eyes a new jauntiness came to Mr. Cripes. His hat teetered on the side of his shiny head and he swung down the street with the stride of a man who is master of all he surveys.

For many moons Noah had been on the verge of open insurrection, being deterred therefrom only by a genuine fear of the wizened little professor whom mumps had now prostrated. The thought that he was powerless against Dexter Sabb had become intolerable to Noah, but until the mump circumstance there had been no chance for him to break away.

As a hypnotist Professor Dexter Sabb was not entirely a fake. There was one person in the world whom he could put to sleep invariably and without the slightest difficulty. That person was the gigantic Noah Cripes.

In the early days of their professional acquaintanceship Mr. Cripes eagerly welcomed the regularity of his weekly pay envelope and the assurance of three fairly adequate meals per diem. But as the months dragged into years and Mr. Cripes' laborious savings were converted into a gorgeous wardrobe, the large colored gentleman with the ample figure began to rebel against the ridiculous rôle in which he was cast.

Professor Sabb had evolved the idea shortly after making the startling discovery that here, at last, was a man unable to resist the hypnotic power of his squinty eyes. Their plan was so simple as to be flawless. It had never failed. Deciding upon a new city to be exploited, the professor sent Noah ahead to take up a residence there. Noah, gifted with a pleasing personality, considerable gift of gab and a reasonable apportionment of cash, went right to his task of cultivating a maximum acquaintanceship in a minimum time. In the execution of this mission he was little short of a genius. He was, in the first place, irresistible to the ladies; a mellifluous talker with plenty to talk about, and a smooth flatterer. He won his way among the men by his dexterity in manipulating a pool cue. He regularly attended church and prayer meetings and slung a wicked barytone in chorus work. Too, he operated expertly at poker and dice.

At all social gatherings to which he was invited—and they were many, owing to his membership in a large assortment of negro fraternal orders—he talked on the subject of hypnotism; the gist of his conversation along that line being that there wa'n't no sech of a thing as hypnotism nohow and all hypnotists were fakers. He played constantly on that key, extolling his many triumphs in exposing hypnotic fakery. Usually his listeners didn't care particularly what he thought of hypnotism—until the second stage in the proceedings was reached.

That was signalized by the sudden appearance of placards on the fences in the negro quarter, announcing the forthcoming visit of Professor Dexter Sabb, the world's

most greatest and extra peerless hypnotist. The effect of these handbills was always the same. Darktown read, digested—and hiked en masse to Noah Cripes.

A hypnotist was coming to town. He was going to give an exhibition of his prowess. What did Noah Cripes think about it?

Noah thereupon expressed his opinion of hypnotists in general, and Professor Sabb in particular, in no uncertain terms. And he followed that by a pledge to attend Professor Sabb's opening performance and quietly and efficiently show that gentleman up.

This naturally developed a fever heat of interest in the forthcoming visit. It assured a large box-office line long before tickets went on sale. And then, at the proper moment, the wizened little professor rolled into town, put up at the best negro hotel, and made arrangements with some local fraternal order to exhibit under its auspices for one performance, gate receipts to be split fifty-fifty.

It was invariably a sell-out. Then, before a house packed to capacity, at one dollar per head, Professor Sabb would make his spiel and finally request volunteers from the audience. There would come an expectant hush as the magnificent Noah Cripes wended his majestic way down the aisle and thence to the stage. Standing together, the contrast was striking—the professor little and helpless and not at all natty, Noah a huge sartorial epic.

Whereupon Professor Dexter Sabb would proceed to hypnotize Mr. Cripes; hypnotize him thoroughly and completely, and put him through a series of absurd antics. Just how ridiculous these stunts were, even Mr. Cripes was happily ignorant. But when he was brought back to normal by a snap of the professor's fingers it was to find the audience shrieking with laughter and rocking with applause.

This exploit of humbling the scoffer always swung the populace over to the professor's standard. He then entertained with some more or less clever sleight-of-hand work and followed with more hypnotism. Occasionally some small boys with a distinctly juvenile sense of humor climbed to the platform and pretended to be hypnotized - which was sufficient for the professor's purpose. And once every so often he discovered some volunteer whom he could partially control.

And shortly before the close of the performance Noah Cripes would arise in the audience and wax wrathy. He would challenge the professor to hypnotize him again on another night. The audience would cheer. And another capacity house was guaranteed.

The rest was sheer mechanics. Dexter Sabb would install himself in the hotel and give private instructions on hypnotism. He taught wives how to control their husbands, and lovers their sweethearts. He gave expert advice on all subjects. He imparted practical instruction in sleight-of-hand. And the graft lasted indefinitely. It was easy and it was lucrative; and always, when the professor saw interest dying down and the money coming in more slowly, he dispatched Noah to another hunting ground.

So it was that Noah had long rebelled in private against his absurd rôle. He was the spellbinder, the artist, the man with a presence. The existing arrangement was financially successful from Noah's standpoint, but it was a social mistake. And the only reason that Noah had never broken away was because he feared Dexter Sabb, feared him with a fear rooted in superstition and lack of understanding of the professor's power. Dexter Sabb controlled his elegant employe without difficulty. He could hypnotize Noah on a moment's notice: any time, any place. Difficult as that task had been at first, it had come to be more easy with constant repetition. Noah was the Trilby to Dexter's Svengali. And he didn't have any more of a chance with Mr. Sabb than had that far-famed lady with her eagle-eyed gentleman friend.

But now two large mumps had gripped Professor Sabb: two huge, painful, contagious mumps, which confined him to his room in Nashville, Tennessee, and gave to Noah Cripes one entire month in which to do as he pleased. And it was with a broad smile on his lips that he pleased to plan something well worth while

For one month Noah Cripes was to be Professor Dexter Sabb. For two glorious fortnights he intended to bloom in the glory of the spotlight.

His assistant was already chosen: a prepossessing young negro citizen of Nashville who was possessed of an amplitude of gray matter, tight lips and a desire for much cash. To this young person Noah Cripes explained the method of operation. And two days after Professor Sabb succumbed to mumps this new assistant—Sam Trigg by name—departed for Birmingham, Alabama.

The scheme worked better than could have been expected. Sam Trigg exhibited a marvelous capacity for his task. Of course his work was not conducted with the finesse that characterized Noah's, but it was adequate.

By the time the pseudo Professor Sabb appeared in Birmingham and registered at Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel, the colored set was agog with excitement. Mr. Trigg had scoffed openly at the professor's hypnotic pretensions. He offered to wager large sums that he was impervious to the professor's evil eye. It was perhaps fortunate for Noah that no one saw fit to cover Mr. Trigg's money.

Safe in his room at the Cozy Home Hotel, Noah Cripes crossed to the window and looked down upon the dusky seethe of Eighteenth Street. It was his first visit to Birmingham—the genuine Professor Sabb had always avoided the town—and he contemplated an excessively pleasant and lucrative visit.

He was at peace with the world. Sam Trigg's advance work had been excellent. Success was assured: success and social triumph and many dollars. Through the years of his work with Professor Dexter Sabb, Noah had learned every line of patter in the professor's repertoire; and he had something with which Dexter was not blessed—the personality to put it across.

Noah allowed the local celebrities to seek him out Within three days he had four rival organizations bidding for the honor of holding his first public demonstration under their auspices. After much dickering he arranged with The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise. They were to furnish advertising, hall, lights and tickets, and to give him 75 per cent of the gross receipts. That was better by 25 per cent than the professor had ever been able to do. And then Florian Slappey, as emissary for The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise, suggested that they might start the ball rolling by a formal reception in honor of Professor Sabb. Noah admitted the idea was a good one and that he would be delighted to attend.

And so for the two days that preceded his début as a master of hypnotism, Noah Cripes lounged happily around the hotel, allowing the wave of interest in the forthcoming event to mount. And Sam Trigg circulated about the city boasting loudly that he intended showing up the supposed hypnotist; and every negro in the city of Birmingham who could earn, beg or borrow an extra dollar, purchased a ticket. Already the sale was approaching the thousand mark and the exhibition still two weeks away.

"Sons an' Daughters of I Will Arise, Which You Has Done fo' Us To-Night is Sumthin' We Ain't Nev' Gwine be Able to Repay Back"

Noah Cripes was experiencing a beatitude that he had never believed possible. There wasn't a ripple to disturb the placidity of his existence—nary a rift in the lute—nor a cloud in the serene sky. At least that is what Mr. Noah Cripes fondly believed. But Mr. Noah Cripes was wrong.

The storm clouds which were forming slowly over the head of the impostor had to do with the intimate and domestic life of the man into whose shoes he had stepped. Of course Noah knew vaguely that Dexter Sabb had once had a wife, and that, so far as death or divorce was concerned, he still had her. But what he did not know was that she was living in Birmingham and that this was the reason why Professor Sabb had so scrupulously avoided Alabama's largest municipality.

The matrimonial adventures of Professor Dexter Sabb had been brief but spirited. The connubial yoke was donned in Atlanta at a time when Dexter's finances weren't and he had a sadly unappeased craving for food and plenty of it. At that time he was boarding with a none-too-beauteous widow answering to the name of Glorious and he owed Glorious more money than he could hope ever to repay. Whereupon he did the only thing that a gentleman in his position could do—he liquidated the debt by marrying her. And eight months later he left her.

For the first year of their separation Glorious bore up very well indeed. She considered herself well rid of a liability and gave small thought to her husband. But finally stories began to come to her ears—vague rumors that all was well with her former lord and master. Whereupon her pristine affection returned, and with it a humbleness that had been entirely lacking in their early relations.

She scrawled him a note and suggested that he return. His answer was brief, final and not at all polite. Six months elapsed and she wrote offering him a workless home. He hesitated a bit, remembered her shrewish tendencies and again refused. Several times since she had offered to house and feed him until death did them part; and each time—had she but known it—he hesitated longer before rejecting her tempting bait. And so finally she moved to Birmingham, wrote him one more letter, and then gave it up as a bad job. But the years of separation had worked wonders. Each partner entertained more or less yearning for a resumption of the marital noose.

A halo of romance and adventure sprang up about the personage of her departed husband as his reputation and bank roll grew. Negroes from other cities, visiting in Birmingham, sang his praises. And into the ears of each of her friends Glorious poured the history of her wedded difficulties and a chronicle of her husband's greatness. So it was that when Sam Trigg invaded Alabama's largest city and commenced his diatribes there were many ardent believers who were inclined to become controversial.

Upon the heels of a renewed interest in the subject came the sudden appearance of posters announcing the forthcoming advent of Professor Dexter Sabb himself. Sis Callie Flukers, who hysterically carried the news to Glorious, swore later that Glorious fainted promptly and satisfactorily. Certainly there was no mistaking the happiness of Glorious at the prospect of a possible reconciliation with her long-absent husband.

That was where Noah Cripes slipped. Knowing that for the past year Dexter had refused to consider an invasion of Birmingham, he had been blind enough not to reason why. And Dexter's reason was ample; in his own words: "Ise glad I ain't gwine meet up with Glo'ious. 'Cause if I does meet up with her, Ise gwine back to the job of bein' her husban'. An I jes' nachelly don' want to!"

Which explains his aversion to Birmingham; and also the undercurrent of excitement that swept certain circles as the hour for the great reception approached.

Sis Callie Flukers and Mrs. Lustisha Atcherson had been taken into the confidence of the hopeful Glorious, and she placed herself in their expert hands. It was upon their advice that she did not immediately hie herself to the Cozy Home Hotel to become garnished upon her husband's breast.

"That ain't never gwine do a-tall," negatived Lustisha when it was suggested. "You don' want no man thinkin' you is runnin' after him. On account the minute he thinks so he's gwine run t'other way. What you wants to do is to meet up with him cas'al an' easy, an' let him do the prospectin'."

So it was that while the committee under the dapper and officious Florian Slappey was busy decorating the lodge-rooms of The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise, Lustisha and Sis Callie were ornamenting the now well-rounded figure of Glorious in a sheer green creation that would have excited genuine envy in the breast of Mother Nature herself.

They stood back and admired their handiwork with a chorus of violent oh's and ah's. In truth Glorious did not belie her name. The pale-green dress started low down and ended high up. Above it, framing the curvy throat, was a lavalliere of brilliant rhinestones and silverplate. Her hair, marvelously coifed, gleamed with brummagem brilliance. Below the skirt two well-filled silken hose of pale pink projected, to disappear in a pair of white kid pumps. White kid gloves mounted above the chocolate elbows, and in the right hand Glorious clutched an exquisite fan which had cost two bits.

"You looks plumb elegant!" sighed Sis Callie beatifically.

"Mo'n that," seconded Lustisha. "Ain't no man coul'n't he'p lovin' you. Even if'n he is yo' husband!"

Glorious was all a-quiver. "You reckon so? Rilly?"

"Hones' an' true. Crost my hea't. You looks beautiful."

Glorious was nervous, very. "When I walks in the hall an' meets up with Dexter? What does I do then?"

Lustisha was free with advice. "You proten's like you an' him is jes' on'y frien's. You shakes han's an' says you is glad to meet him, an' —."

"But," interjected Sis Callie, "you follers his lead, no matter which he does. If'n he kisses you—you kiss him."

Glorious trembled. "Mmmm! Ain't nobody got to tell me that!"

Glorious was quite sure now that there was nothing on earth quite so desirable as being the recognized wife of Professor Dexter Sabb. Already the back lash of her spousehood had elevated her to a social plane which she had hitherto regarded enviously and hopelessly. If there had remained any doubt of her love for Dexter that doubt had vanished. She worshiped any man whose greatness could bring her this recognition.

But she realized that she was staking all on one roll of the dice. She was meeting her occasional husband in the most public manner. Should he even be affable, a triumph was assured her. But there was always the danger that he might spurn her advances—might make her ridiculous before her new-found friends. In which case—but she shuddered at the prospect. Come what might, she determined that Dexter should not spurn her.

And meanwhile, in his suite at the Cozy Home Hotel, the magnificent Noah Cripes adorned his figure in a manner befitting the reputation and profession of Professor Dexter Sabb. All ignorant of the fact that Dexter had a wife waiting to greet him at the reception, he adjusted his pince-nez, arranged a red ribbon diagonally across the bosom of his white shirt, saw that the creases of his evening suit were razorlike and gave a final pat to his polka-dot bow tie. Then, waiting twenty minutes beyond the hour he was due at the reception, he summoned a taxicab and departed for the hall.

The lodgerooms of The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise were ablaze with light. They rang with laughter of a well-modulated, gentlemanly-and-ladylike sort. And as his taxi halted before the door the reception committee, headed by the languid and elegant Florian Slappey, advanced to meet him.

It was all done with meticulous formality. The pseudo Professor Sabb was made to feel that he was quite some pumpkins and excessively welcome. They ushered him to the smoking room, where he checked hat and coat. Then he proceeded to the ballroom.

A hush fell upon the assemblage as Noah advanced on the arm of Florian Slappey. And there was no gainsaying the fact that he loomed prodigiously important. For many moons Noah had despised Professor Sabb because of the latter's physical incapabilities. He knew that he was a man to cut a worthy figure.

The reception line formed on the left and Noah was kept busy shaking hands. He created an impression which assured his success. His voice rolled sonorously across the room as he acknowledged the long series of introductions, his words carrying the precisely correct nuance of formal gratification.

And in the advancing line came Sam Trigg. The chatter of the multitude was stilled as Mr. Trigg and the supposed Professor Sabb shook hands. And it must be admitted that Mr. Trigg was no mean Thespian. They stared balefully at one another.

"I is hearn tell of you, Mistuh Trigg."

"Also I is of you, Mistuh Sabb."

"I on'erstan's that skepticalness of hypnotism is 'bout the on'y thing you ain't got nothin' else but."

"You on'erstan's cirrec'. I says they ain't no man c'n hypnotize nobody nowhere. Specially I."

The onlookers saw a challenging gleam in the fine eyes of the professor. "I inwites you to come to the prefo'mance which I is gwine give under the a'spices of this heah lodge, Brother Trigg. I assuah you that hypnotizin' them which doubts me is the fondes' thing I is of."

"Ise gwine be there," flared Mr. Trigg. "An' I is gwine prove up that as a hypnotis' you jes' nachelly ain't!"

It was an artistic touch; such a dramatic scene as would never have occurred to the professional brain of Dexter Sabb. The gage of battle had been flung by Mr. Trigg and the professor had promptly flung it back. Noah Cripes was infinitely pleased with himself, and his self-satisfaction crescendoed until suddenly a ton of bricks descended and smote him on the professional cranium.

The knock-out blow came in the form of a whispered sentence in the voice of the immaculate Florian Slappey:

"Professor Sabb?"

"Uh-huh?"

"We is be'n savin' up a pleasant li'l' s'prise fo' you."

"Tell it to me, Brother Slappey."

Florian told it. "Yonder," he announced—"yonder comes yo' wife!"

Noah Cripes gave an excellent imitation of a toy balloon whose innards have been explored by a pin. He trembled, gasped, clutched a chair for support. A quick glance about the room showed that the entire gathering was in on the know; and instantly there flashed through his brain recollection of Dexter Sabb's violent matrimonial troubles. So this, then, was the reason Dexter avoided Birmingham. Dexter had known all along that Glorious was living here, and not in Atlanta.

In that revealing instant Noah Cripes knew that he held the undisputed world's championship for being up against it. For in assuming the glories of Dexter Sabb's profession he had not counted on stepping into that wizened gentleman's marital socks.

"I knowed it!" groaned the impostor inwardly. "This heah thing was absotively an' onti'ely too good to las'!"

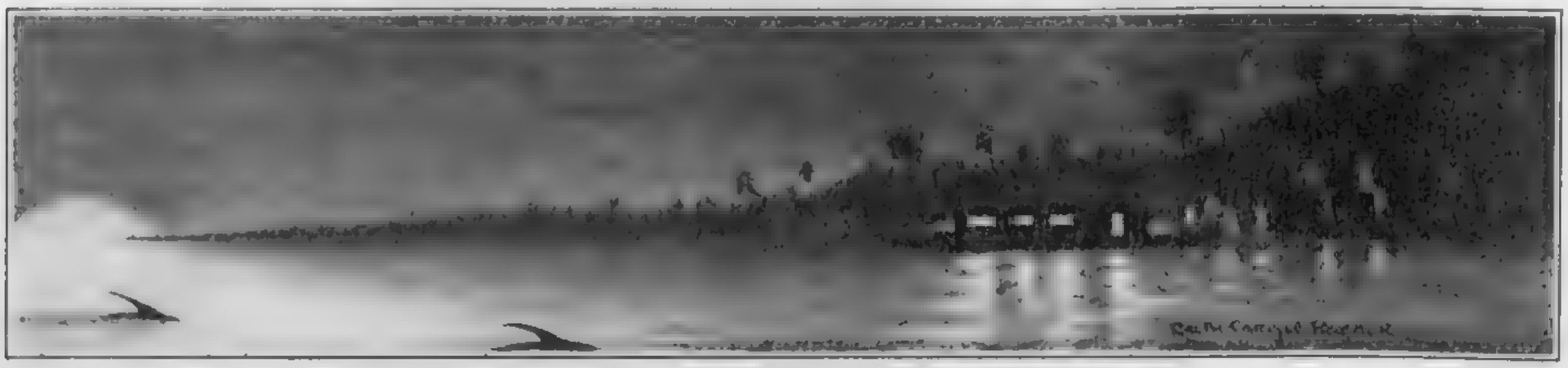
Conversation within the hall was stilled. The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise stared alternately at Glorious and the man to whom they thought she was married. Noah gazed hopelessly across the room to the doorway where stood Glorious Sabb, Sis Callie Flukers and Lustisha Atcherson. And if he was dumfounded Glorious Sabb was paralyzed.

Glorious' petrified eyes found those of the mammoth man in the center of the room. A few seconds of careful deduction informed her that here was an impostor. And her first feeling was one of disaster.

Glorious craved the delights of eminence. Her campaign for recognition had been predicated upon her unmitigated triumph of this night—whether or not she succeeded in effecting a reconciliation with her husband. And now, with the eyes of the colored populace upon her, she found that she was robbed of her triumph; robbed by an impostor, a man who posed as her husband and was not her husband.

She stood trembling with a disappointment obvious to all, although the assemblage mistook the nature of her

(Continued on Page 93)



FACE TO FACE

x

By Edwin Lefèvre

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

WHEN Mr. James J. Jones Senior came down the next morning and learned that his son had already breakfasted he displayed a natural curiosity. Bob the butler answered, as instructed, that the major had gone to work. He did not know the character of it, nor the scene of the labors. All he knew was that the major had to be there on time.

Mr. Jones looked at Bob suspiciously. It made Bob say, "Honest to goodness, Mr. Jones, I don't know any more than I've told you. That's all he told me."

"Very well."

Mr. Jones was silent, staring at the salt-cellar. A full minute passed. Bob the butler was on the point of coughing when Mr. Jones took up his Times.

Junior was walking in the park. The capital of his world was bounded on the north by a lilac clump, on the east by a steep rocky bank, on the west by another bench under an oak tree, and on the south by the great unknown from which she emerged daily at about ten, as the sun had, a little earlier, from the dark underworld. Junior had reached the point where he not only enjoyed thinking these thoughts but even enjoyed having thought of thinking them. The mere recollection of what she looked like seemed to speed up his mental machine.

"Why—I—I—I——" stammered aloud the new James J. Jones Junior, aged three days and twenty-three and thirty-nine-sixtieths hours. Her dependence on her aunt made her life a tragedy; and she had incredibly smooth cheeks—cheeks to rub cheeks with after the highly intelligent form of salutation employed by Eskimos, Tibetans and the really civilized races.

He sat down and looked at his watch. He had walked too long. It was seven minutes after ten. She might have passed by. On the day before it had been nearer eleven than ten when she came; but that had nothing to do with the fact that perhaps he had missed her. If he had, what would he do?

He studied the problem, considered various plans and looked at his watch again. It was 10:10.

His eyes were anxiously scanning the south. Some figures were approaching. Two wore derbies and two, caps. The one lady was much too short. The same great Artificer that turned out the lilac girl was responsible also for that waddle!

He looked at his watch. It was 10:11. He looked down the path. Not yet!

His own impatience so angered him that to teach himself intelligent self-control he closed his eyes and counted—slowly—one hundred. If while he was counting one hundred she happened to pass by, it was a cinch she would not stop to say good morning, but would walk on. He almost opened his eyes, but he was only at twenty-three when the thought occurred to him. He counted on. Between sixty-one and one hundred he died thirty-nine times. Then he did something he had not thought himself capable of: he counted to one hundred and ten!

He opened his eyes and, as though he had held his breath while counting, he filled his lungs with a series of spasmodic gasps

He looked southward. No! He pulled out his watch for the first time since 10:11! It lacked five seconds of 10:13.

That was what made James J. Jones Junior study the landscape intelligently. He wondered whether experts could tell the different shrubs from a distance and whether it was true that woodsmen could determine the different kinds of trees at night by the sound of the rustle of their leaves. He wished that the rumbling of the great city might let up long enough for him to hear the oak directly across the path from him. Trees had a purpose in life. He looked southward. No! Yes! No! The next time he would bring his binoculars!

It was she! He knew it by the wireless messages of her personality. He stood up.. He waited.

At the end of the fifth century he said, "Good morning, Miss Jones."

"Good morning, Mr. Jones," she answered.

"Good Night. Did Anyone Ever Call You Jelly?" Junior's Voice Betrayed a Friendly Hope

She was about to pass on when he said, "Why aren't you—er—I don't mean to be inquisitive, but—er—how are you this morning?"

"Particularly well," she smiled. "And you?"

"I—I—I don't know. I—I ——"

He did not have the courage to say it, though he winced, as from physical pain. Her eyes filled with a quick alarm.

"Is it your wound?" she asked in a low voice.

"Won't you—please—er—sit down, miss," he said feebly. "It—it would be a kindness." He fought off death by holding to the back of the bench, and saw fear rise to the surface of her blue wells, ready to overflow. "Please—don't—look—so—frightened," he said slowly. "I—promise—not—to—die—here."

"Oh, d-don't t-talk that w-way!" she scolded tremulously, and sat down.

He imitated her, but dared not look at her. To deceive that girl deliberately in order to gain sympathy was rotten. He sighed regretfully.

"D-does it h-hurt?" she stammered.

It did hurt to think that he had acted a lie, so he nodded—slowly, in order not to jolt the bandage loose. It made him hate himself freshly; but how could he help it? The prudent thing now was to recover his health as quickly as he could without violating the rules of convalescence. In order that there might be no self-betrayal he closed his eyes and breathed deeply and slowly five times.

He opened his eyes, breathed twice more for good measure, and then asked, not too briskly, "How is the work getting on?"

"Very well. I—I—do you think you ought to be here all alone?"

He nearly shouted no, but he succeeded in saying, "I—I am not really ill, you know. I—I sometimes get a little spell of—it's when I'm quiet that the attacks bother me at all."

"What does the doctor say?" she asked, her pretty brows drawn together in the most astonishing version of a frown he had ever seen undertaken by human eyebrows doing business above two human skies.

"I said, what does the doctor say?" she repeated, a trifle less musically.

He drew in a deep breath and sat up straight.

"Er—what doctor?" he asked and met her gaze.

He blinked in order not to see them too steadily. Blinking goes with stupidity and noncomprehension.

Therefore she said, "Your doctor, of course."

"He didn't say anything."

"Did you tell him about your dizzy spells?"

"Oh, that!" he exclaimed. Then he remembered himself. "The last time I saw him he said I would get over it after a while. But I'm all hunk!"

She shook her head—a beautiful form of denial!

"Indeed, I am," he assured her.

"You did not look it a minute ago," she objected.

"Miss Jones," he told her earnestly, "please! Please! I don't want to do it."

"Do what?"

"Heaven knows I want you to stay here, but—I can't lie to you and let you think that I'm suffering from my wound. It doesn't bother me at all. I—er—I am not entitled to your pity. I am not I am—I can't even talk to you sensibly."

She rose. He also rose and before she could speak he said, "I am fighting other things than an old wound and you have helped me lots by—er—talking to me. I might have lied to you and then you would have stayed, so won't you, please ——"

"Never lie to me," she said to him simply.

He looked at her.

"I shall never lie to you," he promised solemnly, "so help me God!"

He was quite thrilled with his own oath. Her cheeks became roses. Her eyes already were violets—a new variety with the texture of pansies and the hue of larkspur.

They were both silent. It was a silence that meant so much that it almost made them intimate friends. She was the first to break it.

She looked up with an apologetic smile and said, "Yes?" as though her wits had been woolgathering

"I was thanking you for your kindness," he said.

"I—I don't feel like working this morning. I was going to tackle armor. The curator is very nice and good-looking helpful, and I think I could change some of those helmets or basinets into jardinières. I think some of the fourteenth-century Milanese gauntlets would make bully bookshelf ends, of oxidized silver with New Mexican turquoises for the rivet heads. Well, I'll have to go, whether I like it or not."

"Why will you?" he asked, frowning.

"Because if I humored myself all the time I'd never go near that old museum."

"I thought you liked it."

"I do—the paintings and the prints and some of the textiles. The only reason I do what I'm doing is that I have an uncomfortable notion that my aunt is going to stop my allowance one of these days."

"I hope not."

"So do I. But it is well to be prepared," she said sapiently.

"It is indeed," he agreed in his most businesslike voice.

"And so I go every day and get my material together and look for suggestions that may come in handy if I have to—er—do any commercial art."

He had a flash from heaven. He asked carelessly, "And if you did not feel you had to go, what would you like to do?"

"I'd like to be outdoors sketching," she confessed.

"Miss Jones, I—I can borrow an automobile, and I'll take you anywhere you wish to—er—sketch. Won't you allow me to?"

"Certainly not."

"I—I am a very careful driver and I promise you we won't be pinched—I mean, haven't you some friend or friends who might chaperon us?"

"No, I haven't." She rose.

"We won't go! We won't go!" he assured her hastily. "Please sit down. We won't go!"

"Oh, I got up because it is time I went to work."

"I have something to—I mean, I should like to ask your advice."

He thought advice was the safest thing any woman could give to any man. But she eyed him doubtfully—and did not sit down.

"I have no desire to trade on my uniform. I volunteered because I thought I'd have lots of—opportunity to do my duty. Then I went to Poland. I haven't been back so very long and I should like to ask your advice. It is rather important to me. Won't you please sit down, Miss Jones?"

His voice was so respectful that she sat down. He followed her example and looked at her. Looking at her made him think so many nice things that he no longer felt the need to speak. His was the sort of hunger that could be appeased only through the medium of the eyes. Her cheeks, the under part of the chin ——

She frowned slightly, ceased to frown, raised her eyebrows and asked calmly, "What is it?"

"What is what?" he asked, startled.

"The advice you said you would like to get."

"Advice? I—you mean—oh!" He nodded, to show that he was awake again. "It is rather—it is really a question. A great deal depends upon your answer."

"What is the question?"

"Suppose you were a man twenty-five years old and you accidentally met a girl that you loved—to look at—and you were desperately—ah—in need of a true friend and you never had such a friend as—as you were desperately in need of; and this girl you met didn't know anything about you and you wanted her to believe that you were not just a—a fresh guy, and you were satisfied that the girl was the girl you thought—the girl you were sure she was—and he didn't know much about women—I only ask you, Miss Jones, because being a woman you know your sex—what would you do so that she wouldn't doubt you, and if she afterwards thought he was all right, they might be good friends? What would you do if you were me—being a man?"

"Why, I'd do exactly what you've done," she said.

They looked at each other, and then suddenly they laughed. He held out his hand. After a moment's hesitation she took it. They shook hands cordially.

"I am very glad indeed to have the pleasure of meeting you at last," he said.

She looked at him. Then she said, "I believe you. I do not think I will regret what I have done."

"Not if I can help it," he assured her solemnly. It was no time for smiling.

"We all need good friends. I think friendship can be a wonderful thing."

"You bet—er—yes, indeed," he acquiesced with profound conviction.

She looked at him steadily, then asked abruptly, "Have you many friends?"

"Yes."

"Girls?"

"Not one!" he answered so promptly and loudly that she blushed. He went on, "All men." He saw that she did not believe him, so he repeated, "All men!"

"How do you know they are your friends?"

"Because I'm theirs, of course."

"That is a fine answer, Mr. Jones. And you have no girl friends?"

"No," he said and frowned, thinking of a brown veil. "No, not one!" He paused. Presently he said bravely, "It is only lately that I have felt the need of—of someone that —— It is hard to explain. I can only say that I hope you and I will be friends."

He looked at her steadily with a smile on his lips—the little smile his associates knew so well. She saw it and the eyes above the smile. Impulsively she held out her hand. Junior took it quickly.

"I—I believe you," she said, and also smiled, an excited, breathless little smile.

"Th-thanks! I can't say anything just now. It would spoil this moment. But you understand, don't you?"

"Y-yes. I—I understand, my—my friend," she whispered.

He was still looking at her. It was a wonderful experience, merely to look. It was as if he had been operated upon for cataract. Suddenly her cheeks grew red as peonies. Without taking her eyes off his she pulled her hand away by degrees.

"Good-by," she said presently, and did not budge.

"Good-by," he also said.

"I—I have to go to the museum," she told him.

"It's too bad, isn't it?" He confined himself to her eyes.

"Yes, it is."

"Yes," he agreed mournfully.

"I must go," she told him hopelessly.

"Must you?" He could not believe it.

She nodded slowly, her eyes on his. His feet seemed glued to the asphalt of the walk. Then he also nodded resignedly and held out his right hand; then he held out his left. She, however, could not see them, because she saw nothing below the level of his eyes. Nevertheless, she presently gave him her right hand. Then she gave him her left.

Then she said "Good-by!" and maintained perfect immobility.

"You'll come to-morrow."

He did not ask it; he said it. She hesitated.

"Yes!" he said. She did not answer.

"Yes?" he repeated. It was a blending of command and entreaty; about fifty-fifty.

She turned away to break the spell, said "No!" ruthlessly and walked away.

"Wait ——"

She turned her head and said, "Perhaps!"

He watched her until she was lost in the bend of the path. Then he drew in a deep breath, sat down, jumped up and started out of the park as fast as his legs could carry him.

XI

AT DINNER that night Mr. Jones, incensed at the rapacity of organized labor and the conscienceless profiteering of manufacturers who were not customers of his bank, wished to know what was the matter with the American people. He inadvertently wished it aloud.

"Are you merely making sounds to relieve your mind or don't you really know what is the matter with the American people?" asked Sarah.

"What is the matter?" repeated Mr. Jones a trifle uneasily.

"The old trouble," answered the brown-veiled figure, and Junior was conscious of a sort of catarrhal sneer in her voice. "And there is only one remedy—the instant extinction of the human race!"

But Mr. Jones objected timidly, "But in your own factory you have tried other means."

"Did you expect me to go to the electric chair? If I had felt sure that every man on the pay roll would have disintegrated in mid-air I certainly would have blown the entire plant to pieces."

Her venom was evident.

It made Junior say politely, "You have had labor troubles, I take it."

"Oh, you take it, do you? Well, it so happens that I have not had labor troubles. When the laborers wanted more money I called all the men together and told them: 'I am tired of sweating blood over the business outlook and wondering whether I will be able to keep you people busy. Every man who is working for me is overpaid. And you all know it. If there is a strike by any class of workers I will sell the entire plant to a wrecking concern; there will be no more factory in Timallenville to go back to. Now go to work and, if you are wise, keep away from me!' They went away, and production took a jump. Do you know why they believed me? Because only a woman would be fool enough to do what I said. They'd never have believed a man."

Junior was impressed by the force of the brown-veiled figure. Her voice was regrettably nasal. But there was something dynamic about her, something that suggested determination and pluck—excellent qualities in a fighting man; not so excellent in a wife. He understood why his father might admire her. He, himself, in his own middle age, might find in her much to respect.

She was fighting—doing a man's work, playing a lone hand. There was something unfair about it that aroused the desire to help her; and yet she was the kind that sympathy infuriates—just as there are certain men who are made angry by being asked if they are well.

"I think you showed both sense and courage," Father Jones told her in the admiring tone that his son had grown heartily to dislike.

She said nothing, but turned her head; and her husband instantly felt she was looking at him through the veil.

It made him ask politely, "Doesn't the business pay?"

"Of course it pays! Why do you suppose I run it? To lose? But it does not pay because of the men; it pays because of me. It is not their efficient shop work, but my superefficient salesmanship."

"Then I'd close up the place," said Junior.

"Yes, and some of them have never worked anywhere else. They own their own homes. All there is to Timallenville is the factory. If I moved or dismantled the plant they would lose everything they have. They are an ungrateful lot, but they have children that are not to blame." She rose. Then she finished angrily, "Some of the children are girls that I—that are going to turn out fine specimens. They—they ——"

She left the room hastily.

Junior, who had risen when his wife did, stared after her.

A girl—his age, plus five days, which made her so much older, but nevertheless a girl—living alone, fighting alone, not wisely, not calmly, but fighting hundreds of men and winning. That was admirable. And, in the end, the woman of it! She'd just as soon fire the men, but the kids must not suffer. Pretty swell thing!

It was too bad! She did not have to be pretty; just pleasant, chummy; one whom it would be a pleasure to help, without the need of an absurd marriage.

He shook his head and turned to his father, who looked at him wonderingly.

"I—I did not mean to say anything," said Junior.

"You didn't. She has certainly had hard times at that factory. A wonderful woman. A wonderful woman!"

"I—I—if you don't mind I'll go upstairs, dad."

"To Sarah?" asked Mr. Jones eagerly. He did not wait for an answer, but went on, "Go on, my boy! Good luck to you. Highly efficient! A wonderful woman, son!"

Junior walked into his room, thinking of wonderful women. All women were wonderful. He lit his pipe and recalled vaguely something he had read or heard—a song perhaps—something beautiful—about girls and flowers. It ran something like this: "Let me know the kind of flower and I can tell you the sort of girl."

As a matter of fact, what he was trying to remember was: "*Dis-moi la fleur, je te dirai la femme!*"

That undoubtedly was what made him think of—of lilacs. Then out of some recess of his memory there came, after a sleep of years, all manner of gossip about lilacs first heard as a schoolboy on a visit to Jimmy Piper's place. Dear old Mrs. Piper, Jimmy's grandmother, loved lilacs. She said hers always bloomed in time for Decoration Day. The dearest little old lady! She told him the lilacs never did well except near the houses of the living.

Junior sat down in an armchair that he seldom used because it was so comfortable that he always fell asleep in it. When he woke up and wished to go to bed his sleepy fingers invariably knotted his shoestrings.

He rose hastily and went up to the roof. He groped about in the star glow until he found the steamer chair near the chimney. He sat down, and in order not to be alone called to the lilac girl.

She came!

To fit her, her name should consist of four syllables, accented on the second, so that the rest tripped on the tongue with an effect of a syncopated waterfall—a musical cascade in four leaps!

He tried Marjory and Cecily and Dorothy and Editha; and gave it up, fearing to make a mistake.

He would like her to share his life with him—for instance, on a big ocean steamer equipped with every comfort and well provided with choice eatables and a perfect refrigerating plant. They would leave New York on a cold winter's day, bound south. After passing Sandy Hook the passengers and the crew, seized by a mysterious malady, became delirious and jumped overboard, thus saving their fellow humans the trouble of sewing them up in canvas bags together with one hundred fifty pounds of coal per bag, or whatever mortuary arrangements might be deemed proper.

The ship with only the two Joneses aboard drifted on in the calm sapphire sea.

Of course Junior discovered the secret of the refrigerating system and got into the cold-storage room. Also he ran a little gasoline engine attached to a dynamo, which gave them electricity for cooking and lighting. The huge steamer was provisioned for a four months' cruise of two thousand people—passengers and crew—and there was no need to worry. Simple arithmetic showed that two thousand people, four months, was interchangeable with two people, four thousand months; that was long enough.

But even as a boy Junior had always wondered what he would do on a Robinson Crusoe island if he got the toothache and needed to have the ulcerated molar extracted. Well, just as he or the lilac girl needed the dentist, a torpedo-boat destroyer sent by the Secretary of the Navy to find the missing liner hove in sight and took off the lilac girl and Junior.

In the interval Father Jones had grown gray, but recovered instantly when he got the wireless message from his son. But Sarah, alas, had passed away; of painless pneumonia—no, that was the wish of a short sport who was not much better than a cowardly assassin. Sarah need not die. The release might be effected without resorting to a crime. Moreover, there was no sense in killing Sarah in vain. Suppose the lilac girl was married! The lilac girl was so charming that somebody must have discovered that fact before she met James J. Jones Junior.

Of course Sarah ——

She was a plucky woman, cursed with catarrh and the deep-rooted grouch that possesses all women who cherish

no illusions about their own looks. It brings upon them a mood of general unforgiveness, as it were.

About that time he fell asleep.

III

JUNIOR and his father left the house together the next morning. At the corner Mr. Jones hesitated, opened his mouth, shut it and frowned indecisively.

Junior, who knew the symptoms by heart, assured him tranquilizingly, "Nothing to worry the most indulgent parent or timid maiden aunt."

"Is it a secret?"

"Yes. But I can tell you this much—it's mostly sitting."

They shook hands and parted. On pleasant days Mr. Jones always walked to the bank. Exercise meant health, and health meant the pleasure of being president of the Park Avenue Bank.

Junior walked leisurely to the park. His bench was empty. He sat down in one of the center seats and put his hat on another to discourage neighbors. He had thirty minutes to wait. He did not even know her name. To pick an appropriate one he would have to consider her eyes, her cheeks, her feet, her hands.

Someone had said that the hand was the only reliable index to character. He wished he could see hers now. It was a safe bet that both the right and the left were slim and beautiful. Hands to have and to hold; and to kiss.

He saw a beautiful hand against a blue-serge skirt, four and a half feet in front of him. His glance traveled upward and saw the beautiful face.

He jumped to his feet, while his heart filled with joy. There she was! And fear! He might have missed her!

"Good morning," he said. "I nearly didn't see you."

"Yes, you were thinking away! I wonder what you were thinking of." She sat beside him after he picked up his hat.

"I'll answer any question you ask me." He looked her full in the eyes.

"Don't tell me you were thinking of me."

"Not exactly. I was wondering what your name might be, and trying to fit one to you."

"And did you succeed?" she asked curiously.

"Well, you know one does not always get the name that fits best. There was a chap at college who looked like a gorilla and studied entomology, whose name was Alfred Tennyson Schmidt, and another who was taking literature and looked like Byron, who was christened Thomas Edison Brown."

"And yours is George Washington Jones, I suppose?"

"No; that would be too good a fit. My parents branded me James J., after two famous pugilists. Would you mind telling me what your first name is?"

"Would you mind telling me what you've picked out?"

"Really I'll have to look at you carefully. Just rise, please."

He himself did, to encourage her, and she followed his example. He backed away and scrutinized her from a distance of ten feet, walking back and forth to get various views of her.

"Thank you," he said at length. "That will do."

She sat down and he sat beside her, frowning as if he were trying to figure out how many days it would take a man traveling seven and three-eighths miles an hour to go from Philadelphia to Albany, New York.

"Well?" she said impatiently.

"The name you ought to have may not be the name your parents gave you. And if both your parents are dead ——"

"How did you know?"

"Deduction. There is no mystery about it. You told me you lived with your aunt, so I intelligently assumed that your father and mother were not living. I am convinced that your name must be tetrasyllabic ——"

"It is a good old English name," she said indignantly.

Junior Was Impressed by the Force of the Brown-Veiled Figure. Her Voice Was Regrettably Nasal

"Pardon me: I had so decided from seeing you walk, and then from seeing you—er well, just from seeing you. A name of four syllables, accented on the antepenult. I discarded Greek and fell back on good old English names."

He was silent. She looked curiously at him while he ran over what names he could; good old English; four syllables.

He uttered the first that came to him: "Elizabeth!"

"Yes?" she said. Then she blushed. Then she looked annoyed and said, "Miss Jones, please."

He was thrilled; it was a sign! But he said in a calm voice, "I was merely telling you what your name ought to be. It is a pleasure that you possess it."

"Did you really guess?"

"Do you carry it printed on your forehead?" he asked, looking into her eyes, bluer and brighter than the June noon.

"Well ——" She hesitated. Then she opened her sketchbook. There on the inside cover she showed him:

ELIZABETH JONES, 697 East 6— Street

He tried to memorize the address.

"You might have seen it there the day you picked it up," she said suspiciously.

"No! Elizabeth ——"

"I don't want you to call me Elizabeth!" She obviously meant it.

"I wasn't calling you Elizabeth," he said with dignity. "I was about to say, when you somewhat rudely interrupted, that I had not seen your signature and that Elizabeth was the name I picked out as completely satisfactory to me."

"It relieves my mind to know that you approve of my first name. How do you like the Jones?"

"It is an honored name, one that I would not have you change for any other," he assured her.

"I shan't," she said confidently.

"You wouldn't have to."

And at her quick frown he remembered a woman whose face he had never seen and never wished to see, who now put it out of his power to pursue this conversation.

His face changed with his thoughts. She ceased to frown and looked at him a trifle uneasily. Then her eyes filled with curiosity.

He perceived it and said quietly, "Miss Jones, would you like me to tell you what I was thinking of before you came?"

"I—I don't know. Do you think I ought to hear it?"

"It is something that I would wish you to wish to hear."

"Well ——" she began dubiously.

"I was only wishing that you knew me so that I could tell you what I think of you. It seems an appalling waste of time to wait for months to pass before we admit that we are interested ——"

"Perhaps you'd better use the first person singular."

"Perhaps. But I can't help thinking," said Junior slowly, "that my life would have been different if my mother had not died when I was very young."

"So would mine," she said softly.

He thought the time propitious, so he extended his hand sympathizingly. After a second's hesitation she took it. He shook it with respect, and released it like a gentleman.

"I expect to go to work shortly with my father."

He paused: there was no sense in lying unnecessarily; she might not be the kind that insists upon a man killing himself. "I am very anxious to have you know me so that if you think me worthy of being a friend you'll tell me—ah—frankly."

Her mere presence gave him a feeling of companionship he had never before experienced. Sitting beside him on their favorite park bench, separated by one of the iron arms that allot seventeen and a half inches of space to each sitter, irrespective of—of everything, it was not necessary for her to talk to him.

"Do you think we—we can?"

"Can what?"

"Be friends?"

"I—I don't know," she said.

But he knew she knew by the way she didn't know it.

"I hope so," he told her humbly.

"Will you tell me about—about France?"

(Continued on Page 64)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription:—$2.00 the Year. Remittances from outside the U. S. proper and Canada to be by U. S. Money Order, or Draft payable in U. S. funds, on a bank in the U. S.

To Canada—By Subscription, $3.00 the Year. Single Copies, Ten Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Subscriptions, $4.00 the Year. Remittances to be by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. funds.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 10, 1921

The Bible at Harvard

HARVARD UNIVERSITY will hereafter require all undergraduates who specialize in languages and literature to show some knowledge of the Bible and of the works of Shakspere as a prerequisite for a degree. Preparation for the examination, which is to be taken in the senior year, will consist of formal courses and private reading. The Harvard Graduates' Magazine, in announcing this new departure, goes on to say:

We may not find it practicable to require that students who specialize in mathematics or chemistry shall study the Bible, either before or after they come to college, but to the undergraduate who professes an interest in literature this requirement may well be applied. President Eliot once defined an educated man as one who knows his own language well. Nobody who does not know the language of the English Bible or Shakspere can rightfully claim to know the Saxon tongue.

We should be inclined to go even further than the publication quoted, and say that every college in the land would do well to require all students working for a degree, not excepting those who specialize in science and engineering subjects, to have a reasonably close acquaintance with Bible and with Bard. No matter how much a young man may eventually specialize, there is certain underlying knowledge that he should not lack. It has long been realized that technical and scientific education, both at home and abroad, has been overspecialized. It has become apparent that many an engineer or chemist or physicist of admittedly high professional attainments has failed to go as far as other men with smaller technical equipment but with better all-round training. The Bible and Shakspere both deal with the problems of life; and life is something the professional man must reckon with not less seriously than he does with the perplexities of his clients.

Reasoning that that would excuse the mathematicians and chemists from these studies does not run on all-fours. In the natural order of things, after graduation they will be far less likely to cherish a fondness for literary studies than their classmates who go into the ministry, law, medicine or the writer's craft; and it is therefore doubly important that they be brought to a knowledge of the noblest possibilities of the mother tongue before they reach the period in which their only studies will be elective.

Undergraduate ignorance of the Bible has long been a byword. For a whole generation it has been the favorite theme of professors of English who write for publication. There was a day when Holy Writ was read in every home as a matter of course. The Scriptures, Shakspere and Pilgrim's Progress were perhaps the only bound volumes in the house. That day has passed; and it is right that the colleges, the preservers of learning, should try to keep alive a speech that is purer and loftier than our own. The inevitable tendency of the language is to become trivial, dry and meager; to lose, as it has already lost, much of the richness of word use and much of the fine tang of sturdy idiom so abundant in books and in common speech in the more spacious days of Elizabeth and of James. Only by familiarity with the English of a younger world can our vernacular be kept clear, vigorous, neat and lively.

The Sell-and-Spend System

IT WAS not until July eighteenth that Mr. Albert D. Lasker, newly appointed chairman of the Shipping Board, was ready to make a preliminary report to the President on what he and his two hundred auditors had been able to ascertain about the tangled finances of the board. Small wonder that Mr. Harding was "shocked and dismayed" by Chairman Lasker's disclosures.

"The books are in deplorable condition," Mr. Lasker told the assembled Washington correspondents. "In any commercial institution they wouldn't be called books at all. . . . Any of our great corporations would have been in receivers' hands long ago as a result of the way the books alone have been and are kept, and the operations of the fleet necessarily must be just as incompetent as the books are because it is impossible to operate any business if there isn't a figure on which remote reliance can be placed. . . . Had the books been kept with a view to cheating and deceiving Congress they could not have been kept in much different shape than they have been, and I measure the words I am using."

Mr. Lasker was at pains to explain with force and clearness a condition of affairs that affords an unparalleled illustration of one of the most vicious practices in the expenditure of public moneys. It appears that last year Congress appropriated $100,000,000 for the use of the Shipping Board. This is one of the very few large cash items involved in the transactions of the board that either Chairman Lasker or any of his two hundred auditors can regard as really trustworthy. In addition to this amount there was on hand at the beginning of the fiscal year a balance of $80,000,000; and the property sold amounted to $200,000,000, all of which "went back into the enterprise," or, in plain English, was spent. Then there was another item of $300,000,000, received from operation of vessels, making a gross expenditure of $680,000,000, or a net of $380,000,000. And yet the public records show an appropriation of only $100,000,000. In other words, the outgo goes out never to return. The income comes only part way in and slips out again without the Treasurer of the United States ever being officially aware of its existence. This is what Mr. Russell C. Leffingwell, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury under Mr. Wilson, meant when he publicly declared that "the Treasury does not correctly state the receipts or expenditures of the United States." How can it while the sell-and-spend system prevails?

Until this year the board was allowed to retain and use the moneys received from the sale of assets. Happily this is now forbidden, except that Congress authorized it to hold out $55,000,000 for pressing needs. Mr. Lasker proved that he had the courage of his convictions when he announced that he would ask Congress to revoke that permission and require that all moneys derived from sales be covered into the Treasury.

Unwilling to be a party to the sell-and-spend system, Mr. Lasker came out with this flat-footed declaration: "I do not want to be at the head of a business that is run that way. If the department heads do not have to account for money they use, it is easy enough for them to fool me and fool themselves; it makes for criminal waste and extravagance just as undoubtedly as it has in the past."

Slowly as we move in matters of government economy, move we do. The McCormick Budget Act, the result of many years of unremitting pressure, is constructive legislation. Great hopes centered in it; and when Mr. Harding announced that he had appointed General Dawes Director of the Budget, those hopes grew like Jonah's gourd. The new director made a flying start. He has been at his desk for scarcely three months, and yet there are dozens of department officials who began by calling him Charley who already refer to him as "that man Dawes." There is every probability that, like Mr. Cleveland, he will be loved for the enemies he has made. Making enemies is an inseparable part of his job, just as it is with any official whose duty it is to stand between men and the money they are reaching out for; but, fortunately for the country, pussyfooting has never been listed as one of the Dawes characteristics.

Sound budgetary practice, gradually strengthened by the accretion of experience, together with such further legislation as may appear needed, should prove a godsend to the nation. The speedy abolition of the sell-and-spend system will confer benefits scarcely less notable.

Big Salaries

PRESIDENT WILLARD, of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, recently went to the defense of the large salaries paid to high railway officials. Said Mr. Willard:

Even when Mr. Schwab refers, as he does occasionally, to the fact that his company pays its president a million dollars a year, no one criticizes it. It is looked upon as an evidence of wise management and good judgment. But it is quite different when we come to the railroads. My salary is a matter of quite frequent discussion. It has been printed in all the newspapers from time to time, and I am not ashamed of it; but it is considered a matter of public interest, and usually when it is referred to, it is attempted to make it appear that in some way I am obtaining more salary than I am fairly entitled to, and that I ought to apologize for it and reduce it.

The explanation lies largely in the fact that railroads are looked upon more and more as a public or government service and less as a private enterprise. Men work for the Government for small salaries, and there is a tacit assumption that they should work for the railroads in the same way. But it is a moot question whether the public gets as good service out of its employes as it would if their rewards were larger. If railroad salaries are reduced to government figures the flow of capable managers away from the great arteries of transportation may be expected to take on even greater proportions. But those who wish to apply socialistic ideals to the railroads, or at least to administer a large dose of government blight, have an answer ready to hand: Two million employes will manage the job. The collective technic, knowledge, zeal, ability of these great masses of men will be sufficient.

Of course there is latent ability of every description among so many men. But will it stay with the railroads if rewards are greater elsewhere? Can entirely different motives from those which now prevail in industry generally be made to apply to one industry alone? Certainly there is no greater fallacy than to suppose that mere groups, no matter how large, of routine workers can operate great transportation systems. By combining the ability of hundreds of thousands of men well suited to routine jobs but wholly unfitted for complicated executive positions we shall not get an able executive. One hundred thousand firemen will not make a general manager unless there is an embryonic general manager among them, and if he must follow the instructions of the ninety-nine thousand-odd he fails as a general manager.

Salaries are never too big if the recipients produce results. A million-dollar salary that produces the goods is economically beneficial. Such a salary is a scandal only when the results are poor. In any period of inflation exorbitant salaries as well as exorbitant wages are paid. To-day thousands of large salaries are being pruned. Anyone may legitimately question large salaries on the grounds of pragmatic results. Big rewards are a standing challenge, and should be. But it may be suspected that a large part of all the criticism directed against high salaries is not based on any doubt as to their efficacy in producing results, but in reality springs from the envy of those who have not the ability to command such rewards—a given salary is wrong not so much because it does not result in equivalent good to the community as because you or I personally have not the qualities to earn that much.

SAVING THE SILENT SQUEALS OF INDUSTRY—By James H. Collins

MONEY! Money! Money! Five-dollar gold pieces for a dime. Ali Baba's cave, Aladdin's lamp, wealth by the tens of thousands—hundreds—millions—yea, billions! Wealth cast on a sort of national dump heap, where anybody may salvage it if he has the knowledge or the foresight or the selling ability, or can apply the particular knack to the particular kind of neglected wealth involved. For there are many kinds of it.

That proud boast of the meat packer, for example—that he saves everything but the squeal of the pig. Empty! The pig is turned into ham, bacon, sausage, lard, pocketbooks, hairbrushes, digestive tablets, glue, fertilizer. The very water in which it is scalded and washed runs through a cunningly contrived system of traps to catch every fragment of grease. Yet when the water finally runs away it carries wealth—chemicals in solution, like potash and nitrate, which we import from Europe and South America—fifty to one hundred tons of them flowing out daily from every large packing plant, worth twenty dollars a ton upwards—say, a quarter to a half billion dollars yearly, the silent squeal of the pig.

The Eighteenth Amendment did not deal with the whole liquor question, for there is an industrial liquor waste about which the chemist will tell us more presently.

A ship came into New York Harbor with some chemicals consigned to an importer. On the way over the stuff had got wet. The importer had paid $7000 duty to the Government. By refusing the shipment he could get his money back. The foreign exporter would get compensation from an insurance company, and the insurance company would get compensation from the shipping company that brought the stuff, while the shipping company could take the mess out to sea and dump it overboard. Things had got to this stage when a stranger appeared and asked for a sample of the damaged chemicals. Taking this away for analysis he returned a little later and offered to buy the stuff, and tackle the job of removing it from the ship's hold. Put through a renovating process this material was sold to the importer who had originally bought it. He sold it at a profit. The Government retained its duty, the steamship and insurance people suffered only a nominal loss, and the man who did the renovating job made a profit too.

In another case a lot of linseed oil in barrels got mixed up during a storm at sea with a lot of potash in bags. They were so badly mixed, in fact, that the barrels were ground to sawdust, and the mingled oil and potash plastered the hold of the ship with a slimy noisome mess. Again the buck was passed from importer to insurance people, and the mixture was about to be dumped at sea when the same stranger made an offer for the lot. By a renovating process he extracted a grade of potash higher than that originally shipped, and a grade of linseed oil suitable for soap making.

Damaged chemicals have long been a source of loss and annoyance to steamship companies. They seem to have a way of getting mixed up more intricately than most kinds of cargo, and require expert chemical treatment in the salvage. Neither steamship owners nor insurance companies have the technical knowledge or facilities, and the common way out of such a difficulty has been to dump the apparently worthless stuff into the ocean. But at least one concern has now gone into the business of buying such damaged chemicals and turning them into something salable. The wide range of chemicals and the many kinds of damage, such as mixture, wetting, freezing and the like, make each lot an individual problem.

To prevent and cure mustard-gas burns our soldiers in France were given an ointment known as sag paste. The War Department had 9,000,000 tubes of it on hand after the armistice, apparently waste material. A description of the stuff was published in chemical journals, with the outcome that a large soap manufacturer bought the lot. The chief ingredient is lanolin, a high-grade wool fat, fine for soap making after the medical ingredients are taken out; and the tubes are worth thirty to forty cents a pound, even in these times.

Almost every day Uncle Sam's after-war junk pile furnishes a good salvage story. There were 27,000,000 pounds of smokeless cannon powder, for instance—stuff that looks something like macaroni. Nobody seemed to be able to suggest a use for it. Cannon powder is unsuitable for blasting because its force is exerted upward, whereas blasting powder should exert a downward force. An appeal was made to chemists and engineers through their publications. "Discover a useful purpose for this powder and reap a rich reward!" said Uncle Sam. The lot was taken off his hands by a chemical company, which is converting it

(Continued on Page 106)

THIRST!

THE INSPIRATION

By Barker Shelton

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES M. PRESTON

BEFORE the wedding silver had come to its first polishing Neal Whiting found himself combating the insidious but persistent thought that maybe he and Eve had engineered a sorry mistake, and Eve on her part was entertaining the same poisonous suspicion with far less opposition to it.

"It's not nice of you to laugh at me," said Eve, pulling the plug somewhat abruptly from the coffee urn and drawing the tray with the two demi-tasses on it toward her.

"I wasn't laughing at you, really," he denied.

"You never used to be so—so sort of amused and superior when I said I wanted to be an inspiration to you. I think if you'll try to remember the circumstances carefully, Neal, you were the first one to say it."

He couldn't deny that. He had been the first one to say it. He had said it often afterward in those exalted, more intimate moments when such things are said. He had not meant to convey the idea that the inspiration was to be of the variety that would turn his life upside down and inside out. He had supposed Eve had understood it in that way. But quite plainly she hadn't. It startled him to find the chickens of his courtship exuberance coming home to the matrimonial roost like this.

"Why, you are an inspiration, dear!" he assured her.

Eve began filling the demi-tasses. There was just the slightest hint of petulance and impatience in faint lines that showed at the corners of her mouth.

The light from a shaded candle flickering on her face, slim fingers toying with the ebony spigot of the coffee urn, she was pretty enough to warrant that statement of his. It seemed to irritate her.

"It's not enough to listen to you saying I'm an inspiration," she said.

"Isn't it enough to be one?"

"Yes, if I were a real one."

"You are, dear. Surely, you are!"

"No, Neal. I'm not."

He knew what was coming. He managed to smother a sigh in time. A sigh at that juncture wouldn't have helped matters in the least, as he had learned from precedent cases.

"I thought, Neal," she went on—"at any rate I hoped the inspiration would be strong enough to lift you out of the ranks of the commonplace to where you properly belong. You have brains and personality and heaps and heaps of will; everything that would let you go wherever you wanted to go and do whatever you wanted to do; but you're horribly contented—satisfied without half trying."

She had spent the afternoon at Edgwood with Nora Kilby. He did not particularly fancy Nora Kilby or her husband or the younger Edgwood crowd the Kilbys had somehow managed to be taken into as an integral part. He did not look with any particular favor upon the touch-and-go methods that had brought Frank Kilby a young fortune, or Nora's childish delight in what that young fortune opened up to them. He could picture Eve at the Edgwood Country Club's midsummer races that afternoon, pretty enough to be the recipient of all sorts of flattering attentions, a luring bait to draw to the Kilbys' box people eminently desirable to have other people see there, but who never would have come had it not been for some pretty, vivacious little creature like Eve. Nora had neither Eve's beauty nor her winning manner. He had never liked Nora. But he tolerated her because she was Eve's closest friend.

He could not help noticing that Eve always came out more insistently with the inspiration business after she had spent an afternoon at Edgwood. Looking back, he could see now where it had always been that way. Before they were married Eve's desire to be his inspiration had been strongest after a day or a week with Nora. He had not noticed it then. Checking up her visits now, it was all too painfully apparent.

He took the tiny cup of eggshell china she passed him. He should have had the sense to keep his lips from tightening.

"I Wonder How Long It Will be Before it Comes Out That You're Not Coming Back?"

He should not have let the quiet smile that had been playing on his face come to such a sudden finish.

"Eve, dear, what did Edgwood do to you to-day?" he asked.

Her eyes brightened and narrowed a trifle, as if she understood a challenge was offered her. They grew yet brighter and a little cold as she accepted it.

"What is Edgwood always doing to you?" he went on very quietly.

"It makes me mad—furious," she said promptly.

"I thought so, dear."

"But not in the way you think either. It makes me mad to see men without half your brains or a quarter of your ability, with money and leisure and time to play. It makes me feel that I'm a failure so far as any inspiration to you is concerned. Frank Kilby—bah! Ordinary, commonplace, thousands of men like him; nothing at all distinguished or different about him. Yet after Nora comes into his life, behold! What's wrong, Neal? How have I failed so? Tell me!"

"Is it failure?"

"Yes."

"Then you aren't satisfied with me, Eve?"

"Neal, that's not fair! I'm not satisfied with myself."

"Why?"

"I was to be your inspiration. I've just made you—contented."

"Isn't that enough, dear?"

"No! No! If you were just ordinary, if you hadn't the things which you have, it would be well enough. I thought I would help you to something big and fine. I'm just a soothing sirup."

"That's a quaint characterization of yourself, Eve."

"But eminently true. It isn't what I think of you, Neal. That will never change. It's what the world thinks of you. The world shan't bow down to Frank Kilby and pass you up. It just shan't!"

He sat fooling with his cup, shaking up little waves that presently slopped over the side. His rather fine forehead began to pucker itself into one of those frowns that wrinkled it when he was disturbed. Eve had never before struck him as a particularly subtle young woman. Frankness, motives posted openly for him to read who ran—that was Eve. At least it was the Eve he had always known. One might learn many things at Edgwood however. He began to ask her about the races that afternoon; then about Nora's new car, about Nora's clothes, about the addition to Nora's house. He did it very adroitly, watching her closely yet covertly all the time. Her steadily growing eagerness and interest did not escape him.

After a time he reached for a cigarette. As she always had done, she struck the match for him, leaning prettily toward him and shielding the flame from the draft. They talked on. He scarcely heard what she was saying. He watched the blue undulations of smoke float and waver and spin themselves out in the candlelight.

Eve wanted the things Nora Kilby had—money, clothes, cars, a house in Edgwood. That was it. That was what the inspiration business really meant. She wanted all those things, and she was taking the surest way to get them, flattering a man into getting them for her. That was what it had always meant, but he had been blind to it. If it didn't mean that, Eve would be perfectly content to have him jog along as he was doing at present; bide his time with the splendid chance he had with Loring & Snow; play the game safe and come into a very fair amount of eminence and a very comfortable competence all in good time.

You didn't get your name on the letterheads of firms like Loring & Snow overnight. You moved slowly but surely to that goal. You looked up deeds for a space and you wrote wills for a space and you wrote briefs for a space and you handled minor cases in court for a space. You made slow headway, but very sure headway, if you were the right sort of man. There was no royal or sudden road upward with Loring & Snow; no short cuts, no chance for fame or money overnight. But it was a sure road. You knew every foot of the path thoroughly, because you traveled it over and over so many times.

He dropped the cigarette into his saucer. He straightened himself in his chair.

"I think you'd like to live in Edgwood," he said.

"I'd like to live there because of the outward and visible sign of your success it would give to the world," she told him.

He winced ever so slightly. He took up another cigarette. Again she struck the match and held it toward him.

"Perhaps we will live there," he said.

She held the flaming match unnoticed until it seared her fingers.

"Neal, what are you saying?"

"That perhaps we'll live in Edgwood," he repeated.

"When?"

"Very soon."

"Oh, Neal!"

He smiled at her enthusiasm.

"We could! I know we could if you decided to do it."

He seemed to be thinking something over very carefully.

"You're quite sure that would spell happiness for you?"

"I should be unbelievably happy."

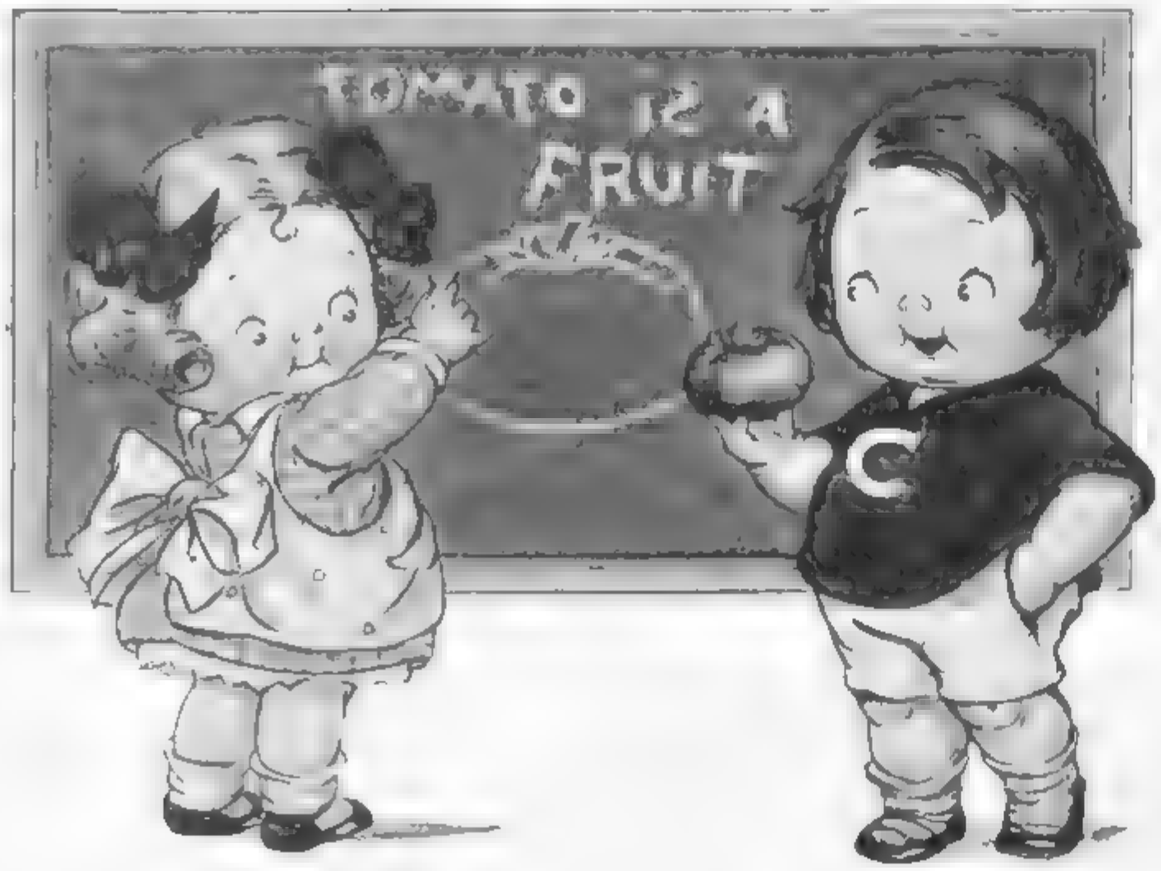
"We'd just better live there then."

"Is it as easy as that—just deciding?"

He nodded gravely.

(Continued on Page 24)

Rosy cheeks and spicy flavor
All to give us Campbell's savor!
How I love such dainty dishes
Pleasing everybody's wishes!



The fruits of good health

One of the finest is the whole-souled pleasure healthy people always take in good food.

Set before them a plate of Campbell's Tomato Soup, hot and savory, and see with what relish they enjoy its delicious flavor and fine tonic effect on the appetite. No wonder!

Campbell's Tomato Soup

is the essence of tempting red-ripe tomatoes—a puree of the tender, luscious hearts of the fruit, enriched with creamery butter, granulated sugar and other pure foods and delicate spices.

Campbell's Soups are so delightful in quality, so convenient (already cooked) and so moderately priced that it is easy to see why they are being bought in such enormous quantities.

In millions of households, "soup" today means Campbell's.

21 kinds **12c a can**

Do you like Cream of Tomato?

You taste it at its very best when you make it with Campbell's Tomato Soup. Simply heat the soup, in saucepan, to boiling point, after adding a pinch of baking soda and stir with an equal quantity of hot milk or cream. It will be a favorite on your table—it's so smooth and rich. You'll be proud of it when you have guests.

Campbells' SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 22)

"Just a matter of decision, if it's what you really want."

"Neal, you're so sure of yourself. That's what I want. You have all the reason in the world to be sure. Nothing can stop you."

"You have shown me to-night."

"I knew I would in time if I kept at it and at it eternally."

"We'll make Edgwood sit up and take notice."

"I've never yet met a man there with half your brains and ability, Neal."

"We'll have money and leisure and clothes and a car and all the rest of it."

She clapped her hands.

"Hear! Hear!"

"We'll hit the high spots only."

"Then I'm not merely soothing sirup?"

"Not by a long shot!"

"How will you do it, Neal?"

"I don't know. Just leave the details to me. Your part is to be the inspiration."

She caught her breath sharply. She leaned toward him across the table.

"I believe I have been," she said, as if she were trying to make herself believe it against certain lingering doubts.

"I believe you have."

She was too happy to notice that he said it between his set teeth.

When a man sees the cherished plans of years going wrong he is apt to fight for them tooth and nail. The very contentment which Eve had upbraided him for fostering had been the goal of all Neal Whiting's endeavors for several years. He did not intend to see it slip away from him without a man's-size struggle in its defense.

He did not want any short cuts to howling success such as the Kilbys had managed, by what hair-raising methods he was sure Nora neither considered nor questioned, now that the results of them were hers. He had his sure, snail's-pace chance with Loring & Snow, which was enough for him. It had been wholly satisfactory to Eve, too, before Nora Kilby's sudden rise in the world. He did not care for the sort of life the Kilbys followed. He did not believe Eve cared for it as a steady diet either. The peeps and flashes she now and then had of it deceived her. Eve at heart was as different from Nora Kilby and the people with whom the Kilbys ran as chalk was from cheese. But the glamour of it had crept into Eve's blood. Eve thought it was what she wanted, and when Eve thought anything she thought it good and hard.

You couldn't tell Eve a thing and make her see it; you had to show her.

That was the thing to do in a case like this; show Eve the false basis on which she was working; let her see for herself how little worth while the Kilbys' scheme of life was; how much more worth while was the plan they had built for themselves so many, many times and found so wholly satisfying before Nora Kilby had poisoned Eve's outlook.

He could well imagine Eve finding quite a difference in listening to the purring of other men, and letting them dance attendance to her, and watching her own husband pursuing the same course with other women. He knew the crowd the Kilbys were running with; he knew them from the ground up. Eve didn't. He intended she should. He intended she should know them until she cried for mercy and begged to return to this life which was theirs now, which should have been wholly satisfactory to them both, but which had become of late a decidedly one-sided affair in the satisfaction line.

Just before his marriage Neal had received notice of a legacy of twenty thousand dollars that had come to him from a relative whose very existence he had forgotten. As soon as the estate was duly settled the checks for his portion of it would be forthcoming. He had said nothing about this to Eve. He had intended to walk in some day with those checks and toss them nonchalantly into her lap and let her decide how much of it they should spend at once and how much they should put away for an emergency.

He had gone over that pleasant little proceeding many times in his imagination. He was glad now he had kept his secret with a view to surprising her with the tangible evidence of his windfall. The emergency was at hand. He doubted if there would be a bigger one in his life. Upon how well he played the game at this stage depended his own future happiness and Eve's as well. The money, according to his latest notifications, might be expected within the next sixty days. It was coming at a most opportune time. Because of the knowledge that it was coming he had been able to speak casually of considering Edgwood as an abiding place. The twenty thousand, with what he received from Loring & Snow, would see him through a year at Edgwood—the sort of year he wanted; and he felt certain the sort of year he wanted would be sufficient. Twenty thousand dollars to save Eve from herself and for himself was money well invested. It was well worth it. With life on the old even keel they had planned, the future would take care of itself.

He sought out Frank Kilby. He had never liked Kilby, but he was glad now he had always been able to act as if he did.

"Say, won't that be bully for the girls?" Kilby enthused. "Nora will be tickled to death to have Eve out there."

"Just keep it under your hat, will you? This is a last-minute surprise for Eve."

"So? Sure! Not a word out of me! Going to buy?"

"Not yet. Rent a place to start with and see how well we acclimate."

"Wise boy, Whiting! But you'll acclimate, no fear. Lemme put your name up at the country club, will you?"

"I'd be grateful if you would."

"Do it to-night."

He made note of it on the back of an envelope.

"Thanks! I'll find the sort of ranch out there I want, won't I?"

"I know of three vacant right now, any one of which would be pretty sweet for you two. Better get after 'em right away. You hold on a minute. I think I can get two of 'em held up for you for a week or so."

He reached for the telephone on his desk and babbled away at the mouthpiece in the friendly bullying tone he considered particularly suited to the occasion.

"'S all right for a week," he announced to Neal.

"That's good of you."

"Nothing at all! Anything to get you and Eve out there."

From the office where Frank Kilby pretended to be busy Neal went to have a look at the car he had long ago decided he would some day buy if things broke right for him. He found he could get immediate delivery. He left a check by way of deposit on it and went back to Loring & Snow's. It was later than he intended to get back. Witnesses for two cases he was to handle in court later in the week were waiting by his desk, and Frederick Loring, who was the soul of punctuality, had the door of his private office open that he might glance every now and then with disapproval at Whiting's empty desk and with apology at the waiting figures near it.

The girl who guarded the outer portal and extracted the names of those who would presume on Frederick Loring's time, or amiable old Peter Snow's, came over with a registered letter for which she had receipted. Neal tore it open and found a very brief and very dry note wrapped about twenty thousand dollars' worth of negotiable paper. The legacy was in his hands somewhat ahead of time.

As if it were the most ordinary thing in the world, he said to Eve that night while she was holding out the match flame for his cigarette, "Wonder if you can find time to run out to Edgwood with me to-morrow afternoon at about three?"

"Edgwood, Neal?"

"To look at a house. There are two desirable ones. Of course you'll have to decide which is to be elected."

"A house!" She couldn't seem to grasp it. "Look at a house! In Edgwood!"

"Didn't I say the other night we might move out there perhaps if you really wanted to?"

She seemed to think he was joking. She seemed, too, to be thinking it was in poor taste to joke about a subject that touched her so vitally.

"Didn't you say then I was sure of myself?"

"Yes, but it's less than two weeks ——"

"Well?"

"We're just going to look at a house out there?"

"We're going to take it if we like it."

"What's happened, Neal?"

"Inspiration's working."

"Have you—have you left Loring & Snow's?"

She stumbled over the question, because even as she asked it she remembered a maxim of Nora's about never asking your husband how he made his money. That was purely his job and his own affair, and nobody else's. She couldn't decide at the time whether Nora's tone was oracular or defensive. But judging from results in Nora's case it was wholly good policy. However, she somehow couldn't help asking Neal that much. His reply left her as much in the dark as ever.

"Not yet," was all he told her.

She wanted to ask him if he intended leaving soon, what he was doing to make Edgwood possible in two weeks, what he was planning to do in the future. But added words of wisdom from Nora's code held her silent.

"If you want to handicap a man ask him details about his business. Leave him free to play the game as he sees fit," Nora had elaborated on her theme on that memorable occasion. "Business is business, and money-making is money-making. It doesn't make you any happier to get too curious about it."

So Eve took a leaf out of her bosom friend's book and left unasked the questions that leaped to her tongue's end. However, she did wait expectantly silent for a moment for Neal to tell her of his own accord, but when he offered no further enlightenment she became quite as casually acceptant, quite as matter of course in her attitude as was he.

"Where will I meet you, Neal? At the office or at the station?"

"Neither, I hope. I think our car will be ready. We'll run out in that if it is."

Her matter-of-fact poise became pointedly forced.

"How long have we owned a car, Neal?"

"We've owned about one-twelfth of a car since half past two to-day. We'll own the other eleven-twelfths as soon as I can get a check over to them in the morning."

"Oh, you're waiting for me to light your cigarette, aren't you?"

"Yes, dear."

She struck the match and held it out as usual; but her hand shook so he had to steady it with his own before he could get the tip of the cigarette in the flame.

"I am terribly excited. There's no use trying to hide it," she said with a nervous little chuckle of apology.

"Want to take a little walk and cool down?"

"Is that two for yourself and one for me?" she asked with an impish grin of understanding.

"Score!" he admitted laughingly. "Get your hat!"

But he didn't seem excited on that walk at all. He seemed amazingly cool—in fact, a little depressed.

She said at last, "I'm babbling like a talking machine!"

"Go to it if it helps any! Awfully happy, Eve?"

"So fearfully happy it sort of hurts."

He laughed softly, as if to himself, then sobered quickly.

"Remember, I'm trying to make you happy."

"Oh, Neal, you have!"

"I shall always be trying to make you happy. You will understand that, won't you?"

"Why shouldn't I?"

"Will you understand it, no matter what happens?"

Something in his voice made her turn to him sharply. She wondered if men always had to look as hard and cold and aloof and suspicious when they went after success with all their heart and soul. She wished she knew how he had made all this sudden money; what it had cost him; how it might change him. She wished she dared ask him such things here and now. But Nora's teachings along that line stilled her and chilled her. She bent her head.

"I'll try," she answered his question very meekly.

"That's the idea! Do!" he urged her.

The car was ready on time next day, so they went to Edgwood in it. A pleasant young man who was to be their chauffeur piloted it. Eve had not considered the possibility of a chauffeur. But Neal pointed out that she would have to be running out to Edgwood and back to town a great many times in the next few weeks, so they'd just put car and chauffeur into commission at once.

Her enthusiasm for the new car had not had half time enough to express itself when they were looking at the two houses Kilby had inveigled the agent thereof to hold open for them; very wonderful places, both of them. The larger and more expensive of the two had marked advantages, which the agent pointed out to them. Besides it was much nearer the Kilbys' place. But Eve enthused over the smaller house until Neal drew her aside.

"Look here, Eve, you don't have to rave about how much more cozy that other place will be," he told her. "You're to take the one you really want. You talk as if there were limits. There aren't any."

They took the larger place. Then they ran over to the Kilbys' to tell Nora about it and found she was at the country club, and chased over there and had tea with Nora on the veranda and met some people whom Neal discovered he could like mighty well without half trying.

After three hectic weeks, in which he saw little or nothing of Eve, because Eve was hither and yon from early morning until late at night, they moved to Edgwood. Eve, given free hand with decorators and furnishers, had worked wonders.

Just inside the door, that afternoon they came out to take up their permanent abode there, Eve threw her arms about his neck.

"This is where you really belong, Neal," she said, her eyes shining.

"Or you—which is it?"

"Both of us."

"Now you've said it!"

The Kilbys welcomed them to Edgwood with a very gay little dinner at the club. Neal couldn't remember when he had enjoyed an evening so thoroughly. He had done the Kilbys' coterie, or rather the coterie into which the Kilbys had forced their way, a rank injustice. Nice people to know, all of them; the kind that knew how to make an evening go big; knew how to make you forget the grind and snatch a real moment out of life.

Eve went sleepily up to bed. He made himself comfortable on the wide veranda and touched off a good-night cigar. The leaves of the well-kept shrubbery on the ground rustled drowsily to a sleepy night breeze. A street light in front of the gate and the row of Lombardy poplars that marked the street wall conspired to make a pleasant fretwork of light and shadows on the lawn. Pleasant place, this Edgwood; club much better appointed than he had expected to find it; quieter, not so stirring. He was impatient to try out the golf course Sunday morning.

(Continued on Page 26)

THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD

The man who buys the Cadillac becomes the owner of the most distinguished achievement recorded in its field—*but he acquires that distinction without paying a penny's worth of premium.*

This is so because, in the matter of price, the Cadillac actually reverses a world-wide practice.

There is an unwritten business law that when a manufactured article is conceded to be without equal among its kind, the buyer *gladly gives more* for the greater value which its excellence assures him.

In the case of the Cadillac, this admission of greater value is freely and frankly given.

And yet—contrary to world-wide custom—the Cadillac is lower in price than the cars which eagerly seek comparison with it.

Moreover, it *outsells all of them combined* by a volume something like one-third greater.

This latter fact explains why the Cadillac is not only the world's greatest value in point of all that constitutes superb performance, but the world's greatest value in price as well.

It is the only car of its high character which has been able to apply to a large production that fineness of manufacture which is really its special excellence and value.

And by reason of that large volume, the Cadillac is spared the necessity of asking a higher price for manifestly higher excellence.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

Division of General Motors Corporation

CADILLAC

THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 24)

He found himself alternately dozing and delving into mental arithmetic. Twenty thousand to start with! A year's pay from Loring & Snow! Plus a very slender cache of savings which must not be touched if he could possibly help it. But the lease of the place had been more than he estimated; so had the furnishings and certain changes in the place that weren't included in the lease. The club would eat up quite a bit. He went over it all several times. According to the very closest figuring it was safe to rely upon, a drought was imminent about the eighth or ninth month of the year he had planned.

That being the case, it seemed wise to do the thing up well in six months or so, rather than run it out longer on a margin that might prove uncomfortable. Six months was a rather short time in which to bring about the result he was after, but he'd have to figure on speed making up for the hole in the time as he had first planned it. Therefore they'd take off all the brakes for the six months and go it strong. Incidentally he might as well get what fun he could out of it. The dinner that evening, the people he had met, whispered to him there would be far more fun doing this thing than he had anticipated.

There shouldn't be a single wasted moment of that six months. Every minute of it must count. They'd be pleasure chasers to the last notch, without let or stay, until Eve woke up. He thought he saw how he could expedite matters by paying a lot of attention to women like Mrs. Steve Barclay and Mrs. Freddy King. He had not failed to notice Eve was inclined to dislike them both and to classify them a little unpleasantly in her own private archives. Mrs. Steve Barclay and Mrs. Freddy King were clever, brainy, eager for life to do its best for them. They tolerated nothing less. Either of them could set a mental pace that left one fairly gasping trying to keep up to it. They had made the mistake of marrying dull husbands. They did not hesitate to ameliorate this situation as far as possible by being mighty nice to the more possible husbands of other women who might happen to cross their paths.

He had got on very well with both of them at the dinner that evening—particularly with Mrs. Steve Barclay. He fancied he saw in the offing possibilities that might help out amazingly well in the briefer time now allotted to him. He thought these possibilities over more minutely; felt he was wholly justified in making use of them and accepted them as gifts of the gods.

At the end of a four months' residence in Edgwood, Neal Whiting found himself looking with great disfavor at the termination of such residence in another two months' time. Look at it from whatever angle he would, he just couldn't see it. If he was to keep it up beyond the time he had set for himself something had to be done immediately about financing such a proposition.

Money was the only thing that was troubling him now. He wanted a heap of it. He wanted more than Loring & Snow would pay him in five years. He wanted it at once; enough money to keep up this thing he had started beyond the six months; beyond the year he had first planned; money enough to keep it going always—as long as he chose. He told himself he was considering all this on Eve's account. He knew in his heart Eve had nothing to do with it. Symptoms of distress signals on her part, a score of trivial things that foreboded the beginning of the end, he refused to recognize. They had cut a wide swath in those four months at Edgwood. By a certain painfully twisted logic he reached the conclusion that Eve found it all she had anticipated. He could have proved to himself by a much simpler and straighter logic that she hadn't.

The possibilities he had seen in Mrs. Barclay he had not neglected. Nothing before had ever stimulated him as did her plain and fancy lofty mental tumbling; and Mrs. Steve Barclay had never before found the need of exercising the mental agility that Neal Whiting made necessary. They had got on famously.

He began figuring out what there would be in it for a man who would grab and handle certain business that Loring & Snow turned down as promptly as it was offered to them. That staid old law firm looked askance on divorce cases. They did not care to number among their clients certain gentlemen—with ample means to pay well for such service—who expected to be rescued from the law by a clever juggling of its close-to-the-border technicalities. It was not very dignified business, but the right man could get a lot of money out of it.

Those estimates, when they were set down in black and white, were altogether too near what Neal Whiting needed to keep things whooping at Edgwood indefinitely. The trouble was there'd have to be a period of stagnation bridged over somehow until he got under way in this new field. Eventually he had no doubts of what would be rolling in to him; but that period of waiting until he got things going loomed forbiddingly. He was scheming and planning how to get around this block on the track to fortune when Steve Barclay waylaid him at the club one night.

Barclay was not an old man by any means, but he was one of those slow, solid men whose years count double on them. You thought of him as lazy, dozing off at every opportunity. He always looked rather sleepy. You saw Steve Barclay with Mrs. Barclay a great deal. Wherever she was, there he was sure to be, somewhere in the vicinity, but always in the background of the scene; always on the outskirts, looking at the show; a dull, patient sort of man, who followed in her train unobtrusively in a dull, patient sort of way. He was either very proud of her or very jealous of her; you couldn't tell which it was in a man of that type.

In the light of all that had happened the past four months Neal was not overpleased to have Steve Barclay drag him off to a secluded corner of the veranda. The dull and the patient, particularly when they are well within their rights, are often difficult to deal with. Neal's face hardened as he thought how he would deal with this dull and patient individual, so well within his rights. He needn't have troubled himself. Barclay's first words, as soon as they had reached the secluded corner, told him that:

"You've been with Loring & Snow quite a while, I believe, haven't you, Whiting?"

Neal admitted it, and mentioned the exact number of those years.

"Fine firm. Conservative. Do things right. If you've been with them for that length of time you must know something of the legal matters of real estate."

"A little, I think," said Neal.

"Don't suppose you could be pried loose from Loring & Snow, could you?"

"That depends a good deal on the lever."

"It's a good one," said Steve Barclay. "You see, I got mixed in with the Peterboro County Realty Company. Took a flyer with 'em when they launched it. Never thought much of it, but it's sure gone big. I've got a whole lot of say-so in the outfit, and here's what I'm driving at: There's a whole lot of legal business to be looked after. The man that's doing it is well enough in his way, but kind of old and slow getting at things. Needs a man with more pep—like you. You've got a head on you, Whiting. You'd fit the job."

He mentioned casually a salary that made Neal Whiting catch his breath. He spoke of possible sales and rentals that Neal might happen to engineer, and estimated roughly what the commissions from these might foot up.

"I don't want to say I can get it through," said Barclay. "I don't want to be too sure about it. The feller that's holding it down now has got his friends. But I don't anticipate too much of a holler from 'em. The idea of mentioning it to you now is to find out if you'd leave Loring & Snow and to let you think it over."

"I'll think it over, no fear," said Neal. "I'm mighty grateful to you, Barclay."

"I'll see what can be done then, and never mind the gratitude stuff. We're getting the goods, aren't we?"

Neal saw all his difficulties smoothing out. This was what Edgwood did for you; got you in with the right people; tossed a chance of this kind your way when you most needed it. If Steve Barclay landed this chance for him—and there wasn't a doubt in his mind that Steve Barclay would—he need not worry about leaving Edgwood in another two months; he need not consider further ways and means of keeping on. The undignified, risky business that Loring & Snow turned down could go hang now, so far as he was concerned; he was done with it; no necessity for giving it another thought. They could keep right on here at Edgwood with the brakes off as heretofore. They could even hit up a better pace. He told himself he was glad of all this because of what it would mean to Eve. A still, small voice within him proceeded to call him a hypocrite, but he turned a deaf ear to that accusing voice. Eve had wanted all this and he was giving it to her. What better could Eve ask or could he ask?

Even if he could have made himself accept wholly this sorry logic, Eve herself next evening knocked the props from under it. She was waiting for him on the veranda when the car brought him from the station. It was early autumn, and the red dusk at the end of a day overwarm for the season was streaking up fanwise above the Lombardy poplars at the street end of the lawn. She drew him to a dark little angle where wistaria vines climbed over a pergola affair.

"Neal, I wish I'd let the inspiration stuff alone."

"Listen to the girl!"

"I do!"

"Pshaw!"

"I'm frightened."

"Of what?"

"Everything! Frightened of where we're going."

"Are you afraid of happiness?"

"This isn't happiness."

"Isn't it what you wanted?"

"It's what I thought I wanted. What you think you want and what you really want are two very different things."

"What is it you really want?"

She did not answer at once. She searched his face while the glow of twilight widened and brightened above the poplars. She seemed disappointed; as if she had desperately needed comfort and understanding, and had found neither.

"Could we—could we go back?"

"Go back? Where?"

"To what we were before we came here."

"To that?" There was infinite scorn in the two words.

"The way we were—just each other. I should see you once in a while. I scarcely see you now. I should have you every evening to myself. I never have you for a minute, to say nothing of an evening, of late."

That which he had played for, that which he had planned, had come to pass. It had come sooner than he had dared hope for it when he started this thing. That which he had counted on more than anything else in the world four months ago brought with it, now that it was here, only an intense impatience.

"Perhaps you could go back," he said. "I couldn't."

"If we couldn't go back, couldn't we—don't you suppose we might be more as we were to each other? Couldn't we just drop a lot of silly things we've been doing? Couldn't we keep more to ourselves? Couldn't we manage to have it just a little like the old life?"

The twilight began to fade. The poplars were indistinct shadows against it.

"Hadn't you better come out in the open, Eve? Something is behind all this."

There was a moment's hesitation—a deep sigh from Eve.

"Mrs. Barclay ——"

"Yes?" His voice was very hard. "Go on!"

"There's a dreadful lot of unpleasant things being said."

"Are you that little souled, Eve?"

"Neal, won't you stop giving them cause to say such things?"

"Oh, Eve, for heaven's sake! We're living in Edgwood now! Play the game!"

There was a long silence. There was no sound. He could not see her, so dark had it grown under the wistaria vines. Yet he knew she had moved away from him.

(Continued on Page 28)

The "White House" Among the Cliff-Dwelling Ruins in the Cañon de Chelly, Arizona

HUDSON SUPER SIX

Why Hudson Owners Are So Intensely Partisan

The outstanding characteristic of Hudson ownership is a contentment that is indifferent to other cars.

Owners' satisfaction in the Super-Six leaves nothing to tempt them to experiment elsewhere.

Not that they feel Hudsons have a monopoly of fine quality, performance and endurance. But they know comparable qualities are obtainable only among a few cars of far higher price.

What car can give more at any price? Is speed required? Hudson's stock speed record of 102.53 miles per hour, made by the earliest Super-Six type, stood for five years. And today's Hudson is a vastly greater car in every respect.

Is endurance asked? Many Super-Sixes have long passed their 100-thousandth mile, and still render smooth, quiet, dependable service. None, we believe, has ever wholly worn out.

And no Hudson owner ever forgets this in his appreciation of the Super-Six. Engineers who aim at such performance distinction as Hudson gives usually ignore elements of economy, as fuel, oil and tires.

But Hudson's notable speed, its 72% added power and 80% greater efficiency over motors of conventional type of the same size, mean no extra cost of operation. Its speed and power do not come from great motor size and high fuel consumption. For vibration that wasted about half the power and led to early destruction is almost eliminated by the Super-Six motor.

That means that even extraordinary calls impose no strain or abuse on Hudson. It accounts for the way Hudsons stay new.

And it removes the costly burden of frequent repairs and service attention.

With all the other desirable things men find in Hudson, this accounts also for the additional triumph of true economy.

And as befits a car built to serve for years Hudson has always held to a basic permanency of design, so that its newness of performance is paralleled by the modern appearance of even the oldest Super-Sixes.

HUDSON
Super-Six

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY—DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(5047)

(Continued from Page 26)

"Neal, would you mind very much if—if I was a quitter?"

"Are you?" The question was almost venomous.

"I'm afraid I am. I think I'll just have to drop it all and just drop out; just go back home to Brookdale, if you don't mind too much. I don't think I could stand another month like the last one."

"Go away? Leave me? Go back home?" he repeated blankly. Yet she noticed he said it not with any consternation, but merely as if he were turning over the possibility of it and the results of it; the pros and cons and ins and outs. He turned them over in his mind for several tense moments.

"Perhaps, Eve," he said at last, "if you feel that way, if you believe that way, if you arrange a game for us and then can't play your hand any better than this, you'd better go."

Eve went. She said there must not be the slightest bitterness between them, and Neal concurred with her wholly in this. The car took them into town together next morning. Eve tried to make her position clearer. She did it splendidly, not the least bit crushed or weepy about it. She was eminently sensible, even cheerful, only she looked as if she hadn't slept for weeks.

"I should have been more careful in considering what changes might take place in both of us when I insisted on inspiring you to do big things," she took the blame to herself. "No woman knows what sleeping giants a man may have within him. She doesn't know what may happen if she rouses them. You see, I roused a sleeping giant in you, Neal. It was your craving, which you yourself never dreamed you possessed until you tried it, for all that Edgwood represents."

"Eve, listen to me! Let's be entirely sensible about this thing. You have roused a sleeping giant within me. I'll admit that. But let's make the best of it. It's a giant that makes me thoroughly alive for the first time in my thirty-one years on this planet. You get on in this world only if you're thoroughly alive. You have to be a-tingle, expectant, eager for the next thing to happen to you. That's life, Eve. If you play hard you can work hard. There's a very nice adjustment of the balances. You wanted to inspire me to be somebody. Well, you've succeeded. Now play the hand out, even if everything isn't just as you pictured it. Keep on being that inspiration by being sensible and sticking by me."

She shook her head slowly. She had been looking out the window so persistently he was not sure whether or not she had listened to him. But as she turned to him he knew she had followed every word.

"As an inspiration I have served my purpose," she said. "Now I should only block it. It was so fearfully nice having those nibbles at Edgwood with Nora every now and then, but having it all the time—and with you, Neal—it was different. You fit there so beautifully. I don't."

"It seems a very great pity. We just get established there; we are just getting nicely adjusted to the place ——"

"You are getting adjusted to the place, Neal. I never could. That's why I'm leaving."

"I wonder how long it will be before it comes out that you're not coming back?"

"Why not let it be known at once? It's Edgwood, so it will all be understood. You are big and broad and clever and you have become like the rest of them. You have learned so readily how to play their game. They'll understand I couldn't hold the pace, and pretend for a time to be very sorry for me, while they really despise me. They know already I don't really fit there."

She turned to look out the window again.

"It has all made me realize I am behind the times in many of my viewpoints. I think these past few weeks I have really handicapped you, really held you back when you wanted to go on farther. I think you have felt rather sorry for me and apologetic to other people about me. The life at Edgwood is your life. You like it. You shouldn't be handicapped in living it as you choose. As for the house, the servants will run it wonderfully well for you, and you can do all your entertaining at the club. I can't see why you shouldn't get on very nicely."

Eve had decided to run out to Brookdale on the train instead of going all the way in the car, so they said their good-bys at the station.

"It does seem such a needless little tragedy," he said as he found her a seat and made her comfortable.

"Let's not get choky about it. It's a situation that can't be helped. We live at opposite ends of the earth, and each of us really belongs at the pole we thought ought to be the other's. Good-by!"

He started to lift her hand to his lips, thought better of this course, and straightened up rather awkwardly.

"Good-by!" he said.

He compromised with that desire to lift her fingers to his lips by pressing the hand within his own warmly.

He went away from the station with a sense of freedom settling down upon him of which he had the grace to be somewhat ashamed. Eve had been pretty much a kill-joy these last few weeks. He had to admit that. She had not played the game as Edgwood expected her to play it. Everybody for herself and the devil take the hindermost was the rule at Edgwood. Eve all too plainly had been one of the way behindermost.

He wouldn't have to feel now that he was doing something he shouldn't be doing because Eve didn't approve of it. He wouldn't have to be apologetic any longer, either for her or for himself. He wouldn't have to bolster up her dead weight. From now on he would have things smoother, easier. The jousts he'd arrange at the club! The dinners! The gay little suppers, with dancing until the wee, small hours!

There must be no mooning over the situation; no futile regrets over what had been or what couldn't be. Eve had made it clear that she herself neither desired nor expected anything of the sort. They had made a mistake, as thousands of other people made mistakes, and they were trying to rectify it in a sensible fashion. Neither of them was fool enough to disregard the traffic rules of life by persistent attempts to proceed in the wrong direction on a one-way thoroughfare.

However, he found himself wishing when he entered the house at Edgwood that evening that Eve hadn't left anything quite so intimately reminding of herself as her garden basket, with the long gloves and the snipping scissors still in it, there by the door in the front hall. He took them upstairs and stowed them away in a closet. There was a tomblike stillness in the house that he tried to tell himself was purely a product of his imagination. It was queer not to hear Eve scurrying about and carrying on a more or less long-distance conversation with him as he changed his clothes. He'd get used to it very presently, no doubt.

He went over to the club for dinner. He found Mrs. Barclay alone at a little corner table. She said she needed cheering up. Her depression was due to the fact, Neal gathered, that Steve was immersed in some business deal. Steve, his normal, half-asleep self, she told Neal, was a dear. But Steve, surcharged with what he considered energy, got on her nerves. He made such tremendous work of rushing about. She sighed and supposed business deals were necessary. She asked for Eve. He told her Eve was old-homing at Brookdale for a space. She made no comment on this bit of information, but somehow by the very lack of such comment she seemed to convey the impression that this was very well for them both.

He had never before noticed any air of proprietorship about Mrs. Barclay. Either such an atmosphere was prevalent to-night or some wholly wrong deductions were going on in the background of his mind. He could not seem to put his finger on anything she said or did that would account for this feeling of his. It was too subtle to be pinned down and analyzed. But he sensed keenly something of the sort, and as keenly resented it.

It being Thursday evening, an orchestra let loose on the veranda and the tables were set back from the center of the floor. He found himself dancing a great deal with Mrs. Barclay. He had a peculiar feeling of duty in the matter; that he ought to be dancing a great deal with her, and that she felt the same way about it. He wondered if this was because he had been so long the attached male of the species that he couldn't break the bonds and must needs feel this sense of attachment to somebody. Or was there really an air of "This is my property—hands off" about Mrs. Barclay that he was so very sure he detected?

Later Steve Barclay came in. He asked his wife if he should dance with her.

"Have a little nap instead, dear," she said sweetly, and tripped away with a man who had come up to their table just then.

Steve looked relieved, as if he had escaped an ordeal by the skin of his teeth. He settled himself in his chair. He seemed on the point of following his wife's suggestion and dropping off into a comfortable little snooze.

"The friends of that party I was speaking to you about the other night are putting up a darn sight bigger holler than I was looking for from 'em," he complained to Neal. "It's keeping me busy digging up arguments and bombarding that crowd with 'em."

Neal's reply surprised himself more than it seemed to surprise Barclay.

"If that's the case don't bother about it too much, Barclay," he said.

The heavy head went back. The heavy shoulders hunched themselves. The little, close set, sleepy eyes were fixed on Neal Whiting across the table.

"No bother," said Barclay. "Besides, I'm the kind of man that sort of likes to get what he goes after."

There was no reason why Neal should draw the inference that this oxlike being across the table from him was after him personally; buying him with so much cold cash, and that the legal business of the Peterboro County Realty Company did not matter a punched nickel so long as it was looked after passably well. Why, therefore, should he be construing Barclay's words in this way? He must be getting touchy.

He felt more alone in the house when he came back to it the next evening. He wished the servants were not so careful to maintain such quiet. It became oppressive. He got the rose basket with the long gloves and the snipping scissors in it and set it back by the door in the hall. He felt very foolish doing it, but more at peace when it was done.

He arranged a gay little affair at the club. Mrs. Barclay was much in evidence. He felt she was running the show; that she felt it was her eminent right to run the show. The weight of chains grew more heavy upon him. He wondered if everybody else noticed this open air of proprietorship about her, and what they thought of it. He didn't like to dwell on what they might think about it. His mind became too much occupied with troubled deductions which he tried to put down but which would not leave him. He made covert inquiries about the Peterboro County Realty Company; particularly about the present head of the legal staff. What he found out helped neither him nor his deductions. Edgwood began to have a sour taste in his mouth.

So when Steve Barclay came to him with the announcement that everything was ready to put the skids under the gentleman whose friends had been howling so lustily in his behalf, Neal was in that frame of mind that urged him to explore the water before he dived headlong into it.

"It's all right at last," said Barclay. "I've made 'em see reason. Just wanted to be sure of you before we made the final move. We can count on you, of course?"

"You've got a mighty good man on that job now," said Neal.

Barclay looked much surprised.

"Well, what of that?" was all he said.

"Why oust him?"

"We want a better one."

"You're not sure I'm a better one."

"Pretty sure of it."

"Would you mind, Barclay, being perfectly frank with me and telling me the real reason why I get this job?"

Barclay seemed yet more surprised, and somewhat upset. He was no diplomat. When he tried evasion he became a sorry sort of ostrich with its head in the sand. He knew this as well as anybody. He knew when men went after the bed-rock truth, as Neal Whiting was going after it now, they generally got it sooner or later. As well sooner as later, so far as he could see.

"The truth of the matter is, we'd like to keep you here in Edgwood with us," he said.

"You evidently are in possession of the secret that I've got to have a job of that sort to keep on here."

Steve nodded slowly, as if he were admitting this against both his will and his judgment.

"It's none of my business, of course," said he. "You'll have to forgive me for making your affairs mine. You see, Ella likes you—and Mrs. Whiting," he added in afterthought. "You amuse her. You're her kind. I can give her all the affection in the world, and all the money she needs, but I can't amuse her. Knew that when I married her. All-fired glad to get her on any terms. I want her happy. If a man thinks as much of a woman as I do of her he's just got to have her happy."

Neal grew suddenly stiff. He was comparing this man's course with his wife, and his own course with Eve. It didn't make him any too happy or any too proud of himself.

"As I say, Ella likes you people immensely. Took to you from the start. We've lived here in Edgwood for some time. I've seen her pleased with people before who came here to live. I've seen some of 'em drop out. I didn't want it to happen again. I'm sorry I had to pry into your affairs. Forgive that part of it if you can."

"How much have you told Mrs. Barclay of all this?"

"How much have I told her? Nothing at all, naturally."

"How much does she surmise?"

Neal stood before him in an attitude that suggested unpleasant things might happen if he didn't get the whole truth. Barclay thought over his answer carefully before he delivered it:

"Couldn't say. Ella's clever as the devil. She might draw a whole lot of conclusions—or she might not." He stepped closer to Neal. He seemed anxious, worried. "I haven't queered things, have I? You'll take the job, won't you?"

"I think the man that's holding it down now better keep on with it."

"You won't take it?"

"I don't see how I can."

"That's a plain darn shame." He looked very much depressed, then he brightened. "Maybe you've got something bigger up your sleeve."

"Maybe I have. Thank you for making me see it that way, Barclay. Maybe I have!"

"Will it be enough for you to stay on here in Edgwood?" Barclay asked, seeing a ray of hope.

"I'm afraid it will take me away from Edgwood."

Barclay began delving for arguments against any such course. All he could produce fell wretchedly flat.

The car had made remarkable time over the road to Brookdale. It stopped before an old white house with a colonial porch, set well back from the street. Neal Whiting went up a path bordered with box. A fine old knocker of polished brass boomed his summons on the door. Eve herself opened that door. Her surprise, her doubt, a little flash of eagerness, were all piled into one word.

"Well!"

He drew her onto the porch and closed the door. Brookdale at that hour of the evening was very still. There was only the sound of the evening wind in the elms and the soft rustle of yellowed leaves sifting down from them.

"When we said good-by the other day at the station, Eve, we made no provisions for the future," he said. "We should have done so, shouldn't we?"

"Oh"—she seemed a trifle disappointed—"you mean about money for me. Please, Neal, don't think of that now. You'll need a great deal of money for yourself."

"What do you think I intend to do?"

"Why, you'll live on there, and some day the right woman will come into your life; a woman who fits there as well as I didn't. When that day comes I'll just do everything I can to make it easy for you—both."

"And your own future? What about that, Eve?"

"I? Perhaps some day the right man will cross my path, too, Neal. A nice, homy, quiet sort of man such as you used to be. I've learned a whole lot. I shall try to inspire him to keep on being that—just that."

"Eve," he said in a queer, bashful way, "do you suppose you could try that inspiration on me?"

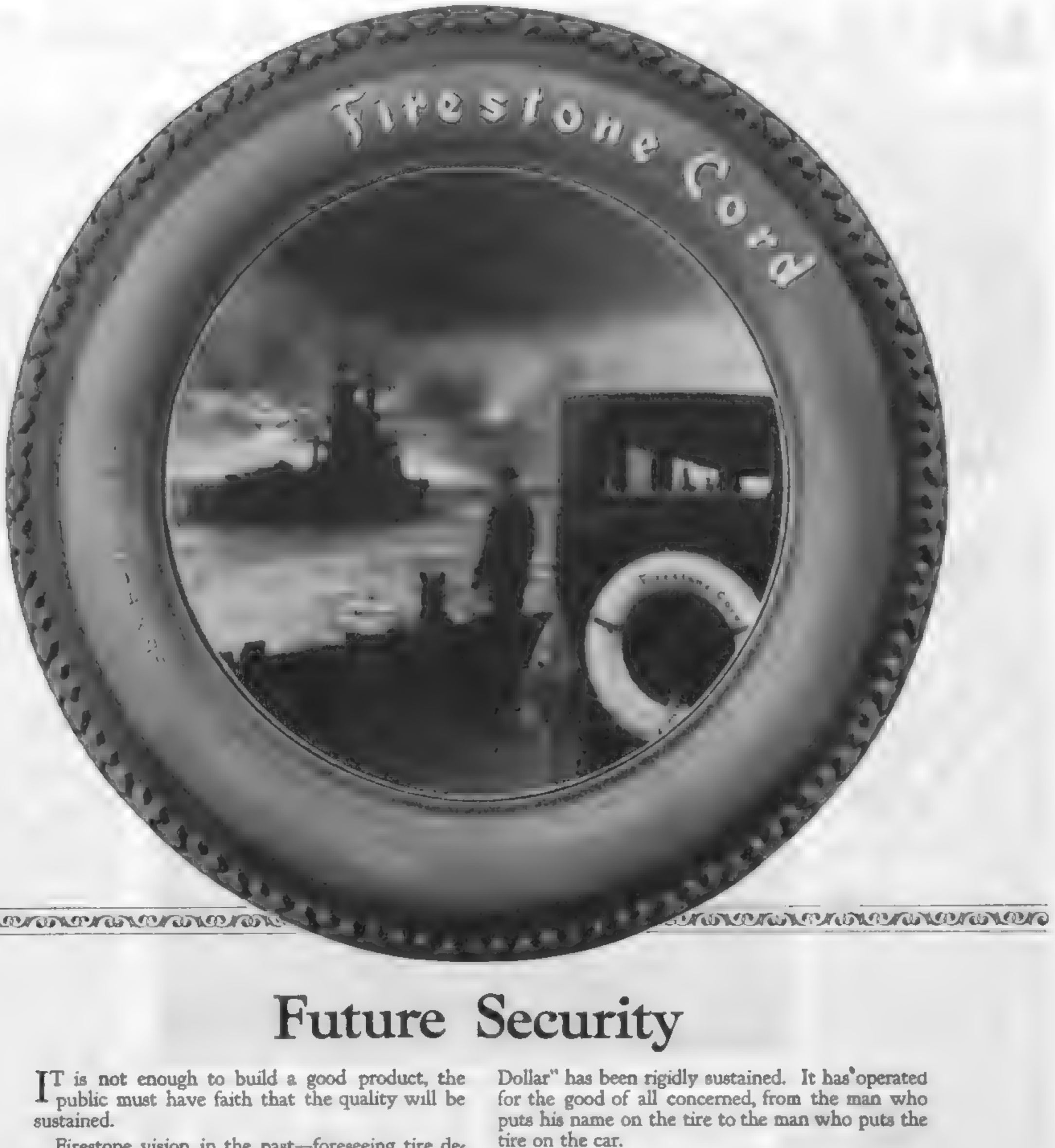
She leaned limply against a pillar of the porch. She bent her head. The swish of falling leaves sounded overloud in the stillness.

"Neal, what has happened to you?"

"Edgwood has happened to me. It has happened to both of us. Would you dare try that inspiration on me now, Eve?"

"Why, Neal—if that's what you want—if you're very sure it's what you want ——"

He left her no room for doubt.



Future Security

IT is not enough to build a good product, the public must have faith that the quality will be sustained.

Firestone vision in the past—foreseeing tire demands and building to meet them—is the best possible assurance that future needs of tire users everywhere will be the Firestone responsibility.

For twenty years the pledge of "Most Miles per Dollar" has been rigidly sustained. It has operated for the good of all concerned, from the man who puts his name on the tire to the man who puts the tire on the car.

It is the principle that governs the building of Firestone tires. It is the stimulating influence behind the service and satisfaction car owners find in the Firestone Cord performance.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

Firestone

MOB OF THREE

By Herschel S. Hall

ILLUSTRATION BY CLARK FAY

II

I RAN across the clearing, Simon's daughter keeping a few paces ahead of me, for though I ran rapidly she seemed fairly to fly over the ground. But I gained on her a little, and so close was I to her I could have touched her as we entered the hut to which she had led the way.

Inside, in the first room we entered, I saw Simon, and as my eyes lighted upon him I understood why she had come for me. The aged man lay on the dirt floor of the hut, writhing and twisting in the tortures of an alcoholic fit.

It was an ugly sight I looked upon there—a snowy-white head lifting up and lifting up, and beating down and beating down against the hard-packed ground; an old and lined and haggard face, hideous in its contorted muscles and monkey-like grimaces; bloodless lips blubbering in the froth that smeared them over; hands like talons, clasping and unclasping. And loud in my ears were the maudlin mumblings of the miserable man.

I knew not what to do. The girl had run to the other side of the room and stood there in that pathetic silence of the mute, that pitiable silence, shivering and shrinking, her little helpless hands raised to her breast and throat, where they fluttered and trembled, shutting and unshutting, even as those talonlike hands of her father at our feet were clasping and unclasping.

"What shall I do?" Again had I spoken to her, again forgetting in my excitement that she could not hear me. But she had read my question on my lips, and she pointed to a cot that stood in a farther corner. I picked up the old man—his body was thin and emaciated and his weight was as nothing to me—carried him, writhing in his spasms, and laid him upon the cot, where I pressed him down and held him fast to prevent him from throwing himself to the floor. I looked at the girl again, asking with my lips the question: "What shall I do now?"

From a shelf behind her she took a large bottle and brought it to me. There was a little bit of liquid in the flask, and by its yellowish color and by the odor I caught in my nostrils as she removed the cork I recognized it as *aguardiente*. I took the bottle from her shaking hand and, still holding down with one arm the struggling man beneath me, poured the fiery liquor between his froth-smeared lips. He gulped it down as an orphaned and starved animal suckling gulps down the offered milk, and in a minute or two I felt his tense and taut muscles relaxing, and from between his slobbering lips came a contented sigh. Gently and carefully I began withdrawing my hands from his quivering body. He opened dazed and unrecognizing eyes and looked at me.

"Scrobe?" he whispered.

"No, not Scrobe but ——"

"Labo, eh?"

"Nor Labo. I'm ——"

"Puysegur? Not Puysegur!" The words came, screamed, and he sat up suddenly, glaring at me with dilated eyes from which every vestige of the film of uncertainty that had veiled them a moment before was swept away. "No—of course not—not Puysegur!" he muttered, and fell back.

A little while of silence and then: "Where's Scrobe? Where's Scrobe? Why doesn't he come?" His questions were whined. "He promised he'd be back before I'd used it all! Why isn't he back? Labo won't let me have it unless—unless—where's Scrobe? Labo wants me to give—but I won't! I—I want Scrobe! Where is he?"

The whine had gone, and his voice was rising in a crescendo of passion, and I fancied I could detect symptoms of the returning paroxysms. The girl, too, seemed to notice it, and she hastily wrote on her pad of paper and handed it to me.

"He must have more liquor. Can you get it?"

I read the two lines at a glance—her writing had that easy legibility characteristic of the writing of the mute—and I turned and ran out of the hut. I remembered the big demijohn of *aguardiente* which Scrobe kept in his room, from which he poured liberally for the Indians with whom he had business dealings. I raced across the clearing, found the big container, filled from it a great bottle of the liquor and raced back. And again I poured the vile stuff between the lips of old Simon. In a few minutes he was sleeping.

"He will be all right now," wrote the girl. "Thank you. You can go. I shall be able to manage."

I wrote on the pad "Call on me if you need me," and handed it back to her.

She nodded her head as if to say, "Yes, certainly, I will." But her eyes, never quitting my face, still carried in them that look of fear, that same look of terror they had held when I first gazed into them at my lean-to, and all at once it came to me that she feared me, that she was afraid of me! In a flash of comprehension I knew that I was an object of dread to her! But why? She had never seen me before that half hour; I had run willingly to assist her when she came seeking help; I had looked at her with none but eyes of pity—why should she draw back, shrink away from me, tell me by every expression showing in her eyes, on her lips, in her trembling hands, in her whole shuddering person that she wished me gone?

I bowed and left the hut and returned to my lean-to.

Martina soon came to call me to dinner, and all the while I was eating she was hovering about the table in a way she was not accustomed to do, serving me with exaggerated attention, saying nothing, keeping turned away from direct encounter with mine her dark wonderful eyes, in which, when I would catch a glimpse of them, I could still detect the smoldering fire of hate which I had seen burning up in them a little while before.

But when I had finished my meal, and before I had had time to push back my chair, she sat down opposite me, looked me full in the face and began talking.

She spoke rapidly, so rapidly that only now and then could I catch a word I understood. I shook my head, I waved my hands at her, I cried "*No sabe! No sabe!*" but she heeded me not, continuing to pour out upon me a very torrent of words, emphasizing them often with sharp smacks upon the table with her hand. I settled down to wait and to listen until she had finished, and as I now gave closer attention to her I came to understand that she was speaking of Scrobe, that she was singing his praises to me, telling me what a wonderful, powerful, mighty señor he was; telling me that he was her man and no other woman's, she his woman and no other man's; telling me the two children there before us were his children and her children; telling me how she idolized him, gloried in him, worshiped the ground upon which he trod; telling me she would sacrifice her very life for him; telling me that nothing should ever come between them, no person, no man or woman; that she would kill, kill, kill if necessary—yes, she would kill Scrobe himself!

I listened to her in wonder, catching her meaning in familiar words here and there; now and then finding an understandable fragment of a phrase, and so, helped along in my translating of her speech by her frequent repetitions, I gathered the gist of her tirade. And through it all I heard over and over that ugly word she had snarled out when the girl had stood in the doorway of my lean-to, and "white face," "white face" came so often from her lips that I knew she was cursing the daughter of Simon.

When she had finished—or, rather, when she had exhausted herself—she reached out and touched my hand, calling me her very good friend who would understand, and left me. I went into my own apartment and lay down to think over this strange, inexplicable upheaval of passion in the usually lethargic Martina, but I could make nothing of it. What had the deaf-and-dumb daughter of Simon to do with the Spanish woman? With Scrobe? Martina Vasquez, I had learned today, hated the slip of a girl over there at the other side of the clearing, hated her to the limit of murder; and she loved Scrobe with primitive passion, loved him to the limit of killing him. She had told me so. And Scrobe, I had no doubt, loved her in her own primitive manner of loving. A queer pair, this goddess and her satyr! But Simon's daughter! Had she and Scrobe some secret? Ridiculous, absurd, idiotic! I would not think through the thought commenced in my brain. I drew up my blanket and drove my eyes to sleep. The next day I started to go to the hut of Simon, though I should not, I told myself as I went; the girl did not want to see me there. But pity for her helplessness impelled me on. All through the remainder of yesterday, and through the night, in my waking moments, I had been envisaging that scene in the hut—the old and white-haired man writhing on the ground in his alcoholic spasms; the young, white-faced, trembling mute, with her little helpless hands raised up to her throat and breast, standing there in her pathetic silence, watching him. I could not put out of my thoughts the horror, the hideous horror of her lot, and I went—I went to ask her if I could again be of assistance to her.

As I approached the hut I heard voices inside, raised voices, voices speaking in anger, and I recognized them as Labo's and Simon's.

"In gold, I tell you! In gold! Three hundred in gold!" It was Simon's shrill voice, raised almost to a shriek.

"I meant in silver. I didn't say gold!" Labo's coarse, harsh voice was unusually loud.

"It will be in gold or nothing—three hundred dollars in gold. Mexican? No! I will not do it for that! And the affair will

(Continued on Page 32)

Advancing Upon Him, Gripping a Revolver, Was the Girl, Simon's Daughter

Laying Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles over an old shingle roof. Easy for the carpenter—easy on your pocketbook—and best of all, a beautiful, fire-safe and permanent roof.

Re-roof for the last time

Save the cost of tearing off the old roof by laying Asbestos Shingles right over it

THIS modern method of re-roofing, promoted by Johns-Manville, was recently endorsed by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc., men whose business it is to classify building materials in relation to fire risk. This method not only does away with the cost, dirt and inconvenience of tearing off the old shingles, but puts them to a valuable and permanent use as extra insulation.

The once-and-for-all roofing

Whether you lay Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles over the old shingles or apply them to a new building, you have a "once and for all" roofing. For Asbestos, being mineral, cannot burn, cannot rot and is impervious to all weather conditions.

Once laid, Asbestos Shingles need no painting and there is little chance that they will ever need attention or repairs—your house is roofed, or re-roofed, permanently.

A cleaner job, too

Tearing off the old shingles is always a messy job—dirty and often destructive to shrubs, grass and flower beds. If a shower occurs while the work is in progress much damage may be done to furnishings and decorations.

On the other hand, the Johns-Manville way of re-roofing is a clean, quick job—and obviously economical because money that would be spent for demolition now goes toward applying the new roof.

Go see a demonstration of this application at a nearby dealer's place. Notice how quickly the workman goes "up the roof."

Makes the house look like new

It is indeed almost magical how these artistic and durable shingles transform the dilapidated appearance that a worn-out roof lends to the whole.

In selecting Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles, either for your new house or re-roofing the old, there are many chances to express individuality. There are soft shades of red, brown and gray—or gradations of these in a Johns-Manville Colorblende Roof. There are rough, artistic edges, or neat, smooth ones.

There are two shapes, so that they can be laid either in the hexagonal method or straight shingle method—as you prefer.

Yours for the asking

If you are interested in saving money when you re-roof, you will be interested in this booklet. Drop a post-card request to

JOHNS-MANVILLE, Inc
Madison Avenue at 41st Street, New York City

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Asbestos Shingles

COVERS THE CONTINENT

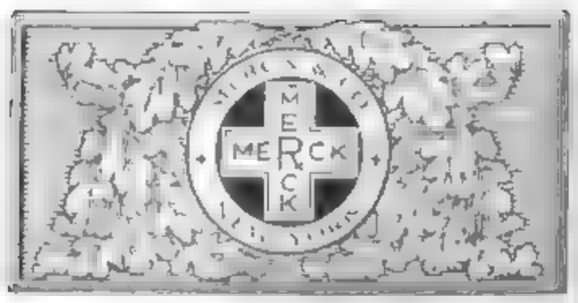
Through—

Asbestos

and its allied products

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Serves in Conservation

Heat Insulation, High Temperature Cements, Asbestos Roofings, Packings, Brake Linings, Fire Prevention Products



Give your baby the best—

MILK SUGAR MERCK

In Merck's Nursery Packing

ASK YOUR DOCTOR

AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S—

Milk Sugar Merck
For preparing modified milk

Barley Flour Merck
For infants and invalids

Zinc Stearate Merck
Cooling, soothing toilet powder.

Creolin-Pearson
The household disinfectant

Hydrogen Peroxide Merck
Full strength and unusually pure.

Acid Boric Merck
Mild nursery antiseptic

(Continued from Page 30)

have to be consummated in regular form, Labo—I want you to understand that! You'll have to bring and show to me a certificate from the ——"

"I agreed to do that, didn't I?" demanded Labo, shouting out the question. "But I tell you I'll pay it only in silver! I meant Mexican!"

I was standing in such position that my eyes could cover a little portion of the room in which the two men were talking, and twice I saw the slight form of the girl pass by the opening through which I was looking. She was there with her father and Labo, moving about near them, seeing them, but hearing nothing of their quarrel, whatever it was about! I had paused for but a moment but I had overheard—I felt guilty of eavesdropping—and before Simon made reply to Labo's last remark I had turned and hurried off. I would not come upon the two while they were in angry argument.

I went into the forest, the edge of which was but a rod or so distant, and sat down on a fallen tree, concealed from outside view, but able to watch Simon's hut. When Labo had left I would go on and make the inquiry I had planned—could I do anything for them?

As I waited there I tried to thrust through the web of mystery that was weaving about me in that little Indian village. Why was I there? For what purpose had Scrobe brought me there? What were the relations of Labo and Simon? Here were they two, quarreling about the payment of a sum of money, three hundred dollars! Why should the Spanish woman, Martina Vasquez, become so excited at the sight of Simon's daughter? Why should Simon's daughter show such marked signs of fear of me, whom she did not know, whom she had never before seen? What were Scrobe's relations with Simon? Yesterday I had heard the old man calling for him. And Puysegur! Who was this Puysegur, and what had he done that these people should so abhor him? Labo and Scrobe were always condemning him, cursing him; and yesterday Simon had shown terror, violent fear, thinking the man was near him.

The questions came rushing at me, leaping at me, crying for answer, each a-hurrying after the one preceding it, crowding my brain, confusing my mind, checking consecutive thought; and no answer for any one of them was forthcoming—I knew nothing. I knew nothing; and a web of mystery was weaving all about me. And I sensed the coming of tragedy.

I had sat in the edge of the forest for a half hour or more when I saw Labo leaving the hut I was watching. When he was gone from sight across the clearing I rose and walked to the doorless opening of the wretched structure, and stood there looking in, making my presence known by rapping upon one of the posts of the wall with a stick I had been whittling. The old man and the girl sat at a table but a few feet distant from me, on which stood a chessboard, and Simon's finger was pushing forward a pawn as I rapped. They both looked up.

I saw the startled, the scared look come into the girl's great brown eyes, and she hurriedly rose and almost ran from the room.

"Oh, it's you, eh?" was Simon's greeting. "Come in. Glad you've come over. I wanted to thank you for your assistance yesterday. I'm afraid you found me in a rather bad way. The fact is, I'm in a bad way permanently. Have a seat." He waved me to the chair the girl had just left. I moved to it and sat down.

"I'm glad you could so overlook yesterday's happenings here as to come to us again. A man in my condition must be excused many faults, eh? I'm a neurotic, you know—one of the worst kind; and my only alleviative, when the bad spells strike me, is alcohol. Scrobe has been keeping me—but no matter about that. I'll have to have a drink now" He rose and took from a shelf the bottle I had brought there yesterday, now less than half full.

I had not yet spoken to him other than to murmur "Good afternoon." As he talked I had been looking at the set of chessmen on the board before me. Surely this was the same set with which Puysegur and I had played our three games—the same blacks cleverly carved from ebonylike wood, the same whites cut from bone resembling ivory! Another strand to the web of mystery weaving about me! What was it doing here? How came it here—that same set I had seen and handled a few days before in Puysegur's hut?

"Will you join me?"

I looked up. Simon was holding the bottle of *aguardiente* in one hand, a glass tumbler in the other.

"No, thank you."

He filled the glass to the brim and drank, twice; returned the bottle to the shelf and sat down.

"Do you play the game?" he asked, nodding his head toward the board.

"Oh, yes."

"Aha? That's fine! Why, this is luck! Why haven't you been to see us before, and get acquainted? How many bouts we have missed because of your exclusiveness! I die daily for a good game of chess. My daughter knows but little about the game. She cannot grasp its intricacies."

"You have a beautiful set here," I said. "I saw one so much like it over at Puysegur's ——"

I stopped, leaving my sentence unfinished. The face of the man before me had suddenly gone livid and its muscles began to twitch; his eyes were dilating, while his hands lying on the table were clasping and unclasping, even as I had seen them doing yesterday. Was the attack of yesterday returning upon him, I wondered.

"Puysegur! You name Puysegur to me?" he cried, gasping out the words in his thin falsetto voice. "You know? You know? And you taunt me? Hell take him, and may he burn there forever! His chess, eh? His chess ——"

With a quick movement of his hands he swept the chessmen into a heap, gathered them up, a double handful, threw them upon the hard-packed ground at his feet, and began stamping upon them, grinding them down, breaking them to bits, driving them into the earth. And all the while he was shrilling out curses and anathemas against Puysegur.

I listened to the crunching noise his feet made, and to the sound of the snapping of the little carved pieces of blackwood and white bone, disturbed and disgusted. The man was crazy! I was in the presence of a maniac!

His destruction of the chessmen complete, he left off his stamping, to pace up and down the room, talking loudly, rapidly, passionately, and his theme was Puysegur.

He should have destroyed the things at the time he had driven Puysegur from his house, but foolishly he had kept them! He cried the words at me savagely, as if I were to blame for his not having done the thing he should have done. Puysegur had brought them there a year ago, two years ago, soon after their first meeting, before he had come to know what manner of man he was, before he had found him out! Puysegur came there often in those days and played chess with him; he had even tried to teach his daughter the game! Then he had found the fellow out. Oh, he had found him out!

And with oaths and revilements and maledictions he told me what kind of man was Puysegur—a snake, a beast, a monster, a thing of evil, a degenerate, a ghoul! And he told me hideous, ugly, gruesome tales of Puysegur—of his crimes, his obscenities, his deeds of hellishness, his brutalities. But I had heard them all before, those tales—from Labo and Scrobe—told by them without difference in detail, just as he was telling them to me.

"And he came here, the snake, the creeping thing, the blond beast, with his pink skin, his blue eyes, his auburn hair, garbed in his starched white linen, clean, repulsively clean, stinkingly clean—came here and talked fair words to me, fooled me, sneered at me, advised, admonished, corrected me! Came here and smiled at my poor afflicted daughter, looked at her with his big blue eyes with evil in them, covered pad after pad of paper, writing foolish things to her! Came here until I found him out and drove him away as I would drive off a leper, telling him as he went that I would kill him if he should ever again come within sight of this hut!"

He broke off in his passionate speaking, to take down the bottle of liquor and drink freely from it, tipping it now to his lips and letting the saffron stuff gurgle from its contracted top into his mouth. He then sat down in silence, and I noticed he was drooping, as one exhausted after great effort.

"You see how I am," he mumbled indistinctly after a few minutes. "Nerves—bad shape—neurotic—need alcohol—kill Puysegur." His head sank lower and lower.

I rose to leave. My movement caused him to rouse up just for a moment.

"Watch that man!" he cried in his shrill voice.

I slipped out of the hut, glad to get away from him.

Why did I return to Simon's the next day, and the next, and the next? Because of my pity for the girl? Because I wished to render her some little service? Partly for those reasons. But I had an additional aim now—curiosity drew me. I was constantly thinking of the mystery in which each of these six people whom I had come to know was playing a part, and through Simon I hoped to discover some sort of solution to that mystery. I would go to him and lead him on to talk, take him in his maudlin maunderings, listen to his drunken drool, ply him with questions, and so, perhaps, learn something—maybe all.

But my visits to him availed me nothing. Each time I went I found him in that stupid semiconscious state of which Scrobe had spoken to me, and only once was he even aware of my presence, and then but dimly. He roused up slowly, blinked at me, and muttered "Puysegur!" coupling the word with an ugly curse.

"Came here," he hiccuped on—"came here—looking at Carlotta—smiling at her—lying to her—poor girl—afflicted—not always afflicted—scarlet fever did it—twelve years old! I'll kill him yet!"

That was all I heard from him. And the girl I did not meet; she would flee at my approach.

On one of these three visits—the second or the third—I saw her sitting in the shade of the hut reading a book. As if she heard the sound of my footsteps she looked up as I drew near. The book dropped from her hands, and she rose and disappeared about the corner of the building. As I passed by the bench where she had sat I glanced down at the book lying on the ground.

"That?" I spoke the word aloud in my surprise, my astonishment. For the little volume there before me was none other than the Paolo and Francesca I had seen at Puysegur's, the one I had held in my hand, the one I had seen him toss away! Surely it was. I could not be mistaken!

I picked it up and opened it. Yes, it was the same—there were the stained and mottled pages, the half-rotted edges of the leaves, the drawn and puckered leather of the binding. How came it here? Puysegur had thrown it away. I had seen it fall into a clump of weeds and bushes. And now it was here at Simon's, read by Simon's daughter! More mystery!

Then I smiled at my readiness to find mystery in everything about me. There was no mystery about the book's being there. Some Indian had found it lying in the weeds where it had fallen and had picked it up and carried it off as a thing of curiosity. No doubt it had passed through many unwanting hands, and by chance had come into the possession of Simon's one servant, the old Indian woman whom I had seen there each time I had been to the hut, and so the girl had obtained it. For a moment I mused over her possible interpretation of the story it told, as she followed the tragedy; then I dropped the little volume upon the bench and went on to my sounding out of Simon, with that lack of results of which I have already told.

I might have persisted in my plan for uncovering the mystery, I might have paid many more visits to the old exile, but Scrobe came back, and I went to his hut no more.

I was lying on my cot in the lean-to, half asleep, when he came. In the adjoining room I heard Martina's glad cry of welcome, her murmured "*Señor! Señor!*" her soft words of love, her little expressions of happiness. And I heard Scrobe's voice replying, and by its unpleasant tone I fancied he had come back in no happy mood.

The next moment he stood in the opening to my lean-to, looking at me sourly.

"So you've decided to go to the devil, eh?" he said, speaking in a manner he had never shown before in addressing me.

I sat up, startled by the question, with my anger awakening and quickening at the way in which it was asked. What did he mean? I raised my hand to my chin and it touched a stubby bristly beard of a week's growth. Oh, that was it, no doubt!

I had taken to the slovenliness of the life of the place quickly; much of my fastidiousness over my personal appearance I had soon put away. What was the use, there in

(Continued on Page 34)

fresh
from the factory

We have always guaranteed the quality of TUXEDO—now we guarantee its condition when it reaches you.

To do this the American Tobacco Company has changed its entire plan of distribution. Every modern device for speed—fast trains, motor delivery, and telegrams—has been taken advantage of.

Nothing is overlooked that will clip minutes from the schedule on which TUXEDO is delivered from our factory to your pipe. All this is done because freshness is the essence of smoking tobacco quality.

Today TUXEDO is sold to every dealer in one dozen lots. This makes it necessary for the retail dealer to order TUXEDO continuously but it insures TUXEDO reaching you in fresh condition.

This means that every pipeful of TUXEDO is good and every pipeful alike. You need never smoke stale tobacco again.

fresh
from the factory

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
—which means that if you don't like TUXEDO tobacco you can get your money back from the dealer

fresh
from the factory

Read the little booklet attached to every tin —The story of FRESH TUXEDO

Tuxedo
TOBACCO

DOUBLE GRIP
PARIS
GARTERS
NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU
The only men who haven't bought their second pair of double grip, double-duty-doing PARIS are the ones still enjoying the supreme comfort, value and service of their first pair.
Get your pair of double grip PARIS today
Double Grips
50¢ and up
Single Grips
35¢ and up
A. STEIN & COMPANY
MAKERS
Children's HICKORY Garters
Chicago New York
DOUBLE GRIP
PARIS
GARTERS
LOWERED IN PRICE
BUT NOT IN QUALITY

(Continued from Page 32)

that hole, I had asked myself. I was dressing carelessly, I was bathing less frequently, I was watching my hands and nails with little attention, I had dropped my habit of shaving every morning on rising, ignoring and forgetting the slogan which I had once evolved for myself, and of which I thought rather well—"Hope, pride and ambition have not died in him who shaves daily." Now for a week I had not opened my razor case, and Scrobe—dirty, frowzy, slovenly Scrobe—was criticizing me!

I rose to my feet, laughing. "You mean this?" I asked, rubbing the stubby bristly beard that covered my cheeks and chin.

"So you've quit shaving, eh? No doubt you've quit washing too! And I suppose you've chosen your liquor by this time?" The man's words were insultingly hurled at me.

"No! I want none of your Mexican slops!" I replied, raising my voice.

He turned and left me, and through the doorway I saw him striding across the clearing in the direction of Labo's hut. I went for a walk in the forest, pondering on this new question that had so suddenly and unexpectedly come up for answer. Why should Scrobe care, all at once, what I did or how I looked; whether I drank to drunkenness or remained sober; whether I took to slovenly habits or retained my pronounced fastidiousness; whether I shaved daily or at all? Of course I could find no answer.

I was gone two hours or more. When I came back, well toward evening, I passed by Martina at the rear of the hut, busy with her work. I saw anger in the dark face, and I saw the baleful light in her great lustrous eyes that I had twice before seen there.

"*Qué tiene?*" I asked, smiling at her. I had learned the little colloquialism from her—so often had she used it in speaking to me. "*Qué tiene?*" "What's the matter?"

But she paid me no attention, going on with her work as if she had not heard me. I went into the hut, where I found Scrobe. I waited for him to speak.

"I hate to see you falling into our sloppy habits—Labo's and mine," he said. There was nothing in his manner now that could give offense. "Have a cigarette?" And he handed me a package.

"It's catching, I suppose," I laughed.

We smoked in silence for a few moments.

"You think Martina a beautiful woman, don't you?" he asked.

"Certainly—who wouldn't?"

Another little silence.

"Why haven't you made love to her?"

"What?" I fired the word at him with such quickness and force that he started back in his chair just a trifle, but I saw he was undisturbed.

"Just that, just that!" he replied. "Why haven't you? I gave you opportunity."

I leaped to my feet. "You—you—you ——"

"Oh, sit down there, and don't be silly! Sit down and let me tell you what is on my mind! And don't affect too much surprise!" He pointed his glowing cigarette toward my chair.

But I did not sit down. I stood there staring at him in a burning rage, in shuddering disgust. Was it possible I had unconsciously given the man cause to think so mean of me? He was very calm, and he puffed easily at his cigarette.

"It's this: I'm tired of the woman, sick of her and her angel face. She wearies me, bores me, nauseates me. I loathe her, I hate her! I want to rid myself of her and I'm going to. Now if ——"

"Why, she loves you, loves you insanely!" I burst out.

"Pshaw! Still, you're right. 'Insanely' is good, very good! And to-morrow she could love some other fellow insanely—I know their kind! Now then, here she is, divinely beautiful—I'll admit that; and here are you, young and not unhandsome—when you're shaved and dolled up, eh? Ha, ha, ha! Now why shouldn't you make love to her and elope with her if I make it worth ——"

"What?" I fairly yelled the word at him this time, but he only laughed.

"Tut, tut, tut! Why so hot?" he chuckled. "Here, here! Let me state my proposal: I agreed to hire you to work for me at a hundred gold a month, didn't I? And I said I'd give you something like three months' work, in which time you could earn enough to get back to the States. Now, you induce Martina to run away with you and I'll hand you three hundred dollars gold, which at the present rate of exchange will be a tidy sum in Mexican currency. I'll hand it to you just as soon as you're ready to leave."

I had started when I heard the expression, "Three hundred in gold." A few days before I had heard it in the mouths of Labo and Simon, when I had come upon them in their bargaining.

"I have it here," he went on, rising and going to a cupboard, out of which he took a bulging purse. "I left it there for you when I went away—Martina knew it was there. I was hoping you and she and the money would be gone when I returned. I'm disappointed, greatly disappointed. Now it will be an easy thing to accomplish; you can abandon her as soon as you get to the railroad, and go on home decently enough. And if she leaves me in such a manner she cannot, and, of course, she would not, come back to me. It is in this way I must get rid of her. She might become cantankerous, really dangerous if I ——"

"You—you brought me up here for this?" I shouted at him.

"Sure! And I thought I was doing you a favor!" And he lighted another cigarette.

The cold-blooded brutality of the fellow! I looked at him in amazement, finding it hard to believe that such a man could be discovered anywhere in the world.

"And—and your children ——"

"Let that go! Vermin needs no attention; it thrives any place! So, what do you say? It's a fair enough offer. You're in a bad fix. I'll see you out of it."

I stepped to the table and struck it with my fist. "Scrobe, you agreed to pay me a hundred a month to come here and work for you! I've been here one month! Pay me my salary for that month. Pay me now!"

"I'll make it four hundred! I'll make it five! Come now!"

"Pay me my month's salary!"

"Your month isn't up for three days yet—you know that! I'll pay you in three days—if at the end of that time you are still asking. But in the meantime I want you to consider this offer of mine—five hundred in gold! It will be easy money; it will take you home in style. Think it over."

I turned and strode out of the room and into the lean-to, where I hastily gathered together my belongings and packed my suitcase. Then I left Scrobe's house. I must get away from him, out of sight of him, beyond the reach of his voice!

But where to go? I could not leave Pichucalco, penniless, to travel through a strange country, the language of which I could not speak, where I could not hope to find Americans to whom I might appeal for assistance. I must have money before I could make a move! I would have to wait there those three days. With the hundred dollars I was to receive from Scrobe, if he kept his promise and paid it—and I would not permit myself to think of the possibility of his not paying—I could start. Start where? I didn't know, I didn't care, only let me get away from that place, away from those people there—Labo, Scrobe, Simon, his daughter! And away from the vicinity of that other man too—Puysegur! I wanted never to hear the name again.

At the north side of the clearing, not very far from Simon's hut, there was an empty hut. I recalled having seen an Indian family moving out of it the day before. I turned toward it; I would make it shelter me for those three days I must wait. No thought of going to Labo or Simon came to me; I wanted nothing more to do with anybody in the village.

I found the hut a dismal, dirty, bare place, infested with vermin, moldy, bad smelling, and I shuddered as I looked about it. But it would have to serve, and I set to work rigging up a sort of cot on which I could sleep, and I turned to and cleared out a portion of the accumulated refuse. When I had finished my task it was dark. I went to bed supperless.

The next morning when I rose and stepped outside I found an old Indian woman at work in the open with her primitive kitchen outfit, preparing a meal. What was she doing there, I managed to ask her. Scrobe had sent her—she was to cook for me—she was to stay there while I remained. And she had brought along a supply of food.

So Scrobe was going to look after my actual needs for those three days! Very well, let him. He had agreed to cover all my expenses while I was in his service. Whether I wished to or not I must accept this offer of his; I had no other recourse.

That afternoon he came to see me. He was very friendly in his manner, very genial, and he talked as if nothing had come between us. Only as he was turning to go away did he refer to yesterday's subject.

"Have you decided ——"

I turned my back to him and walked into the hut.

He came the next day, chatted carelessly of a number of unimportant things for several minutes, then went to the hated topic.

"I hope you have by this time come to your senses and decided to accept ——"

Again I turned and left him. I could not come to blows with the man; I could not afford to; I must have the money from him, the hundred dollars! But I wanted to fight him, I wanted to smash his ugly face with my fists, knock him down, trample him, kick him, make him yell for mercy; and then go. And had there been but a few, a very few dollars in my pocket, I should have done it. But I had not so much as a corroded *centavo*, so I walked away from him in humiliating silence.

To-morrow would be my last day, thank heaven! To-morrow evening I could leave! I would get an Indian or two and go to the next village, twenty kilometers north, and stay the next night there. And I went to bed that evening happier than I had been for many a day.

Near noon of the next day, chancing to look toward Simon's hut I saw signs there that told me something unusual had occurred. A score or more Indians, men and women of the village, crowded and milled about in front of the place. As I watched I saw Labo come out of the hut and send them scurrying. A minute or two later Scrobe came hurrying across the clearing. He joined Labo, and the two stood there talking together. I noticed them turn and look in my direction, and seeing me Scrobe raised his hand and beckoned. I went over to them.

"Pretty work! Pretty work here!" shouted Labo as I came up. "He's got her!"

"Got her? Who? What do you mean?" I asked.

"Puysegur—got the girl!"

"Not ——"

"Stole her—stole her and carried her off as an African gorilla steals and carries off a native woman—as I've read they do." It was Scrobe who had taken up the subject. Both men were greatly excited, Labo something more than Scrobe, I thought.

"Pretty work!" growled Labo again. "Listen there!"

A cry, a gasping choking cry came from inside the hut, followed by a shrilling out of the words, "He's got to be killed! I'll kill him!" It was Simon's voice.

"It will mean the end of the old sponge fast enough," said Scrobe, and I imagined I caught the sound of a chuckle as he spoke. "He thought a lot of the girl—in his way."

"Yes, he did—in his way," drawled Labo.

"But when did it happen?" I demanded. "How ——"

"Oh, last night sometime," replied Labo. "I was here talking to Simon until after dark—had a few games of cards with him. Puysegur came in the night—I don't know what time—and carried off the girl. It was easy. The old man was too deep in his customary drunken sleep to know anything about it, but he says Puysegur left a note lying on his table in there, telling him what he was going to do. There's cold-bloodedness for you, eh? He didn't let us see the note—I wish he had. He found it lying there when he woke up this morning late, and he sent the old woman after me. Pretty work! Listen to him! Shall we take a look at him?"

We went inside. I saw Simon sitting at the table, where I had a few days before sat with him, his white head buried in his hands. He was sobbing and moaning, muttering and mumbling. As we advanced toward him he raised tear-blurred eyes and looked at us.

"Carlotta! Carlotta!" he cried. "My daughter! Oh, my afflicted daughter!"

Might it all have been maudlin—his moans, his mutterings, his tears, his calling to his daughter? Perhaps—I do not know. At the moment such a thought could have found no lodgment in my brain; I saw only an old, white-haired man bowed down with

(Continued on Page 37)

GOODYEAR

Copyright 1921 by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

Actual photograph of Goodyear All Weather Tread Solid Tire in service after 6,000 miles of oilfield hauling for Prairie Oil & Gas Company, Ranger, Texas

IN HEAVY duty trucking you need a big, strong, resilient tire, one that grips the road, cushions the truck and the load, and gives the maximum of wear. You need the Goodyear All-Weather Tread Solid Tire. The tire is much thicker than the ordinary smooth-tread solid and so offers longer life. The tremendous tractive power of its All-Weather Tread design furnishes, in the 36 x 10 size, for example, 704 inches of sharp, gripping edges. Its height and its tread design make the Goodyear All-Weather Tread Solid much more resilient than a smooth surface tire and even springier than many so-called cushions. There is a Goodyear Tire for every hauling condition. Call upon your Goodyear Dealer to give you his unbiased judgment in selecting the right tires for you—Goodyear Cushion Tires, Goodyear Cord Truck Tires, or Goodyear All-Weather Tread Solids.

Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rug No. 380. Old-rose, blue, and brown tones on a tan background. In the 6x9 foot size the price is only $9.75.

"and then—he kissed me!"

"The month's bills had been pretty high, business wasn't any too good and Bob was worried. So when he came home one night and found a beautiful new rug in the living room, he naturally was a bit cross.

"'I admit we needed a rug badly but we couldn't afford it for months—particularly a beauty like this.'

"'But, Bob dear,' I hastened to explain, 'it cost only $9.75.'

"For a minute he just stared. And then—he kissed me!"

* * * *

You will be as amazed as this young husband at the economy of *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rugs. Though they reproduce the warm colorings and rich patterns of more expensive fabric rugs they cost only a fraction as much.

And they are such a boon to housewives in the matter of cleaning. Just a light mopping leaves the smooth, waterproof surface immaculate. Compare these few seconds with the tiresome labor of beating woven rugs!

Another advantage—a Congoleum Rug never curls up at the edges or wrinkles annoyingly around chair legs. It lies perfectly flat on the floor without fastening of any kind.

1½ x 3	feet	$ .60	6 x 9	feet	$ 9.75
3 x 3	feet	1.20	7½ x 9	feet	11.85
3 x 4½	feet	1.80	9 x 10½	feet	16.60
3 x 6	feet	2.40	9 x 12	feet	19.00

The rug illustrated is not made in sizes smaller than 6 x 9 feet. However, the smaller rugs can be had in other designs to harmonize with it.

Prices in the Far West average 15% higher than those quoted; in Canada prices average 25% higher. All prices subject to change without notice.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
INCORPORATED

Philadelphia New York Chicago San Francisco Cleveland Boston
Minneapolis Kansas City Dallas St. Louis Pittsburgh Atlanta Montreal

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM ART-RUGS

Look for this Gold Seal

Read this Gold-Seal Guarantee. It is pasted on the face of the goods. There is not a single bit of red tape connected with it. It means exactly what it says—if your *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rug or Floor-Covering does not give satisfaction, your money will be refunded without question. This Gold Seal identifies the one and only grade of Congoleum made.

(Continued from Page 34)

awful grief and dreadful despair; heard only an aged father calling for his lost daughter, his helpless, afflicted daughter, lost to him in a manner sickening to contemplate—carried off by a brute, a beast, a ghoul! I shuddered, I trembled, I grew hot with hatred for Puysegur, aflame with hatred for that man who had done this awful thing; for as I stood there I was seeing the girl as plainly as if she were before me—her slight fragile figure, her pale wan face, her great dark eyes, fear-choked and pathetic, her little helpless hands fluttering about her throat. And she it was, whom I there envisaged, the afflicted, the pitiable one, who had been carried off to a fate worse than death, to a fate that could not but be doubly dreadful to her who could make no murmur, send out no cry for help, loose no feminine scream of distress!

"He must be killed! Fetch him to me and let me kill him!"

"Soused to the limit! Soaked to the brim!"

I started at the words Scrobe had spoken, spoken I knew in a spirit of levity, and I turned and looked at him in disgust. Had the man no feelings? What infinite meanness must be his!

"And he's drained dry his bottle too," he went on. "I'll go get him a new supply; he'll have to have it. Wait here, you two."

He crossed the clearing to his hut. Labo and I stepped outside and sat down. There was silence between us for some time, then Labo said: "The old man is right—Puysegur must be killed for this!"

I returned no comment to his remark, and we sat without speaking until Scrobe came back with the liquor. He had brought the great demijohn, the one from which I had drawn a full flask for Simon a while ago. Labo laughed when he saw it.

"Pretty work!" he grunted.

"I'm tired of doling," said Scrobe with a grin, and he went into the hut, carrying the big jug.

A minute later he came out and sat down with us, and the two began to talk about the ugly affair.

I quickly perceived they had made their decision to hunt down Puysegur to his death before they had called me in. Scrobe had already started off a half dozen of his men to look for signs of Puysegur's flight, to find out in what direction he had gone. One of them had been sent to his plantation, to see if he was there, he told us.

"No use of our looking there; he'll avoid that place," said Labo.

"You're right, but we must make sure; we've got to get him," returned Scrobe. "We may have trouble picking up his trail—that rain this morning. But we'll get him sooner or later."

"It's a mob's job," said Labo, "but a mob of two is something new. Say, how do you feel about this affair?" He turned to me. "You're a stranger here, I know, and maybe you don't care to mix in our ——"

"The man deserves death!" I declared savagely.

"Sure! And we intend to see that he gets his deserts!" said Scrobe.

"But the law, the courts of justice; there must be means ——"

"Pretty work!" snorted Labo, interrupting me. "Pretty work, waiting for a court of justice in this country, or in any other country, to handle a case like this and handle it right! Don't you know there have been no regular court sessions in this section of the so-called republic for three years and more—since the revolution started? Crimes like this demand speedy punishment and severe punishment, and we're going to mob him, even if there are but two of us to do the job!"

"Join us and make it a mob of three!" invited Scrobe. "If there were other Americans within reach I'd go and ask every one of them to join us!"

"I'll go."

It was youth deciding again, hastily and without long thinking—youth revengeful, youth impetuous and precipitate, youth quixotic. A few years older, I should have hesitated, drawn back, demanded investigation, demanded proof positive that Puysegur had merited death. But I was young and immature, and I answered promptly, "I'll go!"

"Good! A mob of three! And we'll get him! It's a hideous thing he's done. I sicken, thinking of it! A pretty little thing like her! And so helpless, too—deaf and dumb! Think of it! We should have taken her to Coatzacoalcos and turned her over to the American consul there, the time we talked about doing that, shouldn't we?" And Scrobe turned to Labo.

"Of course we should! Why didn't we?"

The Indians came back late in the afternoon. They had discovered nothing, found no signs to indicate in what direction Puysegur had gone. Next morning at daybreak they were started out again, with additional men, but again they returned without results.

"He could hide away in a thousand places in these jungles where he could be found only by merest chance," Scrobe said to me. "These Indians know little about trailing—but more than Labo and I do. We'll find him!"

My month's end had passed but I had dropped all thought of leaving the place; I must stay to help punish Puysegur! Scrobe paid me my month's salary. He made no further mention to me of his ugly proposal. And I forgot much in those days; I forgot everything except the fact that I was to go on a man hunt, that I was to help put a man to death. But I would not go back to Scrobe's hut, though he asked me.

On the fourth day after the abduction came the Indian, Primo Morales, a former hand of Scrobe's, who had left his employer some months before and who had now come back to ask for his old job. Somewhere over to the south of us, on the Naranja River, he had seen Puysegur. He could guide us to the place and by a short route, a new route cut through the jungle; he could bring us to the spot in two days. He used many words, that Indian, and with much gesticulating and waving of his arms, and with much loud talk—little of which I could understand—he described the place where he had happened upon Puysegur, living in a hut on an old abandoned plantation. The girl? He knew nothing about the girl; he had seen no one but Puysegur. He could take us to him, straight to the spot through the untracked jungle; he was an expert guide, he boasted. We made ready to depart.

That night Simon died. I knew nothing about it until next morning when we were several kilometers out of Pichucalco, on our way to kill Puysegur. Scrobe told me.

"The demijohn proved too much for him, I suppose," he said with his evil little chuckle.

The voluble, boastful Primo was a better talker than he was a guide. The two days that were to bring us to the hiding place of Puysegur had apparently brought us nowhither; deeper and deeper into the unchanging jungle were we digging, without a sign, without a hint that would indicate the nearness of the stream we sought. Indeed we found evidence in the course of the arroyos and little creeks we were crossing that told us we were not traveling toward the river but were paralleling it.

"The fool is lost!" growled Scrobe as we made camp that evening of our second day out.

"Of course he is!" agreed Labo. "Tomorrow we must take hold ourselves and lay the course!"

"I think so too," returned Scrobe.

The next morning when the *mozos* started on their work with their machetes, hewing out the path for us, they swerved to the right, almost at right angles with the course of yesterday, with the guide protesting loudly and volubly; and all that day we proceeded at our snail's pace in the new direction taken.

The curse of the jungle was almost unbearable—the swarming millions of insects that rushed out upon us from the hot muggy depths of the black forest; the enervating, the exhausting, the killing heat that wore us down and down day and night; the sweetish nauseating taste of the air ever on our lips; the abominable stenches that were constantly assailing our nostrils; the slimy creeping things writhing about our feet. I marvel, as I recall those days in the jungle, that we did not turn and flee back along the track we had made.

And now Scrobe and Labo, as the time lengthened, had passed from good-humored disputing and blatant arguing to ugly bickering, to positive quarreling, to fault-finding, even to cursing each other, as men do when too great intimacy with their fellows becomes an irritant, a burden and a bore. Sometimes they would forget their differences and become disgustingly friendly, and sometimes they would turn upon me to concentrate their sarcasm, their exasperation, their wrath upon my head, laughing at me, sneering at me, taunting me, humiliating me in many ways. I endured it with what composure I could, though I would now and then let fly at them a verbal volley that was quite as effective as they gave, for I knew that men tortured as we were being tortured, harried and harassed by the hundred horrors of the jungle, until all our nerves had crawled to the outside of our bodies, were to be excused much.

And still were they two clashing, squabbling and wrangling over the manner in which Puysegur was to be done to death, Labo coiling and uncoiling the little flexible rope he carried, Scrobe flourishing his long-bladed knife and running his thumb along its keen edge; Labo shouting that Puysegur should be hung, Scrobe yelling that he should have his throat cut.

Sickened and disgusted by the savagery and brutishness of the two men, uncovered to me more and more in this steady lusting of theirs for barbarous cruelties and heathenish tortures, I was now withdrawing from their presence whenever opportunity offered. As we moved slowly forward on our march I would linger behind; when we halted to rest I would sit down in a place removed from them; when they would begin their shouted discussion of the subject with which they had become so insanely obsessed I would walk away from them and join the *mozos* ahead of us or go back and meet the carriers. I could have found the society of beasts preferable to the company of those two men in those periods.

Questions, questions, questions! My brain was crowded and jammed and in a constant turmoil with unanswerable questions. They came rushing at me every minute, every second, crying for answer—old questions, the ones that had assailed me at Pichucalco; new questions, provoked by the happenings there in the jungle. Sometimes I felt I must go insane, asking myself over and over the questions I could not answer.

What manner of men were these two fellows with whom I had allied myself in this man hunt? Both of them, I had early perceived in my association with them, were debasements, degenerated from better beings of better existences. In both of them I had now and then discovered faint vestiges of those virtues and excellences that mark men of superior breeding. Scrobe had once essayed to quote a line from Vergil to me, and the books I had uncovered in his hut were books that only a man of some education would have cared for, though they had long been unused, and were wet and moldy, with the leaves stuck together with mildew. In Labo I found fewer evidences that bespoke for him a higher life than that he now lived, but certain mannerisms, certain expressions he had let fall told me he had once known decency. What curse, what temptations, what physical or mental atony had dragged them down to this, to play at times the parts of such beasts that would have shamed the apes of their ancestors?

And what were their real relations, one with the other? To what extent were they friends, to what enemies? What was there back of Puysegur's crime that caused them to hate him with such savage hatred? Why this mad desire of theirs to do Puysegur to death in a manner hideous and revolting? I asked myself such questions. And I asked myself, too, what would happen after we had accomplished our mission over there on the Naranja? What would then become of me? Where should I go then? And—what would become of the girl?

The girl! Simon's daughter! I had forgotten too much when I had centered my whole attention on Puysegur's punishment. I had almost ceased to think about the girl. Now I was asking myself what would become of the girl. Her father was dead. Where would she go? What would we do with her? We? Rather what would they do with her—those two savages? And this was the question that now took and held first place in my mind.

Once as we sat resting after an hour of going, Scrobe turned to Labo: "I suppose we'll have to take the girl to Coatzacoalcos, won't we?"

"Of course; there's nothing else to do with her," Labo replied.

"Perhaps—perhaps I could escort her there as I go out," I suggested hesitatingly.

They stared at me in silence for several moments.

GRANITE
DOUBLE END
MEN'S
COAT LININGS

Specify
The Lining That
Saves Your Clothes

The rich lustre and attractive texture of Granite Double End never fail to make an impression upon the discriminating dresser.

But the outstanding feature of Granite Double End is its inimitable and exclusive construction—a construction which not alone insures the beauty and entirety of the lining—but which also extends the wear-service of the garment.

Granite Double End has a body and substance unknown to "single end" linings. That is why a coat lined with Granite Double End requires only half the number of pressings needed by a garment lined with "single end" fabrics. Thus, by selecting Granite Double End you save in three ways: (1) In freedom from lining repairs during the life of the suit. (2) In fewer trips of your clothes to the tailor shop. (3) In the longer service yielded by clothes that are not constantly subjected to the weave-destroying effect of the hot iron.

Your clothier will show you new-season models lined with Granite Double End in fancy stripes, solid colors and two-tone effects. Specify Granite Double End and look for this label in your lining. It is your guarantee.

THE GUARANTEE

This garment is lined with Granite Double End (Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.) made by Lesher, Whitman & Co., Inc., and we hereby guarantee that if the lining is not perfectly whole during the life of the garment, we will furnish material for a new lining without charge.

LESHER MOHAIRS

LESHER, WHITMAN & CO., INC.
881 Broadway, New York

"That Well-Dressed Look"

For so many occasions

WOOLTEX
KNOCKABOUTS
$25-$38-$45

Both suits and coats of tweeds, homespuns and Wooltex Sport-spuns. They're smartly cut and well tailored Sold in your city or by *the* H. Black Co., *Cleveland and New York*

Wooltex
Tailor-mades
Unexcelled - in Style in Quality - in *true* Value
$48-$55-$68-$75

"Good idea!" said Scrobe.

"Fine!" grunted Labo.

They made no further reference to that subject.

As I continued to observe them I became convinced that there was deep-rooted hatred between the two men, that there was positive enmity in their hearts, murdering enmity. They mistrusted each other; they suspected each other of something, I knew not what. Each feared the other; I divined it in their looks, perceived it in their actions, discerned it in their talk. Sooner or later there would be a clash, final and determining. It would come, I told myself, after we had finished with Puysegur, not before.

In the afternoon of that third day we were crossing a deep water-filled arroyo when Scrobe, missing his footing on the log we were using as a bridge, fell, and the high-power rifle he was carrying dropped into the stream.

For more than an hour we worked trying to recover it, the Indians diving after it in the black, thick water of the stagnant stream, but it was not found; it had sunk deep into the muck and ooze.

I saw pronounced fear looking out of Scrobe's ferretlike eyes as we gave up the search, but it was there but for a moment, when he seemed to recover himself. He had now only his knife for a weapon Labo was carrying a large-caliber automatic revolver. I had a small pistol that was practically worthless, for it had been lying neglected in my suitcase, and rust had taken it in every part. And for ammunition I had but the five shots that were in its magazine.

"Pretty work!" growled Labo. "Now we have this, and this." He touched his automatic and shook his coil of rope. "A knife and our friend's popgun with which to go hunting for a man who is as big as two of us, as strong as all three of us, and who is doubtless as desperate as are all men who do the sort of thing he has done! Why, why, in the name of heaven, do you go losing your rifle at a time like this? Well, what shall we do now—go back?"

He showed signs of wrath as he talked, but I fancied it was wrath simulated, for had I not caught sight of the ghost of a grin playing over his fat lips when Scrobe had stumbled and the rifle went splashing out of sight in the water?

"Go back?" echoed Scrobe. "Not a bit of it! We'll finish the job! You have an automatic; let me carry that now. I'll get the drop on him and you can tie him up."

"Not a bad plan at all, but I'll carry the gun until we actually have need for it," returned Labo.

"Just as you like," said Scrobe, and we resumed our march.

That night the automatic disappeared.

Scrobe and I had risen ahead of Labo and were washing our hands and faces at the pool of water near which we had camped. Suddenly Labo came bursting out from beneath his little cloth cage of mosquito netting, yelling at us, every other word he spoke an oath.

His revolver was gone, he roared—stolen from his *pabellón!* He had taken it from its holster and laid it down upon the ground beside him when he had gone to bed, and now it was gone! How could it have happened? How could anyone have reached in beneath the netting without awakening him?

"An unavoidable accident lost us the rifle, but carelessness, nothing but carelessness, has deprived us of the revolver," said Scrobe, mumbling the words from behind the dirty rag he was using in lieu of a towel to dry his face. And as he mumbled I thought I heard that faint chuckle of his.

"Well, it isn't far from here. It's certain that one of you two has it—or one of the *mozos!*" snarled Labo.

"Right! Unless a monkey slipped in and took it or unless you hid it while wandering in your sleep—don't overlook those two possibilities," drawled Scrobe. "But search us, look us over thoroughly. Look over our heavy baggage too! It's all right with you to be searched, isn't it?" he asked, turning to me.

I replied that it was.

"Oh, I don't expect to find it in your possession," said Labo, but he stood there watching us closely as we turned out our pockets, opened our shirt fronts, and drew tight about our limbs and hips the cloth of our trousers to show that the weapon could not be concealed anywhere about our bodies. We then pulled down our *pabellons*, the little cloth cages of mosquito netting beneath which we always slept, and shook them out. Other possible hiding places there were none.

Labo swore viciously. "One of the *mozos* has it, but we'll never get it; it's stuck away in the bushes somewhere. I'd like to tie them up, every one of them, and whip a confession out of the fellow that took it! That Primo—there's the thief! I'd take him on first! A month or two from now he'll dig his way back here to get it; and a fine piece of rust he'll find it! Well, let's go up and look them over."

We went forward to the camp of the Indians, who were then at their breakfast. Labo stood them up in line and searched each one, cursing them and knocking them about unnecessarily in the process.

"I knew it!" he roared. "I knew it! Lick it out of them; that's the only way we'll get it back!"

"And now we're down to a knife, a rope and a pea shooter," laughed Scrobe. "Let me look at that terrible weapon of yours," he said to me.

I handed him my diminutive revolver. He took it and grinned over it as he examined it. He cocked it, aimed at a tree and pulled the trigger. It missed fire. He tried again, and this time there followed the falling of the trigger a sound not much louder than that of an exploding firecracker. He handed the little weapon back to me.

"Here—keep it—take good care of it, and don't get hurt with it! Don't try it on anything bigger than a parrot!" He was sneering at me as he talked. "So we're down to a knife and a rope—the pea shooter can't be relied on! What now—shall we turn back?"

"No! I say go on, if for nothing more than to reconnoiter," replied Labo. "If the Indian can bring us to the place let him do it; then we can come back again as soon as we have reëquipped. And something might happen, you know; we might come upon him unexpectedly and take him in, unarmed as we are. Let me get just one throw at him in a little open space and he's mine!"

In the early days of our acquaintanceship Labo had told me that he had once ridden the range in the Southwest, and two or three times he had displayed before me his skill with the lasso. When he spoke of a throw in a little open space I knew he was referring to the lasso, into which, the day before, he had converted the rope he was carrying.

"I'm willing to go ahead and try to locate the spot," he went on, "but I don't think that Indian up there will ever find it. He's lost! Let's get him back here before they start to work, and tell him he must do something, and do it quickly!"

The man came hurrying back at their call. They questioned him; he began waving his arms, gesticulating, grimacing, pointing this way and that—the Naranja was here, it was there, it curved about in this direction, it turned in that. Leave him alone and he would bring us to it, he would show us the river by noon of that day! With a warning from both the men that he would find himself in trouble if we did not see the Naranja by noon, he was sent back to the front.

Noon came and there was no change in the appearance of the country through which we were passing; there were no signs indicating that we were approaching a stream. Then I was made witness to an exhibition of savagery and brutality that chills my blood yet to-day as I think of it.

I had dropped behind the two men to be free from their company. Looking ahead I saw them standing conversing together. They moved closer to the working gang of *mozos*, and I heard Labo calling to Primo to come to him. Scrobe stepped out of sight among the bushes at the side of the trail.

The big Indian struck the blade of his machete into the trunk of a tree, paused for a moment to say something to his companions, then came walking back. When he was within a few feet of Labo I saw Scrobe come from the bushes. He was carrying a bundle of long switches which he had just cut.

The *mozo* stopped in his tracks, stared for a moment, then turned and started to run back toward the other Indians, who had dropped their work and were watching.

Labo had been expecting this move, I suppose, for he was holding his rope coiled and ready for throwing. At the spot where he stood the forest growth was thin and sparse, and he had before him the little open space of which he had spoken that morning. I saw the ring of rope go flying through the air and fall over the head and neck and shoulders of the running Indian. He was jerked from his feet, fell tumbling backward, and went sprawling among the stubble of the newly cut bush.

He began fighting and struggling to free himself from the binding rope, but Labo was quickly upon him and with dexterous casts and loopings of his lasso he tied him up in a minute, as he might have tied a thrown steer on the range, making me think, as I watched him at his work, of a great black spider casting its strands of web about the legs and wings of some insect caught in its net.

Scrobe went running up, laughing, and in another minute they had triced the man up to a tree, stripped down the thin cotton garments he was wearing, and were laying on their victim with the long slender whips, lashing him upon his bare back, swinging in their blows with all their strength, with their hands gripping the butts of their limber switches, striking alternately, laughing, cursing, yelling, acting as drunken demons might act.

Though distant from them several rods I could plainly hear the swishing, whining sound of the switches cutting through the air, for they were lithe and limber and long, and I could hear them smacking down upon the back of the tied man, who howled and screamed out his agony. Horrified and sickened by the sight and sounds, with hot and searing anger surging up within me, I rushed forward to protest, to cry out against the brutal, inhuman thing I was witnessing, to beg for mercy for the unfortunate *mozo*. As men bereft of reason the whippers turned upon me, rushed at me, cursing me, threatening me with their whips, promising me the same flogging they were administering to the Indian if I interfered with them by speaking so much as another word. I was frightened; my courage, born a moment before of righteous anger, died suddenly, and trembling I turned and walked hurriedly back along the trail. And behind me as I went came sounds that told me the punishment of the unfortunate *mozo* had been renewed. I heard the smack, smack, smack of the whips, the yelling and laughing and cursing of the two planters, the howling and the shrieking of their victim.

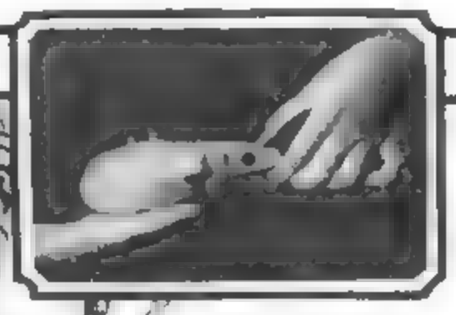
Finally, out of sight and out of sound of it all, I sat down to take counsel with myself, to consider and study the wretched predicament in which I found myself. What was I to do? For I could not go on longer with these two human fiends, these two loosed demons! What I had seen and what I had heard, together with their threats against me, had left me terrified and shaken. I was afraid of them, and I could go on no farther! But could I go back—alone? Did I dare try to find my way through the jungle to Pichucalco, where I could make my start for the railroad to the north? I might be able to follow the new-cut trail where the forest was thick, but where it thinned out and the bush was short, where the machete had not been used at all—what would I have to guide me over those spaces? Or in some of the swales and hollows we had crossed, where in our haste to get along we had pushed aside the great plant stalks and fern fronds and crowded our way between them, letting them close into place again behind us—how quickly would I become lost there!

I could not hope to induce one of the carriers to return with me and guide me out of the jungle, even if there was one of them able to do it, which I doubted. They were all simple-minded fellows, practically slaves of Scrobe and Labo, owned by them, according to law, for debt, and they knew and feared the law of peonage: they must serve their masters until the last *centavo* of their debts had been paid. Should I force one of them to accompany me he would desert me at first opportunity and return to his companions.

I was caught, I was held in the trap into which I had stepped, I must go on with Scrobe and Labo! There was nothing else I could do!

Full realization of this helplessness of mine numbed me with dread and apprehension for a while, but after I had accepted the inevitableness of the necessity before me I found myself doubting whether I should indeed have gone back, could I have done so. Ought I not to go on and see the thing through to its end? For there was the girl, the helpless, the afflicted girl, the victim of Puysegur, held somewhere over there on the Naranja, which we must soon find! And the more the vileness and

(Continued on Page 40)

These are the only Shoes made  *upon the Brown Shaping Lasts*

THE BROWN SHAPING LASTS follow Nature's lines of grace and beauty. They are designed to insure the natural development of the bones and muscles of the feet, when encased in shoes.

They provide for the free and unhampered action of each bone and muscle for every size and every age from 2 to 16 years.

They insure the correct support of the feet at ball, arch, heel and ankle. They prevent corns, bunions, twisted toes, broken arches and weak ankles.

BUSTER BROWN SHOES

EVERY boy and girl—between the ages of 2 and 16—should wear Buster Brown Shoes. These shoes are designed and made to keep the growing feet shapely—to make them strong and sturdy—to prevent future foot troubles and consequent suffering.

Buster Brown Shoes are easy, comfortable shoes—because they fit perfectly at every point—due to the exactness with which the Brown Shaping Lasts are made.

Buster Brown Shoes are built for health and for service. They are made by the Goodyear Welt process, from best quality leathers by expert shoemakers—and outwear ordinary shoes.

Good stores everywhere sell Buster Brown Shoes—with separate lasts for boys and separate lasts for girls—at $3, $4, $5 and up, according to size and style.

Parents should write for the book, "Training the Growing Feet," and learn from it why the utmost care must be used in selecting the child's shoes.

Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis, U. S. A., Manufacturers of Brownbilt Shoes—Burton Brown Shoes for Men, Barbara Brown Shoes for Women, and Buster Brown Shoes for Boys and for Girls.

Style No. K372
Boys' Mahogany Calf Shoes

Manufactured exclusively by the Brown Shoe Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.

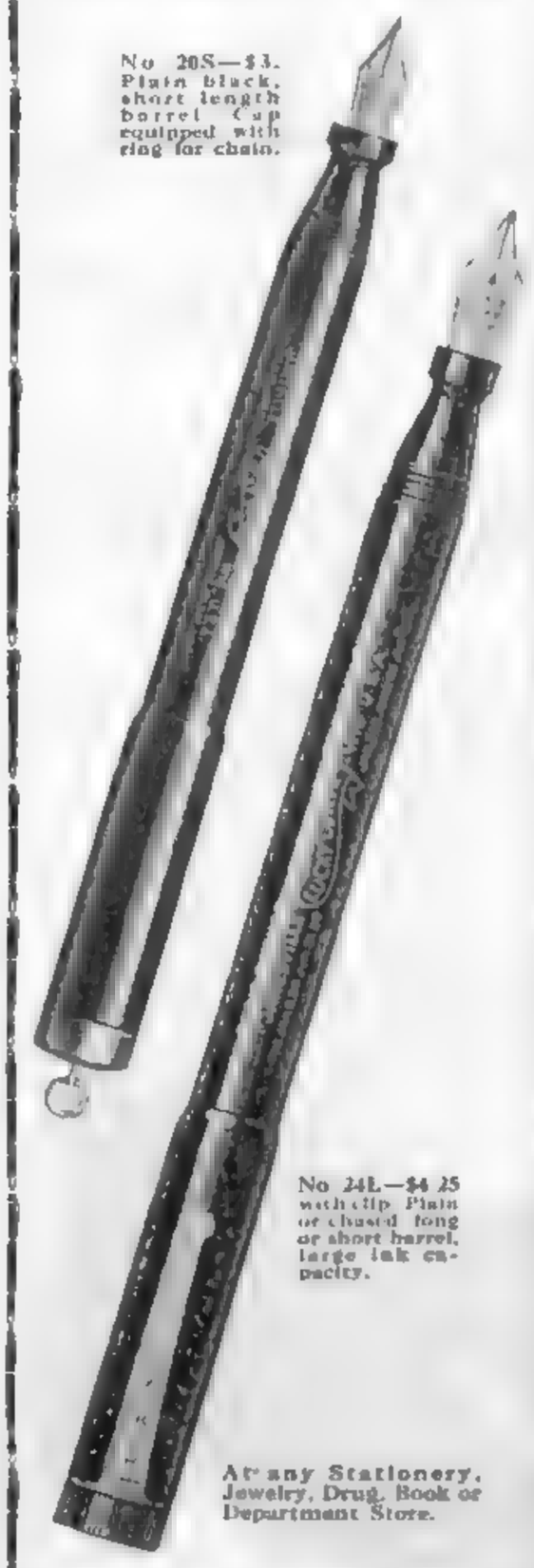
Let a Parker be your Schoolmate

You'll never have a closer friend through all your school years than one of these Parkers. Their willingness to take your notes and write your letters—and do it cleanly—is a regular Parker Pen habit.

It's a great big help to have a fountain pen fulfill your personal, perhaps peculiar, writing requirements perfectly. The painstaking care and skill exercised in making each Parker gold point means a standard Parker Pen to suit your style of writing—exactly.

PARKER
LUCKY CURVE
SAFETY-SEALED
Fountain Pens

No 20S—$3. Plain black, short length barrel. Cap equipped with ring for chain.



No 24L—$4.25 with clip. Plain or chased long or short barrel, large ink capacity.

At any Stationery, Jewelry, Drug, Book or Department Store.

The Parker Pen Company
Janesville, Wisconsin (59)
New York Chicago Spokane
San Francisco

(Continued from Page 38)

depravity of my two companions were revealed to me the more my thoughts kept turning to her. Puysegur had her now; if Puysegur should be killed, then these two villains would have her; they would have her and ——

I leaped to my feet, trembling, chilling with horror, aghast at the thought that had in that instant struck through my lethargic, my stupid, my uncomprehending mind! Why, these wretches here with me, each wanted the daughter of Simon for himself! They were going to the Naranja to get her—each for himself! Working together for the same end, each for himself! Working together to kill Puysegur, each fearing to undertake the job alone, and then—then the clash, the determining clash. And she would go to one or the other of them! Working together and using me as their tool, me the immature, the brainless one, the fool—me, youth!

Why had I not seen before, why had I not understood before? That web of mystery that was weaving about me all the while—why should I have found it so difficult to break through? Plain enough now was the reason for the Spanish woman's fury and upheaval of passion at the sight of Simon's daughter—she had seen Scrobe—her man and no other woman's—casting eyes of desire upon the girl! Scrobe had told me he had brought me to his plantation, hoping I would fall in love with Martina Vasquez, carry her away, and so rid him of her. Blind young fool that I was, I had not seen in his ugly plan anything more than he had stated—that he was tired of the woman. Now I comprehended all! He was afraid of her, afraid to cast her off, to drive her away from him, knowing she would try to kill him. No doubt she had told him she would do that. And so he had brought me there! He had seen me, youthful, well-dressed, of attractive appearance; Martina Vasquez was young and, as he had said to me that day, divinely beautiful. What more natural, he had thought, than for us to become infatuated, one with the other, and disappear? Then he could take Simon's daughter! He had thrown us together; he had even arranged for our going, leaving money I could steal!

I writhed with the torture of the load of shame and humiliation that descended upon me as I stood there alone in the depths of the jungle, with the light of understanding beginning to break in upon my confused and wondering and inefficient brain; as I stood there looking at myself stripped to my naked helplessness!

Scrobe wanted the deaf and dumb girl! Labo wanted her. I knew it now! Puysegur had wanted her, and he had taken her; he had moved first! And now they were on their way to kill Puysegur, with me to assist them; and then—I wondered what was in their minds, what plans they had evolved, each for himself; just how they intended to make use of me; what they would do with me, once they were through with me; how much they knew or suspected of each other's intentions. But I conjectured nothing—I could not!

Each feared the other—I knew that—but in what degree? Fear had looked out of Scrobe's eyes when he had lost his rifle, and Labo had been unable to conceal his satisfaction; Labo had gone wild with rage when he found his revolver gone, and Scrobe had chuckled! What would happen, once they had killed Puysegur?

I must go on with them, but I would not go on with them to help kill Puysegur; I would now as willingly have helped Puysegur kill them. It mattered not now with which side I was allied! I would go on with them to the end, hoping that in some way I could rescue the girl. She was afraid of me, I remembered, but now I was asking myself if that fear came not from the fact that she saw me an associate of these two whose evil designs she had divined, and as she feared them so she feared me. She was afraid of me, but if I could let her know the truth—if I could separate myself from these two after we had located the hut where she was being held, creep up to it, find her and speak to her—but she was deaf! How could I communicate with her, how make her understand at such a critical moment, as it would surely be, that I was there to help her escape, that I was not allied with this pair of wretches? Here was a difficulty confronting me already, apparently insurmountable as I considered it. But I would find a way! I would go on with Scrobe and Labo, stay with them, work with them, camouflage my feelings, hide from them this new knowledge I had acquired, deceive them, and hope that fate would be kind to me and to the girl.

I turned about and went forward to overtake my companions. I came to the place of the flogging. The big Indian was lying on the ground where he had fallen when the rope binding him had been removed; lying there unconscious, his face in the mold, with his back and shoulders cut to scarlet ribbons. They had used up many whips, those two fiends; I saw the stubs and broken pieces. Ten thousand gorging flies and insects were already swarming over him, and another legion came crowding up as I stood there, gazing in horror. I stooped down and put my canteen to his mouth, but the water leaked from his lifeless lips and dribbled away over his chin. I brought his machete from the tree where I had seen him strike it in when Labo had called him, and with it set to work cutting down new plant shoots and small bushes and young fern fronds, which I piled about him thickly, building a little leafy house of green about him. Then I went on; I had done what I could.

I never saw him again. Did he die there, devoured in his unconscious state by flies and insects and creeping things of the jungle? *Quien sabe?*

But now must we all, indeed, turn back, I reflected as I moved on; we were without a guide, and we could not expect to find Puysegur's hiding place without assistance, unless we should by mere chance stumble upon it. I thought to find Scrobe and Labo decided as to this, and making ready for the return.

But they were still going on; they had been making rapid progress in that last hour, and I had walked a long distance before I saw them ahead of me. Labo was close behind the *mozos*, who were cutting and slashing with their machetes in scared haste, frightened by what they had witnessed back there, urged on by the curses and threats of the driver near them. Scrobe was sitting on a log, smoking a cigarette, when I came up.

"We had begun to think you had left us for good," he drawled. "But you can't always do what you'd like to do when you're in the tropics, you know. It's something here as it must be in the Arctic regions—human companionship is very essential; you can't get anywhere alone."

I made no response, busying myself with retying my shoe laces.

"That business back there," he went on, indicating with a toss of his hand the path we had come, "may seem a trifle rough to you who are not used to the ways of the country, but such things have to be, now and then."

I listened to his words with loathing in my heart for him, and remained silent.

After a while I ventured, "Are you going on without a guide?"

"Sure! Primo was no good anyway. We lost nothing, losing him," he replied.

A few minutes later Labo came back and joined us.

"I really believe we are approaching the river," he said, dropping down upon the log beside Scrobe. "The ground is beginning to dip sharply. If we could only see ahead farther than our noses—but we can't."

We smoked and perspired and slapped at the mosquitoes and flies and tiny insects that were tormenting us with their usual persistency and voraciousness. None of us spoke for some time. Then Scrobe broke the silence.

"What's wrong up yonder?" he asked, rising to his feet and looking ahead.

The Indians had stopped their work and were standing with their machetes laid over their shoulders, listening intently, it seemed to me as I watched them, to some noise over in the jungle to the right of them.

Labo yelled a question, asking what was the matter, but their shouted reply was not understood. We walked forward a little way, then stopped, for we, too, heard something over there in the jungle to the right of us.

It was that time of the day when the sounds of the tropical forest were fewest, when the birds were quiet, and the crying of other forms of animal life was stilled, but now we heard a bedlamish squawking of parrots, a frightened chirping and crying of other feathered flyers, while a drove of monkeys set up such an unearthly screaming and screeching as I had not heard from the animals before. Something was coming through the jungle, over there to the right of us, disturbing its denizens in their haunts and homes! Something was coming through the jungle in our direction, driving all living things before it, for now there was a great fluttering and beating of wings among the trees and low-growing bushes to our right, and then a great flock of the smaller birds of the forest came breaking out from the dense growth, to cross our trail ahead and disappear in the other side; little ratlike animals appeared suddenly before us, scurrying across the cleared path, followed by a horde of snakes and lizards and toads, and every kind of creeping, crawling thing, all rushing panic-stricken away from that something that was coming through the jungle.

Cold chills began running up and down my spine, and I broke out in clammy sweat as I stood there waiting for the coming of that mysterious thing from the jungle. I looked at the two men beside me. Their faces showed no signs that they were at all disturbed; just at that moment they were both calmly lighting cigarettes. I looked toward the Indians ahead of us. They were coming down the trail, hurrying, and I saw one and another of them stoop to slap his bare ankles or to clutch the cloth of his white cotton pantaloons and twist it and rub it over his legs.

"Ants!" said Labo in his expressionless voice. "We'd better be getting out of here. The stream may be a wide one."

I scarcely heard him; I was listening to a new and strange sound that had, all unnoticed, crept into and filled my ears. The cries of the birds, the chattering and screaming of the monkeys, the squeaking noises of the little animals running along the ground had passed on and were growing fainter and fainter; but now from out the depths from which they had fled floated a sound indescribable; a sound as of swishing garments of silk, steady and unbroken; a sound as of the beating of blizzard dust on winter window panes; a sound as of the gentle rubbing together of sheets of sandpaper of enormous size, a weird, an uncanny, a ghostly sound.

Suddenly the ground in front of me and on either side of me began moving before my staring eyes, moving with a swimming, gliding motion, ripplingly floating away, it seemed, and its color had gone from mottled green to dusky brown. Then I saw them—the ants! They were everywhere, covering the earth, covering the choppings of the *mozos'* machetes, covering my shoes, swarming up my leggings—great black and brown fellows, big mandibled, fat bellied, stilt legged.

"Get out of there, you fool!"

It was Labo shouting at me. The Indians had passed us, and Labo and Scrobe had left me standing there. I had not noticed their going. At the call I turned and walked rapidly toward them, wading through the black, shallow, crawling waves. I felt a stinging on my hand and looked to see a huge ant setting his jaws into my flesh; another nipped my ear; others were on my neck biting savagely. I brushed them off and broke into a run.

"Haven't you enough sense to get out of the path of army ants?" demanded Scrobe in a tone of disgust, as I came up to them.

"I didn't know there were such things as army ants," I replied. "Are they so dangerous? If they are will we be safe here?"

"Safe enough here, but walk forward fifteen or twenty feet, well into the stream, and they'll uncover your skeleton for you fast enough."

I went forward cautiously, watching the ground at my feet lest I go too far, and came to the well-defined, well-ordered left flank of the marching army. I stood gazing at its hurrying millions, fascinated, awed, scared by the sight of that flowing, rippling stream of brown and black life. And again was that indescribable sound in my ears, stronger now—the ghostly patter of trillions of tiny feet, stepping on leaf and limb and grass blade and bark and stone and mold. Into my mind as I hearkened to its steady murmur came strangely the allusion of the old Biblical writer to "a sound of going in the mulberry trees," and I wondered if the sound the ancient prophet had heard, that had occasioned the making of that line, was not similar to the sound that was then flooding my ears as I stood there listening to the ghostly patter of those tripping trillions of tiny feet marching through the jungle.

Scrobe had told me they would strip the flesh from my bones. Would they, indeed;

(Continued on Page 43)

"Here's your *permanent* remedy"

"Here's a way to get rid of this carbon and dirty plug business and a dozen other troubles once and for all. Install leakless piston rings."

A good mechanic knows that makeshift repairs patch up your engine for a time, but the same troubles will occur again. Car owners do well to take the mechanic's advice when he says, "Here's your permanent remedy! Put in these leakless American Hammered Piston Rings."

It is certainly cheaper to put in good rings now—to have your car *in shape*, and avoid the minor troubles and continuous expense of patching up a motor that has leaky piston rings. It is the sensible thing to put in leakless rings. *Do it today!*

American Hammered Piston Rings are leakless and they stay leakless. Fifty-nine leading automotive manufacturers install them as factory equipment. Owners in every section of the country testify to the saving in fuel and the added power which American Hammered Piston Rings afford.

Whatever your car, you can get them from your dealer or garageman.

AMERICAN HAMMERED PISTON RING COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

Export Dept., 461 Eighth Avenue, New York, U. S. A.

American Hammered Piston Rings

Put smiles in your smokes!

Get a Pipe!
Get some P. A.!
---*and* GET YOURS!

It's certainly going to be a twenty-four-hour schedule on smokes for yours, hereafter—starting on the next click of the clock! For you'll agree that if you'd all the while known what you've been passing up in joy—*why*—you bet your sweet life you'd have hopped to Prince Albert—*and a jimmy pipe*—quite a spell ago! Yes sir, you'd have speeded like you had just heard the din of the glad-chow-gong when your eatsmeter registered 9 x 12 in the shade!

Leave it to Prince Albert to spread you its smoke story in the first inning! Why—give P. A. an inch of a chance and it'll win a mile of your favor! Can't help it! *Quality assures that!* And, you'll get the news—*quick*—that P. A.'s flavor is *exactly your personal hankering;* that it hits the spot like that spot never was hit before; that P. A.'s fragrance and coolness slips one over the fence on every fire up; that you can bat it out with P. A. and a pipe without bite or parch!! (Both are cut out by our exclusive patented process.)

Between all of us, you couldn't spill the Prince Albert story in a 50-gallon tank—and get half of it in! So we'll just say: *get a friendly old pal jimmy pipe*—and lay some of that Prince Albert smoking right flush up against that fussy taste of yours! *Man*-o-MAN!!!

Toppy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tin humidors—and—that clever, practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

(Continued from Page 40)

or did he speak jestingly? It did not seem possible they could be so terrible as he had said, but there was the sting of that one's just-beginning bite on my hand, where yet I could see two tiny specks of red; and all living things were fleeing before them in panic rout, with even the high-flying, high-nesting birds, safe enough from the menace below them, flying away before their coming, driven it must be by deep instinctive fear. Scrobe was right, no doubt; he would know, knowing the jungle and its ways.

My eye caught sight of a dried piece of *tortilla* lying in the path a few feet outside the road of the marching army, tossed there by one of the *mozos*, the leaving of his lunch that day. I picked it up and threw it among the ants. Hardly had it touched the ground before it was buried beneath a squirming mass of brown and black, and an instant later I was watching it walking away in tiny bits. Then a large green lizard, aged or sick or perhaps injured, came crawling through the bushes into my sight, swarmed over with the gnawing, chewing insects. I beheld its very flesh melting away, as it were, saw it flayed of its green skin, watched it pared down and down until I turned my eyes.

I thought of the flogged Indian lying helpless and unconscious back yonder in the trail, beneath the little house of green I had built over him. What if this marching army of frightfulness had passed that way! I shuddered and left the flowing stream of ants, walked back to the two planters and sat down near them.

I do not know how long I had stood watching, entranced, the running millions, but as we rose to go on again, after an Indian had reported the trail clear, I heard Scrobe growling to Labo about another two hours lost. The *mozos* returned to their chopping, with Labo keeping close behind them to lay the course for them and to curse and harry them into greater haste. Scrobe and I loafed slowly along a little way in the rear.

An hour passed, and the greater portion of another, and then we heard a cry from the foremost Indians.

"*El rio! El rio!*" they all began shouting, paying no heed to Labo's savage commands to keep silent.

We ran forward, broke through the cane growths and fern thickets, following close on the heels of the excited, uncontrollable Indians, and in a few minutes we were looking out over the sluggish dirty waters of the Naranja.

In a second the Indians had stripped off their garments of thin cotton and plunged into the stream, where they floundered about through the stagnant waters in luxurious bliss, as hogs in mucky wallows.

Labo proposed our following their example, but Scrobe said no, it was getting late in the day; we must try to find out just where we were on the river. And he set to work getting the bathers back on shore.

There was an old trail running along the river's edge, thick with heavy plant growth and choked with low-standing bush, but quickly made passable by a little work with the knives, and following it we moved rapidly down stream for four or five kilometers. Then Labo and Scrobe discovered certain landmarks corresponding to some described to them by the Indian, Primo, and they stopped to confer—but apart from me.

When they had finished their talk one of the carriers was sent for and he came up to us, a young man with a face of more than ordinary intelligence for the class of *mozos* we had with us, and I saw Labo and Scrobe talking to him earnestly, giving him directions and instructions, as I supposed. He heard them through, nodded his head and walked away, disappearing down the old trail we had been coming along.

"We've sent him on ahead to do a little scouting work and to see what he can discover," Labo said to me. "We're not altogether certain that Primo wasn't lying to us all the while about the whole business."

It was dusk when the Indian returned. He had found the place he had been sent to look for, he reported, and it was just as Primo had reported it. He had passed completely about the hut, which stood in a small clearing from which Puysegur had cut the new growth, and he had caught a glimpse of the woman; he had recognized her as the one he had often seen at Pichucalco. But he had seen nothing of Puysegur, and he had not lingered long about the place; he was afraid.

"Well, we've found him, anyway," said Scrobe. "But we cannot expect to accomplish anything now. We cannot go bursting in upon him without weapons, even if we are three against one."

"We can make the trip to Pichucalco, get guns and be back here in four days, can't we?" asked Labo.

"Easily enough; we have a good open trail almost all the way, and we can move rapidly along, going and coming."

"Then the thing to do, as I see it, is to make our camp here for to-night and start early to-morrow morning. There is no use of our losing time even to spy on him now, unarmed as we are; it would only mean a delay, a useless delay. We may not find him here four days from now."

"You are quite right, Labo. We'll get off from here by daybreak. You're still inclined to see this thing through with us, aren't you?" Scrobe turned to me as he asked the question.

"Why, certainly! The man deserves death!" I replied promptly.

"Good! I thought so—thought you were that kind! This trip of ours through the woods tried us all; none of us displayed angelic tempers and dispositions at times, but I felt certain that you would not hold any grudge against either of us for any unpleasantness that has occurred among us, and I'm glad to learn that you have not. We'll go back to Pichucalco and equip ourselves again, and this time we'll use better judgment, and I'll see that you carry with you something more efficient than a pea shooter such as that you now have, eh? But I'm tired enough to take a rest. It has been a long, hard day!"

Both of them stretched themselves out on the ground, lighted cigarettes, and fell to talking about rubber culture. I walked away from them a few paces and sat down alone. I had told them I was ready to stay with them, to return with them to Pichucalco for new weapons, and to come back with them to help kill Puysegur. Nothing could have been further from my real intentions.

I was about to break with them. To-morrow morning before dawn, before either of them had awakened, I would leave them and strike out alone. Down the river, less than a kilometer distant, was the girl they sought—the helpless, the pitiable, the afflicted one, held by the beastly Puysegur. I would quit these two fiends while they slept, and go down there and do what I could to rescue her. I would risk much, I would take great chances, I would kill Puysegur, if I must! And I would kill Scrobe and I would kill Labo, if I must! But—kill! With what? The absurdity, the quixotism of my resolve!

The diminutive revolver with its four uncertain shots in its rusty magazine lay in my pocket, a thing of ridicule—and that was my means for killing Puysegur, if I must; and Scrobe and Labo, if I must! And should I not expect to be compelled to defend myself against those three if luck went not with me in my adventure? The moment Scrobe and Labo discovered I had left them I would become their hunted prey; and should Puysegur catch sight of me near his hut he would strike me down as quickly as he would strike down both of these men, for he knew I had been associated with them! A few moments before, Scrobe had spoken of the division as three against one. Yes, three against one, but not as he disposed the four, for when I quit these two companions of mine to-morrow morning I would be the one against three! And for my protection, for the task ahead of me, I had that toy pistol! What could I do? What should I do? Nothing but go on and trust to chance!

I put up my little cage of mosquito netting on its four sticks, placing it between those of Scrobe and Labo, as I had been doing every night—they had always seen to it that I was between them—and crawled beneath it early. But not to sleep; I was determined that I should not sleep that night. I could not trust my subconscious self to stand watch over me to awaken me at that early hour when I must creep out and away; myself, my conscious self must watch.

And hour after hour I lay there in the hot heavy darkness; listening to the mysterious nocturnal sounds of the jungle, trying to measure the minutes by my pulse beats, fighting against the onslaughts of slumber, battling against the creeping lethargy of sleep. But to no avail. I was weary, worn, exhausted; all my body cried out for rest, and with the repeated and rerepeated words on my lips, "I must not close my eyes! I must not close my eyes!" I closed my eyes.

I woke with a start, found myself, remembered, and hurriedly raised the side curtain of my *pabellón* and peeped out. It was the edge of day. A faint dim light was sifting down through the thick-leaved branches of the trees beneath which we had camped, and that profound silence that follows the stilling of the night's noises of the jungle and just precedes the breaking out of the day's din enveloped the world. I should have been away before this moment; I had not waked on time!

I was cautiously slipping from beneath the netting of my little cage when I heard Scrobe at the right of me moving about. I settled back and let the netting drop; perhaps he was but stirring in his sleep. But a moment later he was crawling out of his sleeping tent, crawling carefully and almost noiselessly, as I could perceive, with all my senses alert as they were. Then I heard him go tiptoeing past me. I peeped out again. There was light enough now for me to see him, and he was standing, stooping, over Labo's *pabellón*, as if listening.

Suddenly with a muttered curse he seized the thin cloth of the little structure and gave it a jerk, and the supporting sticks falling away from their places the flimsy thing went down and flattened out on the ground like a collapsed balloon. And Labo was not beneath it!

Another oath broke from the man's lips. Then he straightened up and turned to look at my *pabellón* to see if his outbursts had roused me. Satisfied that I had not been disturbed in my slumbers he walked away a few steps, to stop and stand rubbing his hand over his forehead as if trying to make decision what now to do.

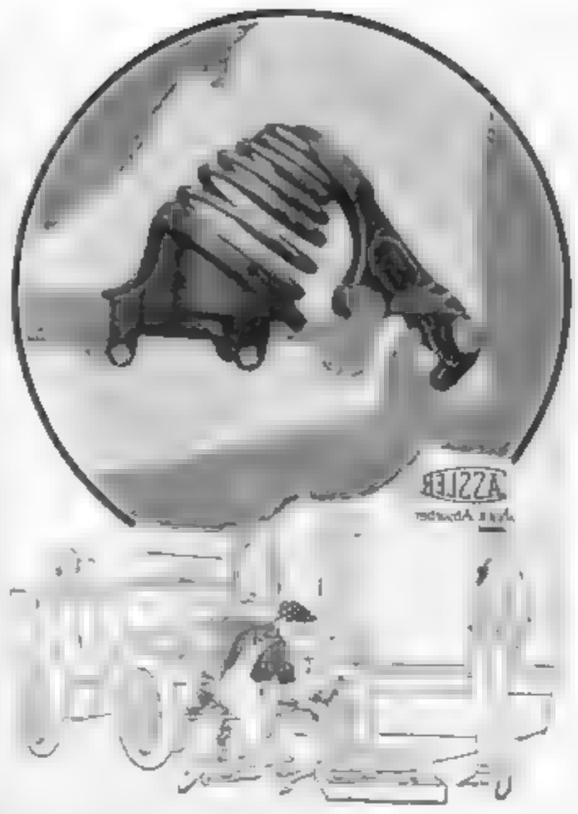
The light was growing steadily stronger, and the profound, the absolute silence that hovered over the jungled world about us continued. Then it was broken, broken in a way so unexpected, so startling that I almost cried out the surprise and astonishment that struck through me in that instant. For through the stillness of the dusk of dawning, running down the reaches of the soundless forests, came a scream, a woman's scream, a scream of terror and awful fright, coming from the direction in which the Indian had gone yesterday to find Puysegur's hiding place.

One single piercing scream, distant, yet near, too, because of the mighty silence; but others might have followed it that I did not hear, for with its echoing ending there burst out the raucous squawking of innumerable parrots and macaws, the yawping of toucans, and a jumbled medley of other unrecognized cries and yellings and screechings—the jungle's denizens declared it day.

At the moment of the coming of the scream my eyes were on Scrobe. He, too, was startled violently, as I had been, and I saw his hands drop down to his sides, and he stood motionless, staring off in the direction whence the cry had come. Just for a minute he was there, and then he walked rapidly away and disappeared among the trees and bushes, taking the trail that would bring him to the hut of Puysegur.

What was the meaning of that scream? From whose lips had it been torn by fright? Not from the girl's, of course. Had Puysegur dragged with him to his hiding place, besides her, one of his Indian women, of whom he kept a score or more about him, so Scrobe and Labo had told me; and was it she who had screamed? But what did it matter to me who it was—it was not the girl! My work was before me. I must make my start now, follow Scrobe and Labo, and do what I could! But I had slept, I had given them the advantage, and by doing that I had trebled my danger!

I found the trail kept running close along the river's bank, and I went forward without great difficulty, for the Indian who had traveled that way the evening before had cut away the looped and hanging vines where they had dropped down across it, and Labo and Scrobe—I had no doubt they had gone that way just ahead of me—had beaten down another portion of the young growth that was beginning to close it up. I had walked a short distance—less, I believed, than I must go to reach the hut I sought—when I came to a branching of the path, a turning off to the left, but I did not take it, though it showed signs of recent travel. A little farther on I found another branching to the left, and into it I turned; I thought I had gone far enough, and I

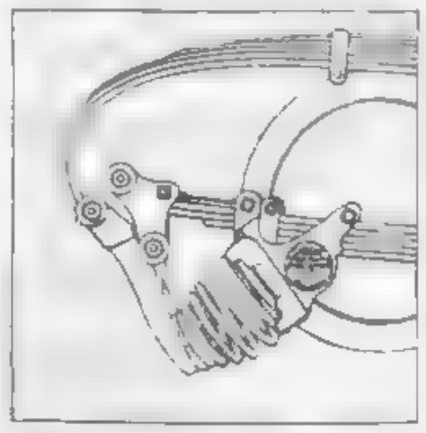


"Hasslers" without changing your Ford

NOTHING complicated about Hassler Shock Absorbers. Nothing to change about the car! Any garage man can apply them—easily—quickly—correctly! Hasslers will be put on without changing a single part!

Think of such slight inconvenience—and such a small expense—securing for you a saving of one-third of your tire and up-keep expense, that will make your car last one-third longer! They protect the car against the destructive bumps and shocks—they eliminate vibration.

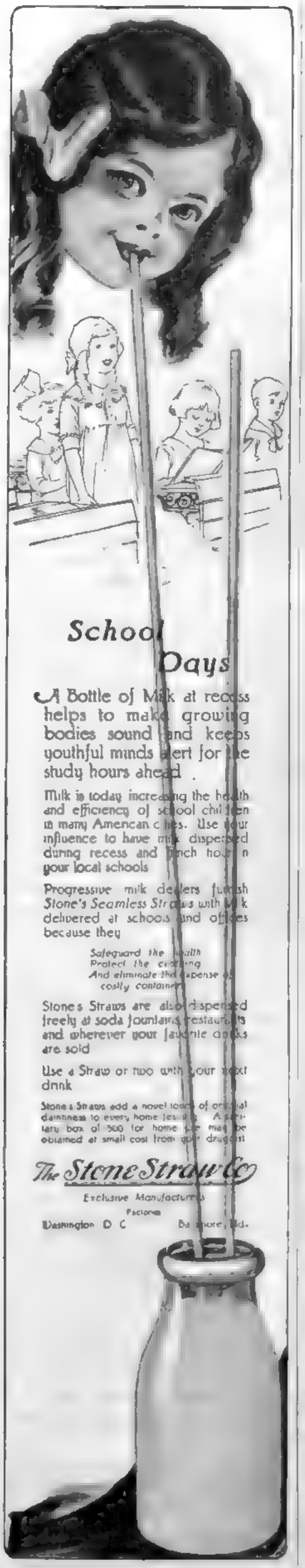
Try Hassler Shock Absorbers—at our risk—for 10 days. You can get them for any Ford model—and also the 1-ton Truck. Write us if you do not know our dealer.



This illustrates the model of Hasslers now made for the Dodge Brothers Car. They give luxurious comfort and smart appearance. Ask your Dodge dealer about them

ROBERT H. HASSLER, INC.
1401 Naomi St. Indianapolis, Indiana
Robert H. Hassler, Ltd., Hamilton, Ontario

HASSLER
Shock Absorbers


School Days
A Bottle of Milk at recess helps to make growing bodies sound and keeps youthful minds alert for the study hours ahead.
Milk is today increasing the health and efficiency of school children in many American cities. Use your influence to have milk dispensed during recess and lunch hour in your local schools
Progressive milk dealers furnish Stone's Seamless Straws with milk delivered at schools and offices because they
Safeguard the health
Protect the clothing
And eliminate the expense of costly containers
Stone's Straws are also dispensed freely at soda fountains, restaurants and wherever your favorite drinks are sold
Use a Straw or two with your next drink
Stone's Straws add a novel touch of originality to every home function. A sanitary box of 500 for home use may be obtained at small cost from your druggist
The Stone Straw Co.
Exclusive Manufacturers
Factories
Washington D. C. Baltimore, Md.

knew the hut would be located on rising ground, back from the river.

But after I had walked for some time and had seen nothing but unbroken jungle, with the trail I was following growing more and more difficult, I realized that I had traveled much farther from our camping place than the Indian had reported the hut to be. I turned to retrace my steps, wandered by mistake into a little opening among the trees, passed into a false trail, and into another, and so blundered about for almost an hour before I regained the path at the river's edge; so easy was it for me, unacquainted with the tropical forest and its ways, to lose myself amidst its mazes.

I went back to the first branching of the path, turned into that, and in a few minutes saw before me a small clearing, an old clearing but newly cut over, for the drying bush and palms and ferns were lying thickly scattered about it. Near its center stood an ancient and dilapidated palm-thatched hut with the thatches rotting and falling away, and with many of the wall palings gone from place, thrown down or leaning inward and outward. Was this the place, the hiding place of Puysegur? Was he in there, in that wretched hovel, shut up with the girl, or was she there alone, left secured, perhaps with ropes, tied up by him as an animal might be tied, while he had gone away on some necessary mission? The Indian had reported that he had seen nothing of Puysegur the day before. And Labo and Scrobe—were they slipping and sneaking through the woods somewhere near me, peering and peeking out from among the vines, staring at that dilapidated hut as was I?

Though I watched for a long while I could see no sign of life about the old structure, and only the lately cut and drying underbrush told that anyone had recently been thereabout. I started to make a circuit of the clearing, keeping in the fringe of the wood, that I might observe the hut from every side, going forward cautiously, studying every inch of the ground ahead of me before I ventured foot upon it, knowing well that at any moment I might come upon Labo or Scrobe. In my hand I carried the ridiculous little pistol with its four uncertain shots in its rusty cylinder!

I had completed half of the circuit about the open space when I stopped suddenly, trembling and chilling, with my heart almost losing its beats. I had caught sight of Puysegur. He had been hidden from me all the while by a little clump of bushes, left growing there near the hut for its shade, I suppose. He sat on a large tree stump that had been fashioned into a kind of bench, resting his arms and hands on a crude table built of poles and slabs. A machete lay before him close to his clasped hands.

I was astonished at the appearance of the man. Was this the clean, the immaculate Puysegur I had seen a few weeks before? I could scarcely believe it was he, for this man's garments were fouled and slimed with the dirt of the jungle, torn and frayed, and in places quite in tatters; I could see that his huge bare arms and his hands were grimy and unwashed; and there was a heavy growth of beard covering his face. As I stared at him he raised his head and looked straight at the leafy screen behind which I stood hidden, and his face was the face of a man drowning in the depths of despair.

As I continued to watch him I noticed he was moving his right leg about as if it pained him, stretching it out and drawing it back and turning it, reaching down a hand to press and massage it about the knee. Then he stooped over and began slowly to unlace the leather legging that incased it.

Where had he been, I kept wondering as I watched him, for I could see that he had just returned from a hard trip through the forests; his shoes were water soaked and muck covered, and much of the disordering and untidying of his garments had been recently done. Why had he gone away from the place? Where was the girl? How had he disposed of her? Where was Labo? Where was Scrobe?

Even as the questions ran racing through my brain I saw Scrobe. He came slipping from behind the hut, and with cautious, tiptoeing steps was sneaking from the rear upon the stooping man at the table. In his hand he carried the long-bladed knife I had seen sticking in his belt for so many days, the knife I had seen him handling so often, running his finger along its keen edge, as he and Labo disputed about the manner of doing Puysegur to death. Little step by little step he came on, with each foot setting itself carefully and quietly in place before he shifted his weight from the other to it, as a cat sneaks up on the unsuspecting mouse. A little closer and a little closer he came, and the unlacing of the leather legging went slowly on.

What should I do? Shout a warning? Warn Puysegur? Why should I? He was one of the three against whom I must fight sooner or later! Another minute, a few more seconds, and there would be but two of them! But could I stand there and see this killing done—could I? Should I not—should I ——

"Behind you, Hal! Behind you! Scrobe!"

A woman's voice had cried the words, but I did not turn to see who she was or where she was; my eyes could not leave Puysegur, so quickly, so almost instantaneously did he act at that warning cry. I saw his huge right hand go darting to the handle of the machete; I saw him jerk the ugly weapon up and swing it about as he swung his body round. With a whishing noise the great knife went cutting through the air, straight to its mark, thrown with all the concentrated strength of that mighty arm. I saw it strike Scrobe's thin long neck, and I saw the man's head go flying from his body, which tottered and wavered just a moment, then sank down in a crumpled heap. In like manner I had seen the Indian, Primo, kill a monkey.

"Drop that! Drop it quick!"

The woman's cry again. I shifted my eyes to the other side of the little clearing, whence the sharp command had come, to see Labo standing there at the edge of the forest, with the looped rope falling from his hands, the rope I had seen him coiling and uncoiling so many times, as, gloating, he would tell us how he would hang Puysegur with it. And advancing upon him, gripping in her right hand a revolver that pointed straight at Labo's head, was the girl, Simon's daughter, the woman whom I had come to rescue!

Simon's daughter? Was this the fragile slip of a girl I had seen in Pichucalco? Was that the pale face, the pathetic eyes that had roused all my pity, called up all my sympathy? Were those the little helpless hands I had so often envisioned since I had seen them fluttering about her throat that day she stood watching her father writhing on the ground in drunken spasms? Was this the girl for whom I had come hurrying hither, hoping to rescue her from the clutches of a human beast, hoping to prevent her from falling into the hands of human fiends?

"Tie him with the rope, Hal!"

Puysegur was upon Labo as she spoke.

"Put your hands against your sides, and if you move a finger I'll break you into bits!"

Without a word Labo lowered his hands, and the loop of the rope fell over his shoulders, to be wound round and round his body, with a tied hitch here and a knot there, with the winding working down and down until it ended at his ankles. Then Puysegur straightened up and stepped toward the girl. The revolver dropped from her lowered hand and she ran into his arms

"Oh, Hal, Hal, Hal! Oh, Hal, Hal, Hal!"

Shaken and torn by a passion of weeping and sobbing, she was burying her face in the stained and ragged folds of the linen blouse he was wearing, and he was bending down his rough shaggy face close to hers, speaking to her softly in words I could not hear. Suddenly he put her away from him, held her at arm's length, and stared at her with eyes grown great with wonder and incredulity.

"What!" he cried. "You—you speak? You speak?" His voice was unsteady and uncertain, burdened to breaking with emotion, and again he cried: "You—you are speaking, Carlotta?"

"Yes, yes, yes!" And she raised her hands and began clapping them together, laughing and weeping as one on the verge of hysteria. "Yes, yes, yes! I found it! It came back, it came back! I knew it would! Oh, I knew it would! All these years I knew it would come back, and I've been waiting! This morning I had gone down the path by the river, thinking I would meet you returning, and I saw—I saw him!" With a shudder she looked over at the trussed and tied body of Labo, lying where Puysegur had tossed it. "I saw him coming toward me along the trail, and I knew why he was there, and I screamed! I could not help it—I had to scream! Then I turned and ran, with him following me, but I lost him among the paths we had made down there! Oh, Hal, Hal, Hal!"

Again he was pressing her close to him, comforting her.

"I should not have gone away and left you—it was a cruel thing to do—but I could not take you with me, and I had to make the trip! To think of your being here alone all night! But my leg—I fell and rehurt that old hurt, and I could scarcely make my way back at all. I traveled all night, stumbling along in the darkness. But I've arranged everything; the horses will be at the crossing this afternoon and we can go ——"

"And my father?"

"He's dead. I learned that from one of my men. Don't cry, Carlotta; it is for the best. Oh, if you had only come away with me long ago when I wanted you ——"

"I couldn't, Hal; I couldn't leave him! He was my father, he was all alone! And then, then I had to go—when I found out he had sold me to him!" Again I saw her shudder as she spoke of the man she so dreaded. "Oh, that awful night when I found it out—learned that he'd sold me to that brute for three hundred Mexican dollars! If you had not come that night ——"

"Don't think about it any more, Carlotta, don't think about it! He was insane—never was a man more insane than was your father at the last! And that it should manifest itself, that insanity of his, in such violent form against me who was his best friend ——"

"They did it, they did it!" she cried. "I knew all the time while they were wrecking his body with that awful liquor and poisoning his mind against you with their lies; and I knew their designs! But I couldn't leave him, I couldn't! Oh, the horror of it all! Oh, how afraid I was of them—I was afraid of everything, of everybody, of the Spanish woman, the Indians, that man they had with them for a while who ——"

"Pshaw! That young milksop! Some floating derelict they picked up and brought in there to train up to do their dirty work for them! I had no fear of him, but I would have crushed him with them had he come!"

I stirred uneasily in my hiding place, and I felt the red flush of shame and humiliation warming my face; and I felt the cold creep of fear chilling my spine.

"I wonder what became of him. He couldn't have come in with them or he would be about here with them."

I was trembling now, trembling with fright. What if he should find me there! Could I make him understand? I must get away! But could I withdraw without attracting their attention? I was very close to them; the clearing was very small.

They moved across to the table, Puysegur limping badly as he went, and there before they seated themselves he caught her up in his arms, held her to him a moment, put her away, and looked at her with eyes of sacred love.

"I thought I had lost you, Carlotta—when I came back and found you were not here! I feared they had come and taken you! But I have you, and oh, Carlotta, you speak, you hear!" I saw their lips meeting again.

And this was the man to help kill whom I had traveled here with those two over there, one dead, one bound and helpless! This was the man of whom I had heard so many foul and obscene and hideous things, listening to them with the ears of credulity, believing them all, young fool that I was! This was that beast, that snake, that loathsome thing described to me by the crazy Simon, whose words I accepted as truth!

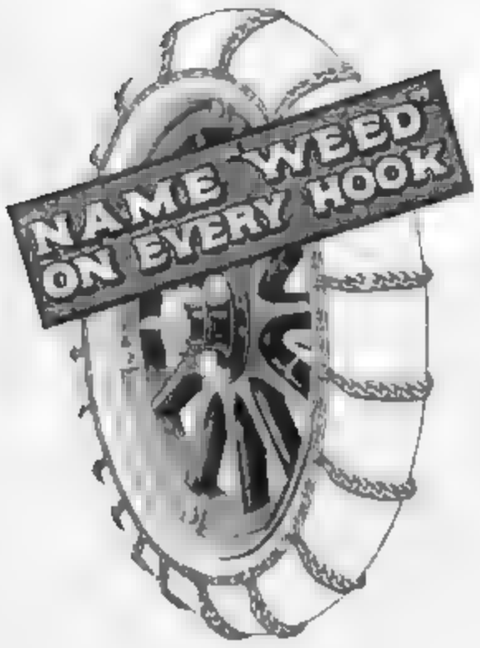
I wanted to rush out from my hiding place, stand before them and cry, "Let me explain! Let me explain!" and tell them all. But shame mixed with fear held me back, and I stood there listening to their lovers' talk, to their words and terms of endearment, listening with unwilling ears. I did not want to hear, but I was afraid to move, fearful I should discover my presence to them. For would they understand, if I came out and stood before them? Would they believe me; could I explain to satisfaction if they found me?

"We must get our few things together and start shortly," said Puysegur after a little while. "I shall not be able to travel fast. We shall go straight to the coast. I had thought to stop at my place to obtain some things of mine I do not wish to lose,

(Continued on Page 46)

The *Slip*-Shod Driver

THE *slip*-shod driver leaves Weed Tire Chains in the locker when careful drivers put them on their tires. The *slip*-shod driver comes recklessly out of side streets; the *slip*-shod driver cuts corners; the *slip*-shod driver never inspects his brakes and steering gear; the *slip*-shod driver does not signal before turning or stopping; the *slip*-shod driver does not give a warning signal of his approach.



Help us concentrate the light of a condemning public opinion on the *slip*-shod driver—*the greatest menace of motoring*.

Help us forge an endless chain campaign for motoring safety for everyone.

Show this advertisement to all *slip*-shod drivers you meet and ask them to spread its doctrines to others in their class.

Reprints of this advertisement will be mailed on request.

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, INCORPORATED

BRIDGEPORT CONNECTICUT

In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario

General Sales Office: Grand Central Terminal Building, New York City

District Sales Offices: Boston Chicago Philadelphia Pittsburgh Portland, Ore. San Francisco

THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF CHAIN IN THE WORLD

The famous Chateau Frontenac Hotel, Quebec, owned by Canadian Pacific System, whose engineers have used Toncan Metal sheets for years with satisfaction

For Safety and Long Service

Toncan Metal is anti-corrosive and, therefore, it was used for the roofing and flue work for the famous Chateau Frontenac Hotel, Quebec, because its long life makes it most economical. It has served here since 1915 and is still in excellent condition.

TONCAN METAL

Endures and Insures

In both the United States and Canada are found thousands of demonstrations of the unquestionable merit of Toncan Metal; for example, Toronto Union Depot; Customs Building and Royal Mint, Ottawa; King Edward Hotel, Toronto; Printing Crafts Building, New York; South Shore Country Club, Chicago; Throop College of Technology, Pasadena; University Club Bldg., St. Louis; Hotel Winecoff, Atlanta. Toncan Metal is used for roofing, siding, eaves troughs, conductor pipe, flashings, valleys, cornices, skylights, window frames, furnace casings, smoke pipes, and, in fact, all sheet metal work—see list below. Send coupon for more information.

For Welding, Forming, Porcelain Enameling

Check the product in which you are interested and mail this coupon for detailed information.

◇ Culverts ◇ Roofing
◇ Tanks ◇ Siding
Stoves ◇ Spouting, etc.
Car Covering ◇ Refrigerators ◇ Ventilators
Floor Covering ◇ Washing Machines ◇ Lath
Water Pans ◇ Enameled Products ◇ Other Building Materials

Name _____ *City* _____ *State* _____

UNITED ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION, CANTON, OHIO
Open Hearth and Electric Furnace Alloy Steels
Successors to THE STARK ROLLING MILL CO., CANTON, OHIO

IN CANADA: Galvanized by Dominion Sheet Metal Corporation, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont. *Fabricated by* The Pedlar People Ltd., Oshawa, Ont

(Continued from Page 44)

but because of that"—he indicated by a turn of his hand the headless body of Scrobe—"we had best not linger. That will have to be explained, and I don't care about explaining."

"And what will you do with him?" she asked, looking toward Labo, lying at the other side of the clearing.

"Him? Why, I think I'll —— Listen!"

I cowered down behind the screen of leaves that concealed me. I had shifted my body's weight from one foot to the other, and a dry stick had snapped sharply. He had heard it!

"Listen!"

He had spoken the word again, and he was looking off toward the jungle. He had not heard the snapping stick beneath my foot; it was something else.

No one of us three there at that little clearing in the jungle had for many minutes had apperceptive senses for anything that was transpiring outside that little open space, and so no one of us three had noticed the rising and swelling and rolling toward and passing over us of such a surge of sound as that which I had heard yesterday when the frightened things of the jungle came fleeing before the marching myriads of army ants. Nor had any one of us noticed the flitting across the clearing of little running things, or the hurrying past of crawling things, though for some moments I had been half aware of a steady rustling among the leaves at my feet. Now at Puysegur's word we listened, and we heard—that swishing sound, that rustling, rasping sound, that ghostly patter of trillions of tiny feet running toward us.

I looked down at the ground. Two or three of the scouting vanguard of the coming hordes were already exploring my shoes.

"They're here on us already!" cried Puysegur. "Come, let us go! We must hurry and find the edge of the stream and pass beyond it! This leg of mine—I'm afraid I'll ——"

They disappeared about the corner of the hut, and I lost his last words.

I felt a stinging sensation on my hand, another on the other hand, and in an instant I was overrun with the insects. I turned and fled away through the woods, away from the clearing, happening by good fortune to strike into a well-defined trail. But the path ended when I had gone but a little distance along it—ended against a green wall of twisted vines and crowding plants and bushes, and still was I in the midst of that ripply, rushing stream of ants, fighting them off my body, beating and brushing and striking at them as they swarmed over me. I plunged into the untracked jungle, struggling forward among the looped and hanging vines, tripping, stumbling, falling, groping forward in the semidarkness that was now all about me, but I could not find, I could not come to the margin of that rippling stream of brownish black.

From behind me, in the direction of the clearing, came a cry, a scream of terror, a man's cry of despair.

"Puysegur!" I muttered. "His leg has failed him. He is down!" And as I went fighting and struggling on I found myself wondering if the girl would desert him, if she would go on without him, as he would command her to do. I told myself she would not.

The going became harder and harder, almost impossible. I was in a thicket of small wiry bushes that were woven and tied together by innumerable slender, rope-like vines that caught me, entangled me, wrapped themselves about my legs and arms and shoulders, held me fast. I became panic-stricken, insane with fright and horror, and with strength augmented to many times its normalcy by the awful fear that clutched and clawed at my heart, I plunged ahead, breaking free from the twisted, tangled network that held me, tearing my clothing to shreds, bruising and lacerating my flesh in a hundred places, straining my every muscle to its hurting.

And when at last I had come to the edge of the living stream and passed safely out of it, the panic that had gripped me did not loose its hold—I ran on and on, with the sound of those tripping trillions of tiny feet playing in my ears; ran stumbling, falling, floundering on and on until I sank down in complete exhaustion. And still in my ears was that sound of the marching in the jungle.

When I had somewhat collected my scattered senses and had risen to go on I knew I was lost. All directions were gone it mattered not which way I went. And I moved forward as I faced.

With every step I took the woods grew denser and darker, more and more a place of horror, and over and over I told myself that I was walking to my death, the jungle would strangle me at last. Now with my furious speed checked and my violent struggling at an end, I found myself exposed to new tortures, for myriads of hungry insects—in my moments of terror I had not noticed them—came rushing out of the green-black depths about me to feast upon me, finding in me some slow-moving thing of prey that had blundered into their lairs. And half my weak and failing strength must I use up in fighting them off. I pulled down and broke off great masses of bush branches and fern fronds, sat down and piled them about me, burying myself beneath them as I had buried the Indian, Primo, but the tiny specks of winged viciousness and voraciousness came sifting through each little chink and interstice, searching me out to torment me with agonies all but unbearable.

I had eaten but a few dry biscuits at the camp before I quit it in the early morning, and as the day wore on I was gnawed by the pangs of hunger, which added another torment to my hundred tortures. The tepid, buggy, malodorous water I drank from the stagnant pools in the arroyos sickened me, and every new minute of my unhappy existence was more intolerable, more wretched than the last.

Night came and I could do nothing but stumble on and on through the sticky darkness, thrashing about me with the branches I carried, or sit down to be devoured alive, for the nocturnal pests were more bloodthirsty than those of the day. The hideousness of it in my memory!

Dawning day saw me at the edge of collapse—another hour and I could go no farther, and with startling clearness I envisioned myself lying there dead in the jungle, a prey to the jungle, done to death by the jungle into which I had come blindly blundering, a young fool—youth impulsive, youth credulous, youth easily led, youth injudicious, youth quixotic, youth ununderstanding! But I would not give up, not until the last, for I was youth loving life. And I went on.

Before I was aware of the forest's thinning out I found myself standing in a little clearing. I looked about me with unbelieving eyes. I was in the clearing to which I had come yesterday, in Puysegur's hiding place!

Were they here now, he and the girl? Had they escaped the marching millions of ants as I had escaped them, and had they come back? I must throw myself upon his mercy. I must, I must make him understand! And I shouted and hallooed several times. But there was no answer to my calling; I saw no sign of life; and it was very still there.

Then I remembered. Even if they had escaped they would not be here to-day: I had heard him say to the girl that they must go away that afternoon. But I hoped they were there; I wanted them to be there; and I dragged myself across to the hut and looked in. It was dismally empty and bare.

I walked about the corner of the structure. There was the table beside the clump of bushes where they had sat together, and there a few yards off lay—Scrobe? No! I saw a skull, and I saw a skull-less skeleton partly clothed in tattered stuff that was not unlike deviled rags prepared for shoddy. I walked to the other side of the clearing, where lay—Labo? No! I saw a skeleton loosely wound round and round with rope and partly covered with that same tattered stuff that looked like deviled rags for shoddy.

With new strength born of something more than fright, something more than terror, something more than horror, I turned and fled—fled down the nearest trail I saw before me, going I knew not where, I cared not whither.

The path opened, grew lighter, grew broader and better, and I ran on and on and on. And I saw footprints in the soft bare spots of earth along the trail, the large imprint of a man's boot and the smaller imprint of a woman's shoe, and I fled on, watching them going together out of the jungle, searching for them in panicky fear when I missed them, following them—following Puysegur, whom I had come to kill, whom I must find if I would save my life.

QUALITY *without* Extravagance

THAT easy correctness of Metropolitan style you admire in a Berg Hat is not surface-smartness. Because the Sta-Shape* Brim "retains the style-lines longer," your mirror tells that you can wear your Berg Hat longer than usual, without disregarding the niceties of appearance.

**Trade Mark Applied For.*

At Men's Shops The Nation Over
Priced from $5.00 up

F. BERG & CO. *Est. 1864* Orange, N. J.

General Salesrooms: 1107 Broadway, New York
Boston, San Francisco

Berg

REG. U.S. PAT OFF.

HATS FOR YOUNG MEN

Why are American farmers the most prosperous in the world?

Everyone knows that American farmers, as a class, are the most prosperous farmers in the world. Have you ever given thought to why this fortunate condition exists?

Economists will tell you that laying aside other contributing factors, such as better transportation to markets and more virgin soil, the largest single factor in the prosperity of the American farmer is expressed in two words: *power farming*.

And power farming does not merely mean power in the field. It means power used wherever it will save time and energy—wherever it will do the job more quickly and more easily, for that is economy.

What the KOHLER Automatic Means to the Farmer

Today, one of the main factors in doing farm work economically by power is electricity. And here the Kohler Automatic Power and Light plant finds its largest field of usefulness.

For the Kohler Automatic produces standard 110 volt electricity for operating, without storage batteries, milking machines, churns, separators, feed grinders, tool sharpening machines and many other units of farm power equipment.

And not only this—the Kohler Automatic makes possible, anywhere, all the comforts and conveniences that electricity brings to city homes: cheerful electric light; convenient, energy-saving electric household appliances; and running water systems which do away with the burden of carrying water from the pump and allow modern kitchen sinks and bathtubs and lavatories to be used.

THE services of the Kohler Automatic may also be utilized for *stores . . hotels . . garages . . boats mines . . caravans . . summer homes oil fields . . . . . traveling exhibits lumber camps . . . and wherever electricity is required . . .*

Send for Illustrated Booklet

Dealers: Your territory may be open. Write or wire!

PRICE REDUCED TO

$595 *from* **$750**

Only the KOHLER Automatic gives you all these desirable features:

No Storage Batteries to buy and replace. Only battery is a small automobile type for starting engine.

Automatic Start and Stop—A turn of any switch on the circuit starts or stops the engine.

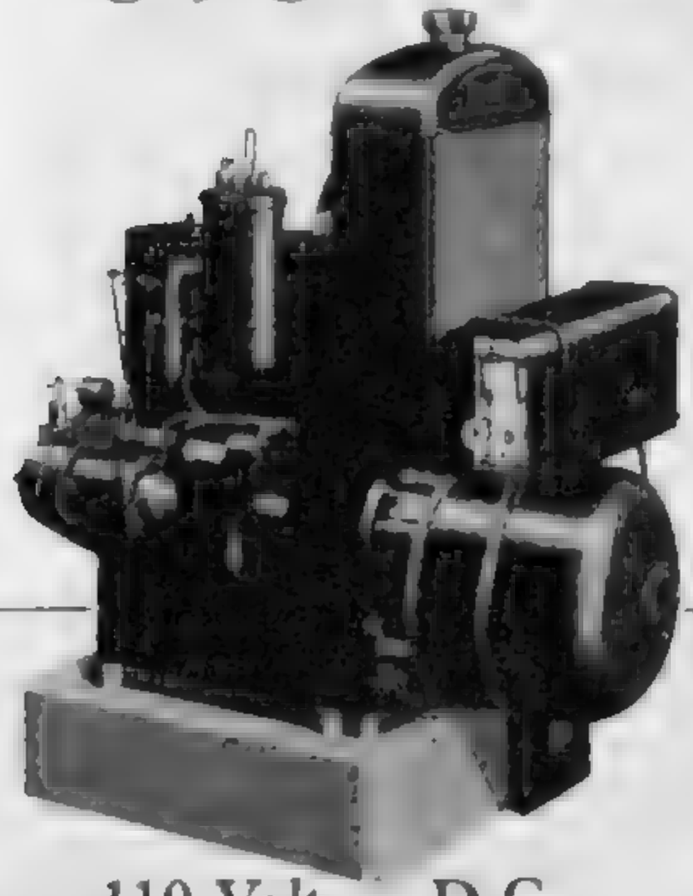
1500 Watt Capacity—Ample flow of current for both power and light, without danger from overload.

Four-Cylinder Engine, remarkably free from vibration, means smooth operation and long life.

Operating Costs Kept Low by automatic governor which tapers fuel consumption to current used.

Manufactured Complete in Our Own Factory, so that the well-known Kohler standards shall be maintained in every part.

Backed by Forty-eight Years of experience in the making of quality products.



110 Volt D.C.

KOHLER OF KOHLER

Kohler Co., *Founded 1873*, Kohler, Wis., *Shipping Point*, Sheboygan, Wis.

BOSTON
CHICAGO, McCormick Bldg.
DETROIT
HOUSTON
INDIANAPOLIS
KANSAS CITY
MINNEAPOLIS
NEW YORK, 20 W 40th St.
NORFOLK
OMAHA
PHILADELPHIA
PITTSBURGH
ST. LOUIS
SALT LAKE CITY
SAN FRANCISCO
SEATTLE
LONDON

KOHLER

AUTOMATIC POWER & LIGHT

Also MANUFACTURERS *of* KOHLER ENAMELED PLUMBING WARE

THE KILLER

(Continued from Page 9

a thing. They'll say it's just you and your damn dog gone off on a trappin' expedition somewheres. They'll come in—I'm goin' to leave the door unlocked—they'll come in and see everything slicked up just like you keep it. Not a thing wrong. Then they'll get supper and after that they'll sit here on the hearth and smoke and spit in the fireplace. And all the time"—the ghastly humor of his conceit hit him hard and he smote his knee mightily and roared coarse laughter—"all the time they're doin' it you'll be down there underneath 'em, quiet as a canned oyster!"

His laughter was echoed from the dark corner by Gravy's hoarse growl. He had forgotten the dog for the moment. He turned and bent a menacing glare in Gravy's direction.

"I ain't left you out of it either!" he said softly. "You'll start off with me tomorrow, after breakfast. You see, them fellers would want to know where the dog was. Well, you'll go along and make dog tracks for me. See? Oh, I know you won't go willin'—but before I'm through with you you'll go! And after we've gone maybe five or six miles I'll entertain you in a nice, jokin' way I've thought up. And I'll bet that'll stop your damn growlin' and your damn glarin' out of a dark corner."

He was silent a few moments. Then—"And it may be a year afore anybody ever guesses anything's wrong up here. And me, I'll be a thousand miles away!"

For half an hour there was complete silence, save for the ghostly thudding of the snow against the window and the listless popping of the dying fire. Over in the angle of the hearth Finney Bone's shriveled face hung in the semidarkness like a death mask. Farther on, Gravy was now merely a darker shadow in his dark corner. The bottle was half empty and the Killer's mood began to mellow and expand. Moreover, he once more felt the desire for conversation.

"Ain't got a thing against you," he said, addressing the white face at the end of the hearth. "Just a matter of necessity—and sport. Nobody can blame me. Not nobody at all. Only sensible thing to do. And I'm justified in doin' it, no matter what your preachers and judges and longhairs say about it. I'll prove it!"

He leaned forward argumentatively, emphasizing his points with the end of his pipestem. "Here," he said, "you're a trapper. You want a bear's hide. For a purpose. Well, what do you do? Why, you trap him, don't you? Then kill him and take his hide! Sure!

"Ole bear ever do anything to you? Not a thing! But you killed him, didn't you? Why? Because you needed his hide. You had to kill him before you could get his hide. That made it all right. Did you feel sorry for the bear? Course not! Men have been killin' bears ever since old man Adam's boys started huntin' grasshoppers with a pea shooter! So it's all right. Well, it's the same way with me. I kill you to save my own life, same as you kill a bear to get its hide. See?"

Satisfied with the exposition of his atrocious philosophy, the Killer leaned back and took another long drink. He yawned, the uncouth yawning of a sleepy beast. Presently he felt in his pocket and brought out a pair of handcuffs, regarding them pensively with proud interest.

"Speakin' of traps," he said, "there's one. I had 'em on once. Never get 'em on me again! I told you what happened to the sheriff that put 'em on me, didn't I? He was sleepy. He shut his eyes for a second; and ——"

Again that gesture of the upraised gorilla arms in a circle, the horrid straining back against the great chest.

"I'm goin' to keep 'em," he said. "Trophy of the chase. Same's you keep that pair of horns up yonder." He indicated a deer's antlers nailed above the fireplace. "Somepin' to remember it by."

He was quiet a short time, listening to the beating of the snow against the window.

"Anyway," he said suddenly, "what does it matter to you? Here—you take your rifle and go out into the woods. You see a deer. It's alive; it's a deer. You pull the trigger—and then it ain't a deer no longer; it's meat. Just meat. All in half a second.

"Well, was it any more sacred before you pulled the trigger than it was afterward? Hey? Sure not! It was meat—but didn't know it! Anything wrong about shootin' it then? Course not; it was just meat

"Same way with you. You don't want to die. But half a second afterward you won't know a damn thing about it—so what harm am I doin' you? No harm in the world! I'll be doin' you a favor. You won't have to worry about livin'. You won't have to cut firewood and pack flour and go out in the storm runnin' your trap line. Ain't you grateful to me?

"Yes, sir," he closed his argument, "it's all wrapped up in that half second that it takes to make you quit being alive! What does a half second amount to? And that's all life is—just one half second after another—the half second that lies between what you think you are and what you really are—just meat!"

Suddenly he leaned forward again and looked steadily at the white face at the end of the hearth for a full half minute. Old Finney stared back with the glazed eyes of a fascinated bird held by the eyes of a snake.

"I know what you're thinkin'!" said the Killer at last. "You're thinkin' that as soon as I'm asleep —— Here!" He arose and advanced to where his host was sitting. "Put 'em out! Behind your back!" Mechanically Finney Bone offered his skinny old wrists behind his back. The Killer walked over to the bed and flung himself in, fully dressed. He sighed with the luxury of it.

"I'm a light sleeper," he said, "and a good shot. Better lay quiet."

Hardly able to walk, the little old trapper crouched into the corner and crept close to Gravy. Outside the snowflakes pad-padded insistently against the window. They seemed to be signaling him, urging him to leave the place. "Surely," they seemed to say, "you can think up some way to get out."

To get out! Never before had Finney Bone realized the utter blessedness of all outdoors. All through the long chill hours he lay and thought. Once he had very nearly decided to turn Gravy loose. He could unfasten the snap by turning his back to Gravy. And once loose, Gravy would go into that bed like a mad catamount.

And yet —— Finney had worked round until his fingers were on the snap that held the chain to the dog's collar. And yet, this outlaw had guns, while poor Gravy had only his teeth and his own stout heart. One shot would end Gravy. Then what?

Finney would come next. Of that he was certain. No, he must think of something else.

Over and over he turned the problem. And all the while the little snowflakes at the window continued to insist that surely he, who was so successful in setting traps, would be able to think of a way to get out of one.

III

FINNEY BONE came awake with a start, conscious of the fact that his arms were aching and that Gravy had growled. He turned and saw that the old dog's eyes were fixed upon the bed. The Killer had raised his head and was looking across the room.

"Breakfast time!" he said.

Finney struggled to his feet and stood swaying, for his body was numb with the cold and both arms nearly paralyzed from the manacles. The Killer called him over and took the handcuffs from his wrists.

"Fire first," he ordered, "then breakfast. And make it snappy, for we got to have our little party early so I can get away." He was in a surly mood this morning.

The trapper hobbled to the fireplace and with difficulty managed to make his nerveless hands perform the duty of building the fire. He worked in a frenzy, for he was spurred on by horrible threats and fierce epithets hurled at him from the bed. He piled on his cherished pitch-pine sticks which he always kept for kindling, and almost immediately the fire roared up the chimney. Finney Bone escaped to the kitchen, still cold and stiff from his long night with his hands behind his back and lying upon the floor. As he stepped down upon the mat he nearly fell again, but caught the iron padlock chain swinging beside the door and saved himself. Behind him the Killer began to quarrel with the dog and Finney built up a fire in the kitchen stove.

Do They Get This?

Your children—do they get Puffed Rice in the mornings, as millions do today?

If not, they miss the supreme cereal dainty. These are rice bubbles—rice grains puffed to 8 times normal size

Flimsy as snowflakes, crisp and toasted—almond-like in taste. Every morsel is a food confection. Breakfast never brought to children a more delightful dish.

And This at Night?

Do they get Puffed Wheat in their bowls of milk?

Think what it means—whole wheat with every food cell blasted. Over 100 million steam explosions caused in every kernel.

Crisper than crackers—four times as porous as bread. And so fitted for digestion that every granule feeds.

This Prof. Anderson method is the only way to bring you whole wheat in this hygienic, in this fascinating form. You know that children need it. Serve it as they love it—as flaky, flavory tidbits.

Puffed Rice — Steam-exploded grains

Puffed Wheat — Whole wheat bubbles

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

"Never Neglect a Break in the Skin"

New-Skin is an antiseptic covering for scrapes, cuts and little injuries.

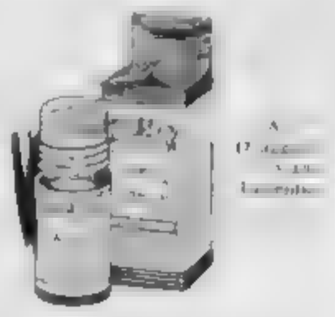
It is a liquid. When applied it dries and forms a coating. This covering or film, transparent and hardly noticeable, is a protection for the newly forming tissues.

NEW-SKIN

New-Skin is flexible, conforming to the irregular curved surfaces of the skin and permitting of motion of knuckles and joints. And it is waterproof. You can wash right over it.

You should have New-Skin in your medicine closet.

The antiseptic properties of New-Skin have been established by scientific tests. On the test plates, where New-Skin was not applied the germs grew and multiplied. Where it was applied they did not grow.



NEWSKIN COMPANY

New York Toronto London

As he sliced the bacon at the little table he glanced through the window. It was still snowing hard. Finney gazed wistfully upon the freedom and safety which were so near him and yet so unattainable. The kitchen had no outside door and only this one little window. He doubted if he could get it open without attracting the Killer's notice. He doubted if he could wriggle through it, even if it were open. He took the bacon back to the stove and put it in the pan. Directly the smell of frying bacon filled the air, mingling with the aroma of boiling coffee. Two minutes more and breakfast would be ready. After breakfast—good-by to the world, which suddenly had become a very desirable place.

How to get out! As he stood tending the sizzling bacon the one idea chased itself round and round in the old man's brain in ever-narrowing circles. The coffee boiled over.

"Gone to sleep?" bawled the Killer from the fireplace.

"Breakfast's ready!" called Finney, hardly above a whisper, but the Killer heard.

"Soon's I take a drink," Finney heard the Killer mutter.

The old man's terrified eyes shot round the kitchen in one last terrified search. They fell upon the braided mat and he began to count the braids in it. All this in that last paralyzed instant when Finney realized that he had reached the exact moment of his doom. The Killer's heavy feet sounded, moving toward the door. Suddenly Gravy sprang up and growled, showing his teeth. The Killer caught down a cleaning rod from the wall and stepped toward Gravy's corner.

"I'll just spend a minute workin' up an appetite!" he said grimly, and struck the old dog across the head with the tough rod. For two or three minutes they fought, the man silent, the dog silent also, taking the punishment gamely and waiting for the man to stumble within the circle of his chain.

And it was at the beginning of the uproar that the great idea came to Finney Bone. It was simple; simple as a babe, but splendid as the rising sun. He took the huge bear trap from the wall, set it upon the floor beneath the step and replaced the braided mat above it, spread smoothly and carefully. This was something he understood—the setting of traps. The ring of the trap chain he hooked into the padlock and snapped the padlock shut. Tremblingly he moved over to the table and tried to open the window. It came partly open but screeched querulously in the process. The Killer heard it and flung down the stick and snatched the automatic from his belt.

"What was that noise?" he demanded, appearing in the doorway, still panting from his exertions.

"Fryin' pan," quavered Finney Bone, "scrapin' against the stove."

The Killer glanced suspiciously at the window. It did not look right to him. He started toward it, stepping down upon the braided mat. The concealed trap closed upon his thick leg with a sullen "chunk," and the man went to the floor, the revolver flying across the room.

Finney Bone was no hero. He was just a scrawny, timid little old, old man who had left civilization and spent forty years alone in the wilderness because he wanted to be remote from trouble

The Killer's yell as he hit the floor was echoed by a high thin squeal of terror, and Finney Bone went through that difficult little window and did not even notice that it was there. He landed upon his head, got up again and loped away down the mountain like a scared jack rabbit. Behind him the hoarse ravings of the trapped Killer joined Gravy's excited bawling, and the combined effort was like an echo straight out of hell. As he passed his corral at the bottom of the clearing Finney paused to look back and listen. He could not see the cabin for the falling snow, but he could hear plenty. A moment was enough for him, and a little over. He went on. As he got warmed to the work he went better and better—and if a coyote had been going the same way Finney Bone would have run over him.

Gravy understood what had happened, and it drove him crazy. Gravy knew all about traps. The springing of a trap always meant a kill, with, later, the savage, warm tang of fresh blood upon his tongue. He went into the air in a mighty lunge and when he came to the end of his chain the bed moved across the floor an inch. His bawling was now a mad baying.

The Killer, however, had fallen silent. In spite of the pain he dragged the heavy trap about over the floor, trying to get hold of something—a file perhaps, or at least something he might use as a lever with which to bend down those mighty springs. A glance had shown him that his gun was far out of his reach.

Abandoning his hope of these things at last he turned his attention to the trap, trying to press down one spring with the free foot. However, he was not successful in this ambition either, earning nothing but indescribable agony, for a bear trap will not open until both massive springs are pressed down and held by clamps and these clamps were in Finney Bone's pocket, going far, far away in long, earnest leaps over the snow.

The Killer slumped to the floor and heaved at the door chain with his powerful hairy hands. He might just as well have heaved at the Rock of Gibraltar. A quarter of a century ago old Finney Bone had put that staple through the logs, clinching it on the other side. The Killer realized this at last. And with it came the added realization that there was absolutely no hope for him. He sank back and began to whimper like a child.

IV

UNCLE JOE PURKEY was blue. He had come all the way down to the store to warm himself and tell Postmaster Collett Jones about it, hopefully expecting sympathy. But the fire was acting badly this morning and there was more cold air in the store than Uncle Joe had believed was in the whole world. He spraddled his long legs on either side of the sullen stove and held his red-mittened hands along the sides. His long thin nose was so cold that it was almost transparent.

"Ever' once in a while," he complained bitterly, "I wonder what ever made me come up into these here damn hills! Been on the ragged edge of starvin' to death ever since I hit the Greenlog country, twenty-three year ago. Collett, ain't no doubt of it; the world's goin' plumb to the dogs! It's agoin' to the dogs like a hot spark out of eternal dangnation!"

Behind the mail case the postmaster was busy making up the bag for the runner, who was due to start with it across the mountain in half an hour.

"Tough world all right!" he agreed cheerfully. It was the easiest way.

"And me a constable!" went on Uncle Joe, somewhat cheered by the postmaster's indorsement. "Ain't made but one arrest since I was elected, and I lost on that! Yes, sir, I got into a poker game at the county seat and somebody skinned me out of seven dollars and six bits, and I had to borrow the money to eat on till I got away from there!"

"Tough!" agreed the postmaster cordially. He was thinking of something else. He came out with the mail pouch and flung it upon the floor, coming then to warm his fingers at the stove. "Mighty tough!"

"Yes, sir." Uncle Joe was beginning to feel more and more the enormity of his wrongs. "Yes, sir, sometimes I wonder that we don't all turn Bolshevicky! By gosh, sometimes I don't blame fellers like him." He pointed to a handbill posted upon the post-office door; a handbill bearing the picture of a man with furtive, ratty eyes underneath a porcine brow; at the bottom the word "Reward" in large type.

"They got sense enough to look out for themselves anyway!" went on the constable. "Besides, look how this feller gets his name in the papers! Ever'body in California talkin' about him and callin' him the greatest criminal of the century. And me, a law-abidin' constable with a three-hundred-dollar mortgage on my ranch—and ole Tip Garrett, over in the Eel River Valley, threatenin' to shoot me if I don't pay him for them spuds I bought from him three years ago!"

A hasty step sounded upon the porch outside. "There's the mail runner!" said the postmaster.

The door opened, but it was not the runner. It was old Finney Bone, wabbly of legs and still ready to jump and run at the slightest alarm. His clothing was covered with snow and he looked like a skinny little old Santa Claus.

"I—I was wantin' to see you, Mr. Purkey," he wheezed. "I got a feller up in my cabin calls himself the Killer, and I wish you'd come up and take him away!"

The postmaster and the constable sprang to their feet. "What did you say he calls himself?" demanded the constable. Finney told him again. The men looked at each other. Incredulity was in both faces. Still ——

The constable's eyes wandered for an instant to the word "Reward" at the bottom of the poster.

"Well ——" he began.

"Here!" said the postmaster. "Did he look like this?"

Finney took one glance at the poster and slid round behind the stove.

"That's him!" he said. He collapsed upon a box and began to weep. "I ketched him—and now I'd like to get rid of him!"

"How did you ketch him?" demanded the constable.

"In my bear trap."

"Where did you have your trap settin', ole-timer?"

"In my kitchen. He—he drank up all my whisky!"

At the recollection of this crime the reaction came fully upon him and he wept bitterly. Again the two men exchanged pitying glances. Old Finney Bone had gone plumb loco! But the constable could not get that reward suggestion out of his mind.

"I reckon I better go up there, Collett," he said doubtfully. "When a sworn officer of the law's called—why, he's got to obey. But I want to remark that I don't view no trip like this one with no zest!"

An hour later he started. Old Finney, with a warm meal tucked under his worn hunting shirt, stoutly insisted on going with him. The constable continued skeptical; but when about noon they neared the lonely cabin they heard Gravy barking. The old dog's voice was hoarse with long-sustained effort and barely made itself heard above the storm. The constable went round and peeped through the kitchen window, then ran for the front door, with Finney at his heels.

Lying partly upon the rumpled rug the Killer looked up into Gravy's hot eager eyes. The dog had dragged the bed quite across the room and now strained forward with his front paws upon the doorsill, baying Finney's catch. The Killer was apparently but half conscious, though clearly he appreciated the fact that a few more lunges would bring Gravy within striking distance. Uncle Joe Purkey seized the dog by the tail and Finney Bone laid hold upon his collar. It was a job for both of them, for Gravy was yearning mightily. They went to work upon the bear trap, and then the Killer fainted.

Later on, when they had their prisoner securely manacled with his own handcuffs and bound upon Finney's old sled, Uncle Joe approached a delicate subject.

"Well, ole-timer," he said cautiously, "there he is! What you want done with him?"

"Take him away," entreated Finney Bone earnestly. "I ain't got a particle of use for him!"

"But maybe there's a bounty on him," suggested the constable. "You better come down with me and collect it."

Old Finney shrank back, his eyes filled with horror as they contemplated the gross figure staring at him from the sled. "I ain't goin' down!" he said positively. All he wanted was to see no more of the hideous creature which had frightened him nearly to death. "You take him, Mr. Purkey, and collect the bounty yourself."

But in spite of his Bolshevistic arguments Uncle Joe was honest—that is, comparatively. He considered.

"I'll tell you, Finney," he said cautiously, "I'll give you two hundred dollars for him—just as he lays! And a new bottle of whisky!"

Old Finney grinned, and the first bit of humor of his long life escaped him.

"He's yours, Mr. Purkey!" he said. "But I'd a-took a heap less for him last night!"

Some weeks later Finney Bone sat by the table in his cabin, a heap of coins in his hand; ten-dollar gold coins; twenty of them.

"Gravy," he said, "it shorely does pay to ketch men! Pays a lot more than ketchin' bear!"

Gravy was nearly asleep. But he thumped his hard, bony tail upon the hearth to denote that he heard. The trapper poured the handful of coins into his pocket and shook the pocket to make them jingle.

"Still, Gravy," he said, "we ain't goin' into the business. It's too wearin'. You and me, Gravy—we're through! Hereafter we stick to bear!"

Photograph of the Six-48 Touring

NO hidden shortcomings, no outstanding features dominating at the sacrifice of using others of obscure origin or unestablished quality, but a car that has won first place in its class by being good through and through. Its popularity is evidenced by the public's acceptance of more Moon cars this year than have ever been delivered in any like period in the history of the company. The car of proven units.

$1985
F. O. B. ST. LOUIS
Sedan — 5-passenger $2085
Coupé — 4-passenger $2085
Photographic Brochure Sent Upon Request

Built by MOON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, St Louis, U. S A.
Founded 1907 by Joseph W. Moon

MOON

"Gimme Mine First!"

YOU WILL please your friends tremendously with a Waffle Party. Serve table-cooked Westinghouse Waffles with maple syrup, or sugar, with powdered sugar and cinnamon, or with cream and sugar. Use crisped waffles instead of toast as the foundation for rarebits, creamed chicken, club sandwiches and the like.

Goodby, Rolls! Farewell, Hot biscuit! Hot-cakes and Toast, take care of yourselves! We've got Westinghouse Waffles!!

The Westinghouse Electric Waffle Iron makes waffles in a way that is really new and better. To begin with, it bakes, it does not fry. It needs no greasing. It is heated at both top and bottom, so that it will bake evenly, without over-cooking. It gives you waffles as you like them best, evenly crisped all through, or else with a soft, delicious center inside a flaky golden crust. A gentle pull of the handle opens the iron and closes it. It heats quickly, cooks as fast as good waffles dare be cooked and will keep ahead of a large and hungry family.

And it's good-looking enough to adorn anybody's table. If you want to see a case of real enthusiasm, ask your electrical dealer about the Waffle Iron or any of the other Westinghouse Household Conveniences.

WESTINGHOUSE ELEC. & MANUFACTURING CO. [Offices in all Principal Cities • Representatives Everywhere]

Westinghouse

ELECTRIC WARE FOR THE HOUSEHOLD

THEY SOMETIMES COME BACK

(Continued from Page 13)

all the races of Europe in a human melting pot one can keep on producing the same breed of men that founded America, laid down its scheme of government, wrenched its farms and its cities from the wilderness and produced its scientists, statesmen, artists, pioneers, authors and explorers. It is no more possible to do this than it is to turn Pekingese, chows, pugs, Boston terriers, poodles, beagles, collies, coach dogs, wolfhounds and mongrels into a kennel and have them produce litters of thoroughbred setters. Both are biological impossibilities, and all the catchwords in the world dealing with melting pots and with all men being born free and equal only serve to make Old Man Biology burst into raucous cackles of laughter and proceed stubbornly on his time-honored routine. In Mexico, Central America, South America and the Balkan States the world has excellent samples of people who have so deteriorated through cross-breeding that they are wholly incapable of self-government as Americans have known it in past years—but as they won't know it very much longer if immigration should continue in the future to anywhere near the same degree that the negligence of our legislators has permitted in the past.

Politics in the Air

The pages of history are littered with the stories of great civilizations that have perished because of unrestricted immigration and the mongrelization that resulted. As a result of unrestricted immigration the Greek race, the Greek genius and the Greek nation fell to pieces. In the past 2000 years Greece has produced no great literature or architecture or philosophy or art or science, and no ability to govern itself or its subject peoples with any degree of success. The great cities of Greece crumbled to dirty collections of peasant huts. Even Athens itself, as recently as 1834, was a poverty-stricken village which had to be rediscovered by Western civilization.

The modern Greeks like to have visitors believe that they are descended straight from the true Greeks of the days of Pericles; but if they are, then every Greek bootblack in New England is descended straight from Plymouth Colony. The Greeks of to-day—except on some of the Greek islands, which have been comparatively free from invasion and immigration—are descended from Asiatic and African slaves, Italians, old Bulgarians, Slavs, Gepidæ, Huns, Herulians, Avars, Egyptians, Syrians, Illyrians, Arabs, Spaniards, Walloons, Franks, Albanians and several other races. History has an unfortunate but incurable habit of repeating itself, and a word to the wise ought to be better than a jab with an eight-inch hatpin.

Modern Athens is a startlingly modern city, laid out by a German engineer. The yellowed marble columns on the crest of the Acropolis—most beautiful and imposing of all the monuments of antiquity—look down on asphalt streets, glaring white apartment houses and office buildings and innumerable *cafés*, at whose sidewalk tables the Greeks sit from early morning until late at night, wreathed in the dust clouds that seem to whirl eternally through the streets of Athens, and feverishly pouring politics into each other's ears and coffee into themselves. Everybody in Greece, even in little country villages which have no newspapers of their own and don't even get the Athenian political pamphlets which masquerade under the name of newspapers, lives in an atmosphere of politics. Where many of them acquire their political information is a mystery to newcomers to the country, who are inclined to think that they pick up some sort of political germ from their coffee. But they all get it, even the poorest and most ignorant; and they can brawl for hours over political matters and drag out arguments that would do credit to an extreme socialist for resourcefulness and speciousness. The spirit of faction among the Greeks is incurable. Back in the War of Independence, nearly a hundred years ago, every temporary cessation of fighting was the signal for internecine conflicts between rival Greek factions because of the rivalry of leaders who thought more of their personal power and profit than of the cause of Greece.

Sketchily, the departure of King Constantine from Greece and his return occurred in the following manner:

Constantine, born in 1868, is the son of King George I of Greece—who, before he took the Greek throne, was a Danish prince—and of Queen Olga, who was a Russian grand duchess. Constantine married a sister of Kaiser Wilhelm, and has always been pro-German. He was convinced that Germany would win the war, and consequently refused to carry out his treaty obligations and his promises to the Allies. He assisted the Bulgarians; he disregarded the treaty of alliance which Greece had with Serbia.

Constantine's prime minister was Venizelos, who had repeatedly proved himself a great statesman. When Constantine, with his Hohenzollern wife and his German advisers, showed clearly that he would oppose the Allies to the end, Venizelos went to the Island of Crete and declared a revolution. He was joined by the inhabitants of the Greek islands and of the south of Greece. He raised an army of 200,000 men and joined the Allies with them. The Allies then demanded that Constantine abdicate in favor of his son Alexander—a charming young man whose chief idea of the kinging business consisted of saying "Where do I sign?" and then rushing off for a motor ride with a pretty friend. Constantine finally did this—though he now says that he didn't—and hastened away to Switzerland with a large bevy of royal princes and princesses.

Venizelos then came back under King Alexander, reorganized the government, threw out the most rabid pro-Germans and proceeded to lay out plans to make Greece into a bigger, better and busier place. When the war was over he hastened to the peace conference and presented his claims to that august body. He is a great statesman, and he had the confidence of the representatives of the great powers. As a result, Greece got more out of the war in proportion to work done than any other nation in it.

After an absence of nearly two years he returned to Greece and was welcomed with wild enthusiasm. In the hearty Greek way there was wassail in Athens. The houses of Royalists were smashed up. Then the Venizelists killed a very popular Royalist deputy, and this started a revulsion of feeling against Venizelos. This feeling was accentuated when the Greeks learned the terms of the Treaty of Sèvres and of the hard bargain which the French, Italians and British had driven in return for the concessions which they made to Greece.

The Defeat of Venizelos

The treaty, for example, provides that Greece shall grant all commercial privileges in certain Asia Minor zones to those three governments; everybody else is shut out. It provides that Italy shall have a monopoly of the exploitation of antiquities in the Dodecanese, which were the seats of ancient Greek culture. Nobody but Italians can excavate there—and Italy can't even afford to excavate her own antiquities properly just now. The blame for such arrangements falls on the statesmen who demanded them, and not on Venizelos. Greece lost nothing by the arrangements; but when the Royalists learned of them they emitted poignant shrieks of agony and cursed Venizelos loudly and ferociously. It made good campaign material and helped to undermine Venizelos.

General elections were set for mid-October. But about that time King Alexander died of a monkey bite and left no heir. The elections were postponed for a week, and the politicians began to boil and seethe and explode on every side. Venizelos said that under no conditions would he countenance Constantine's return; young Prince Paul, youngest of Constantine's sons, he said, could have the throne; but not Constantine or any of his brothers. But Paul, from the rocky fastnesses of a Swiss grill room, where he was surrounded by his father and his Hohenzollern mother and all his uncles and other kinsfolk, refused Venizelos' offer with thanks. Thus Venizelos was left looking helplessly around the horizon for a king. The Italians, who have always been pro-Constantine for political reasons, though officially against him, shipped several million lire into Greece to be used for electioneering. Some of Constantine's cabinet ministers, banished by the Allies, filtered back into the country and went to work for Constantine.

Constantine has always been personally popular in Greece because of his habit of mingling fraternally with the soldiers and because of a few minor successes in the Balkan Wars, which were magnified into great victories by the clever press-agent work of Venizelos. As a result of these things Venizelos was defeated in the general elections by a small majority. That is to say, more Royalist deputies than Venizelist deputies were elected. Venizelos, declaring that it amounted to a personal defeat, left the country.

An Allied Warning

The Royalists got control of the government and sent hurry-up messages to Constantine to return and start wearing out the throne once more. Constantine proudly and prudently replied that he couldn't unless he were specifically demanded by the people. So another election was held. The ballots contained two voting spaces. One read "Constantine" and one read "No." Nearly half of the Venizelists throughout Greece refused to vote at this election; yet in many voting districts containing large percentages of Venizelists the number of votes cast ranged from 110 per cent to 130 per cent of the registered voters. In other words, every Royalist voted as often as he pleased, and he pleased quite frequently. Consequently the demand for Constantine's return appeared to be overwhelming. In reality it was nothing of the sort. Such is—or are—politics in Greece.

Before the joke plebiscite on the king's return was held the Allied powers addressed a warning to the Greek people. This warning stated that if Constantine were brought back the act would constitute a confirmation of the hostility shown to the Allies by Greece in the Great War. The Allied legations sent this warning to the press; but the Royalists who had seized the reins of power arranged that no papers printing the warning should be permitted to circulate. The warning had a certain amount of circulation, but it had no noticeable effect on those who wanted Constantine back.

So Constantine came back with his Hohenzollern queen and his attendant princes and princesses and pro-German advisers. And Greece, which can't afford to give enough food or medical assistance to the Salonika colonists to keep them from dying like fish washed up on a hot beach, is proudly throwing away the millions required to keep one king, two queens, seven princes and twenty princesses comfortably installed in their royal apartments. Constantine came back to enjoy the colossal gains which accrued to Greece from the victory which he did everything in his power to avert, and he is enjoying them with right good will.

Constantine not only doesn't deserve the recognition of any decent government, but he doesn't get it—or he hadn't got it in the spring of 1921. Officially, Constantine doesn't exist for England or France or America or Italy or any other Allied government, and in that fact there lies some rich and juicy musical-comedy material. Representatives of the Allies aren't permitted to admit that Constantine exists. If they meet him on the street, in the midst of cheering crowds, they must gaze abstractedly at the sky or look pensively at their feet or pretend to be deep in contemplation of their watches, and under no conditions must they permit themselves to admit his existence by lifting their hats, waving or twiddling their fingers or emitting even the mildest of diplomatic razzes, as one might say. Athens is full of Allied diplomats who spend most of their time while out of doors in running up alleyways and hiding behind the corners of buildings and jumping over fences in order to escape meeting the king face to face and creating an embarrassing situation by refusing to see him. Constantine, on the other hand, is constantly resorting to petty tricks which will enable him to say that he has been recognized by the Allied representatives. American destroyers, for example, have been ordered to stay away from Piræus for fear that some of the officers might wander up to Athens and

This Sign *marks a Live Garage or Supply Store. Look for it.* **Write for free book—** *The Piston Ring Problem and Its Solution.*

Won't Leak

Because They're Sealed With Oil

Pack a "punch" in your piston rings. Get No-Leak-O. They don't leak.

A specially cut groove—the "oil-SEALing" groove found only in the No-Leak-O piston ring—"packs" an oil film in between your piston and cylinder walls. And seals the combustion chamber fast.

Then two good things happen.

1—No gas escapes till it has done its work.

2—No oil seeps in to form carbon.

To you this means more miles per gallon of gas—and happy freedom from the "knock-click-knock" of carbon filled cylinders. Get—NO-LEAK-O PISTON RINGS.

NO-LEAK-O
Piston Ring Company
Baltimore, Maryland

Seven years of continued success.

NO-LEAK-O
PISTON RINGS

How to get at least *10 cents' worth more* for every dollar you spend in

Face Creams
Toilet Preparations
Perfumes
Foods and Table Delicacies *(in Glass)*
Hard Candies
Household Remedies
Relishes
Condiments
Sauces
Salad Dressings

ALL these different kinds of goods come to you packed for your protection in glass bottles and jars.

The trouble is that once you remove the old-fashioned cork, stopper or cap—you *seldom if ever* get it back firm and tight.

From then on the product begins to deteriorate—dries out, loses flavor or fragrance, perhaps even ferments or gets mouldy.

You may not realize it, but you *lose* an average of 10 cents in every dollar's worth you buy.

• • •

But ask your grocer, your druggist, your confectioner, for products sealed with the new *Duplex Seal*.

The *Duplex Seal*, the simplest seal made, on with a quarter turn of the wrist, off with the same easy motion, yet seals the bottle or jar quickly, surely and completely every time, and protects the product for you down to the last bit.

The *Duplex Seal* on a bottle or jar is equal to giving you an *extra 10 cents' worth* for every dollar you spend.

• • •

Interesting information regarding the glass package art, artistic seal designs, seal liners to meet special chemical reactions, etc., gladly furnished by our Service Laboratories to manufacturers of food products, hard candies, toilet goods, household remedies and specialties of all kinds. Our new Catalog points the way to better business.

The Duplex Seal

A PERFECT SEALING & RE-SEALING CAP FOR GLASS BOTTLES & JARS

NATIONAL SEAL COMPANY, *Inc.*,
Executive Offices - 14th Avenue and 36th Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Works - BROOKLYN, N.Y. • • PORTLAND, ME.

come face to face with the king and be invited to come around to the palace to dinner before they quite knew what was happening to them. Constantine would be quite capable of it.

There's the case of Admiral O'Kelly. O'Kelly, a British naval officer, is at the head of the naval mission that's running the Greek Navy. He is also an officer in the Greek Navy, wears the Greek uniform and receives a generous salary from the Greek government. Soon after Constantine's return he sent out word that he wished to see O'Kelly; so O'Kelly, not wishing to lose his monthly pay check, went up to the palace and called on him. At the end of the interview Constantine walked to the door with him, and as he shook hands with him he pressed something into the admiral's hand.

"Here's something I want you to have," said the king.

When O'Kelly got outside he looked at it. It was the Grand Cross of the Order of the Redeemer, which is Constantine's private and pet order. But if O'Kelly had been permitted to accept it by the British it would have been an admission that Constantine exists. So O'Kelly had to go back next day and hand back the Grand Cross.

Royal Hide and Seek

One of the few social centers in Athens is the Tennis Club. A short time ago a number of improvements were made on the grounds, and when they were completed the club announced that it was holding open house. The foreign colonies of the city turned out in force, and the entire diplomatic set was posing gracefully on the front lawn, with its white spats, its refined accents, its low musical laughter and everything, when suddenly the royal family appeared unannounced on the scene. For a moment the assemblage, as the early literary realists used to remark, was rooted to the ground with horror. Then they pulled themselves up by the roots, so to speak, and there was a general flight of the diplomatic corps over fences, around corners and behind bushes.

The only governments that recognize Constantine are Spain, Holland and Rumania. Even Rumania held off as long as possible, and only weakened when Constantine's oldest son married Elizabeth of Rumania at the same time that Prince Carol of Rumania married Princess Helene of Greece. Consequently at all functions where the diplomatic corps is announced the waiting courtiers see only three specimens staggering into sight.

A few weeks after Constantine's return the Dutch minister died. He was the dean of the diplomatic corps. On the day before the funeral the marshal of the court visited his successor and stated that the king would attend it. His successor begged the marshal not to permit such a thing, since it was sure to create a scene.

"The king," replied the marshal imperturbably, "is in his own country. He will abstain only at the request of the ministers."

But since that would have been a form of recognition, the ministers refused to make such a request. The funeral took place; the diplomatic representatives of the Allied powers took their seats in a body at the front of the church. Then there was a blare of trumpets and the king entered, bowing graciously to left and right. Not an Allied diplomat moved a muscle as he passed. He was led to a seat directly in front of the diplomats and facing them. Throughout the service Constantine glared balefully at the ministers, and the ministers stared over his head or past him or through him.

This situation is not brought about solely because Constantine was a pro-German during the war and did everything in his power to further the German cause. Primarily it is due to the pride, pigheadedness and avarice which prevent Constantine from admitting to the Allies that he ever abdicated or that his son Alexander ever actually ruled in Greece. Constantine and the Royalist politicians are even anxious to declare illegitimate the Venizelist government of young King Alexander, and to disavow all contracts made by that government; but they don't quite dare to go through with it. One Royalist deputy even went so far as to introduce a resolution to that effect in the Chamber of Deputies, but the matter was hushed up. Constantine claims flatly that he didn't abdicate at all, and maintains passionately that his son Alexander was merely pinch-hitting for him while he was on a pleasure trip to Switzerland. This claim, if admitted by the Greeks, entitles him to collect back pay for the years that he spent in being king of a suite of rooms in the Hotel National, Lucerne; and he probably will so collect, if he hasn't already.

Constantine's pride is tremendous, and he hates to admit that the Allies had any cause to force him out or had the power to do so. Therefore he has failed to announce formally to the Allies that he has come back as successor to his son, King Alexander; and the Allies, rightly fearing that their contracts and agreements with Alexander's government may be worthless until he does so, regard him with the same confidence and enthusiasm that they might have for a case of bubonic plague.

The Greeks take a rather peculiar attitude on the question of the nonrecognition of Constantine by the other nations. Some of them—even men like cabinet ministers and high officials—say: "It is an outrage that Constantine is not recognized; and so long as diplomats refuse to recognize and honor Constantine we shall refuse to recognize or to honor them." They take it as a personal affront. Others adopt a defiant tone.

"What do we care whether the Allies do or do not recognize the present government of Greece?" one exclaimed. "Greece can take care of herself. She needs neither the recognition nor the help of anyone."

Still others are anxious that the king take steps to be recognized so that Greece can get from America the balance of the $33,000,000 loan which Greece negotiated for the prosecution of the war. Since the war for which it was intended was the Great War, and not the ill-begotten war in Asia Minor, it is to be hoped that they never get it.

King Constantine's Advisers

The moves for which the king and his government have been responsible since his return are not such as to breed an oversupply of confidence in anybody who had dealings with King Alexander's Venizelist government, for a majority of them have been moves to destroy everything for which Venizelos was responsible. As a prime minister the king has taken a gentleman named Gounaris, who was prime minister before the king was forced out, and was even imprisoned on the island of Corsica by the French for his pro-Germanism. He gave his word of honor not to try to escape, and was consequently allowed a certain amount of freedom. He thereupon broke his parole immediately.

As a silent adviser the king has a German named Doctor Streit, who advises the king on matters of moment. Streit went into exile with the king, and returned with him. As chief of staff of the army the king has reinstated a General Dousmanis, who used every means in his power to smash Venizelos and prevent him from taking any part of Greece into the war on the side of the Allies.

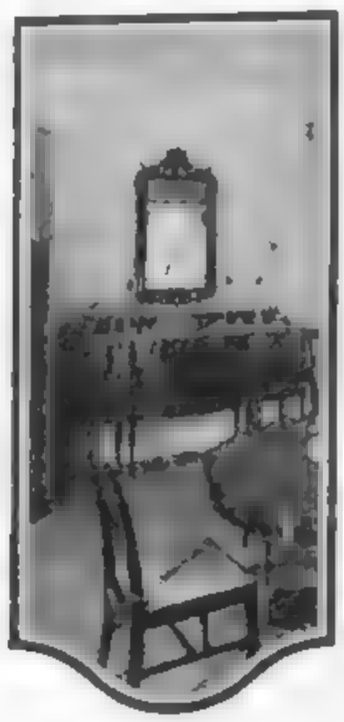
During the first quarter of 1921 the Greeks started a flourishing war in Asia Minor against the so-called Turkish Nationalist forces, which were commanded by a first-class soldier named Mustapha Kemal Pasha. The exact causes of this war are shrouded in mystery. Some Greeks claimed that they were fighting the battles of England and France; but England and France did not always agree with the Greeks on this statement. Other Greeks stated that they wished to crush all future organized resistance to the Greek occupation of Asia Minor by Kemalist troops. Their chances of doing this were and are about as good as would be the chances of one division of badly equipped American troops to crush all armed resistance in Mexico. Several other claims were equally thin.

Like 99 per cent of the wars which are constantly erupting in the new Europe, this war was nothing but a land-grabbing expedition. It was unnecessary; it was wholly useless.

At any rate, the Greek army that went to Asia Minor was commanded by Venizelist officers, since the army raised by Venizelos to enter the war on the side of the Allies was the only Greek army that had had any experience in modern warfare. At the very end of March the Greeks started an offensive against the Turks. Twenty-four hours before the offensive

(Continued on Page 56)

The moment I saw the sample I wanted this "Oatmeal" finish



Immediately I wanted walls and ceilings of Cornell-Wood-Board instead of lath and plaster—the panels with this handsome surface that is already primed—"Mill-Primed" they call it—and requires only one coat of paint or calcimine to give a perfectly beautiful effect.

In fact, in the kitchen and attic I left the Cornell Panels in their natural "Oatmeal" tint and I've never seen any other walls so clean and sanitary.

Anyone who can handle a hammer can nail the Cornell Panels to the joists and studding, or over damaged plaster. Even our largest room was completely paneled in a few hours' time and we moved right in. No days and days of work and litter—no waiting weeks for walls to dry.

But the feature that stirred my husband's enthusiasm is Cornell's "Triple-Sizing," which gives our walls triple protection against moisture, expansion and contraction. He is having his office and factory finished with Cornell Panels, and a number of our friends are paneling new homes and old ones with Cornell Board.

Cornell Panels can be obtained in 8 lengths from 6 to 16 feet; two widths, "CORNELL 32" for small rooms, "CORNELL 48" for large rooms. The genuine has the name "Cornell-Wood-Board" on the edge. A wrapper of strong "Cornell-Jute" protects each package of 10 Cornell Panels from dust, moisture and blemish. For sale by leading lumber and building-material dealers.

To obtain free illustrated book No. 36 of "Cornell Interiors," sample board and prices, fill this out and take to the Cornell Dealer near by or mail to Cornell Wood Products Co., Chicago.

Please tell me the cost of paneling the following rooms with Cornell-Wood-Board:

Length (ft.)	Width (ft.)	Height (ft.)

Name_____

Street_____

Post Office_____

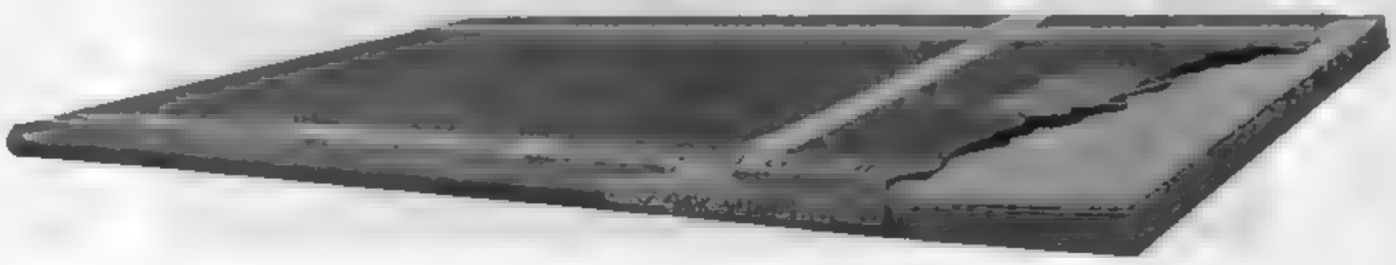
State whether you plan to cover walls or ceilings, or both_____

CORNELL WOOD PRODUCTS COMPANY, *General Offices*, Chicago

Water Power, Mills and Timberlands in Wisconsin

Cornell Wood Board

Takes the Place of Lath and Plaster for Walls, Ceilings and Partitions



Branch Offices:

New York City, 501 Fifth Ave.
Minneapolis, 1040 McKnight Bldg.
Kansas City, 509 R. A. Long Bldg.
Denver, 619 Charles Bldg.

Pacific Coast Distributors:

Los Angeles, Hammond Lumber Co.
San Francisco, Holt Brothers Co.
Portland, Marshall-Wells Co.
Tacoma, Standard Paper Co.
Spokane, Consolidated Supply Co.

(Continued from Page 54)

took place all high Venizelist officers were removed from their positions and replaced by Royalist officers. As a result the Turks administered a terrible trouncing to the Greeks and the wounded began to pour back to Athens. The Greek transport system at the front broke down, and the ignorance of the officers in the field was so great that they were unable to use much of their equipment. Their field radio, for example, they were incapable of setting up.

The Royalists did their utmost to prevent any news of the defeat and of the change in officers from reaching the people. The newspaper Patris, edited by a young man named Lambrachis, was the only one which told the story. Lambrachis was immediately arrested and thrown into jail. The incentive to truth-telling is not high in Greece.

News of the Asia Minor shambles got abroad in the land in spite of the efforts of the government to prevent it. A regiment of new troops marched past the hotel in which I was staying on its way to Piræus to embark for Asia Minor.

Someone on the hotel porch shouted down to them "Where are you going?" and several voices from the ranks replied, "To the abattoir!"

The popularity of Constantine, too, began to be somewhat dented and shopworn with the soldiers. The war was a very unpopular war anyway. The draft, in spite of enthusiastic reports of its success sent out by the government press agency, was evaded on every side. Constantine, instead of disbanding the army and sending it back to its homes, as those who campaigned for him had promised he would do on his return, had started a new war to round out the eight years of war which Greece had already enjoyed in the First, Second and Third Balkan Wars and the Great War; a new war which the diplomacy and statesmanship of Venizelos would unquestionably never have permitted. Troops sailing from the south of Greece to Asia Minor shouted to bystanders—referring to Constantine—"We wanted him, and we got him!" Then they would smack their faces with their open hands, which is a Grecian gesture meaning that they had got him in the neck, as the saying goes.

Greek Politics and the Red Cross

Nothing in Greece was free from the politics of Constantine and his gang. The American Red Cross, for example, established an extensive baby-welfare organization in Greece. The Greek Patriotic League assumed the responsibility of it, and the Red Cross appointed the women who should be in charge. Some of these women were Royalists and some were Venizelists, and the Red Cross told the Greek Government plainly and bluntly that politics was to be kept out of it. When Constantine came back Queen Sophia immediately began to mix in the affairs of the Patriotic League. She demanded the resignation of all Venizelists. The Red Cross served notice on the Greek Government that if there were further changes or forced resignations in welfare organizations the Red Cross would withdraw from Greece. Sophia will, no doubt, find a way to beat the Red Cross, because Sophia is a Hohenzollern and a politician, while the Red Cross, thank God, is neither.

This same political acrimony, coupled with the lack of organizing ability for which the Greeks are noted, had prevented the formation of nursing or welfare organizations to look after the wounded who were pouring in daily from the Asia Minor front. Athens is the best-equipped city in all Greece; but in the best and biggest hospital in Athens, while I was there, 430 wounded soldiers were being attended by four nurses and eight doctors.

Every cabaret and *thé dansant* was packed to the doors all afternoon and evening, however.

Every school-teacher in Greece who was known to be a Venizelos sympathizer has been removed from her job and shifted to a distant section of the country. Many of the teachers have suffered a series of shifts, so that to all intents and purposes they have been thrown out of employment. The number of teachers that were thus shifted runs into the thousands, and as a result the entire school system of the nation was thrown into disorganization for at least one year, while more than half the schools of Greece had to be closed.

As soon as Constantine came back his gang effected the dismissal of fifty-two professors from the University of Athens on the ground that they were Venizelists—which they unquestionably were. Among these fifty-two were many of the most distinguished teachers in the university—one, for example, being Coryllos, a professor of surgery and a cancer specialist who is a friend of such men as the Mayos and Alexis Carrel. Nobody was too high and nobody was too low for the Royalists to wreak their political hatred on. One of the cases that came to my attention was that of a widow with four children who held a position as door tender in a public school. Her husband had been killed in action in the Balkan Wars. She was fired from her job after Constantine's return because her sympathies were known to be with Venizelos.

Beads Versus Walking Sticks

The Venizelist politicians were pretty bad, but they were angels compared with the Royalist politicians. Venizelos himself is a man with ideals, with patriotism and with that very rare virtue, common sense. In many of his leaders he inspired the same sentiments that he himself possessed. The Venizelist party was largely composed of people who believed in siding with the Allies because that was the side of decency, justice and honor, whereas the Royalists believed in sticking with Germany because they thought Germany had the biggest guns and the largest money chest. The Venizelists were not only in the position of revolutionists against their ruler's policies, but they were also fighting the greatest war in history against the most terrible foe in history. The Royalists were mostly pro-Germans, and the Venizelists were fighting Germany with the Allies. Consequently the Venizelists took steps to silence the worst and the loudest pro-Germans, just as we did in America. They fired five professors from the university for being dangerous pro-Germans and for giving aid and comfort to the enemy. The Royalists, on their return to power, retaliated by firing fifty-two professors for being Venizelists.

During the days when Venizelos was in power as prime minister to young King Alexander, pictures of King Constantine could be found nowhere in the country, while pictures of Venizelos were displayed everywhere. Last spring almost every window held a gaudily colored picture of Constantine in a plumed helmet and a very Kaiserish mustache. Shops which neglected to display pictures of Constantine were usually peremptorily ordered to do so by the police. Anybody who had displayed a picture of Venizelos would have been arrested. I had to go to more trouble to get a photograph of Venizelos than I would have to undergo in buying a drink of Scotch whisky in Kansas.

No mention of Constantine's return would be complete without some mention of the Princess Anastasia, who used to be Mrs. Leeds before she married Constantine's brother, Prince Christopher, and of Princess Anastasia's eighteen-year-old son, William Leeds, who is somewhat jestingly spoken of in Athens as the Duke of Piræus or Lord Leeds. Young Mr. Leeds arrived in Athens by airplane with his Chinese valet, and promptly became engaged to the Grand Duchess Xenia. The Leeds millions, made in America, are so tied up by the will of the late tin-plate king that Princess Anastasia and young Mr. Leeds can touch only the interest on them. The Leeds jewels, however, are not tied up by the will; and since their value is in excess of $10,000,000, the hard-up Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glucksburg family of Denmark, Switzerland and Greece will probably never starve to death so long as there is a ready market for diamond stomach chevrons and other service decorations. The Greek royal family denies indignantly that Princess Anastasia provided the slush fund which financed Constantine's return; but it is said that $200,000 of Leeds money oiled the route along which the return was made. The extreme reluctance of Constantine's family to allow young Mr. Leeds out of their sight until his marriage is safely consummated and the Leeds money is securely attached to needy royalty is, to put it conservatively, very repugnant to all Americans in Athens. The work of royalty can be very coarse.

The Leeds money is going to be badly needed by Constantine's family if it continues to permit the bone-headed political atrocities that have marked its every move since its return, and what the family needs it will work hard to get. There is a certain amount of poetic justice in the thought of a fortune being made by an American tin-plate king and being wrecked by a Greek tinhorn king—if you know what I mean.

The Greek royal family as far as looks go, fulfills all the requirements of people who like to look at kings and their pomps. Constantine is tall and magnificent looking. His pants buckle under his boots, and on his broad chest he wears seventeen pounds of jeweled decorations, gold braid and miscellaneous hardware. Queen Sophia has a haughty and regal air. The princesses are pretty and stylish—especially when they pass the observer at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour in one of the royal automobiles. The Greeks love to hang around on street corners and wait for His Majesty to pass. Crowds of them wait two and three hours to see him go by, and as he passes, saluting sloppily and condescendingly, a feeble cheer goes up from the crowd.

The Greeks take comfort in strange things anyway. Full-grown he-men walk briskly around Athens dangling short strings of amber or bone or wooden beads in their hands. These are known as conversation beads. Silk-hatted and frock-coated politicians, deep in conversation on a street corner, fiddle nervously with strings of beads as they talk. Taxi drivers, when not engaged in running their machines, sprawl in their seats and finger strings of beads. I attended a session of the Greek Chamber of Deputies one afternoon. In the front row sat the distinguished, so to speak, members of the cabinet. Most of them were running strings of beads through their fingers, while those who had left their beads in their other clothes were scooping sunflower seeds out of paper bags, cracking them and throwing the shells on the floor. One Greek told me that strings of beads in Greece took the place of walking sticks in America. It may be so; but I'd hate to try to hold off a pickpocket by swinging a string of beads on him.

Getting an Interview

After I had been in Greece for a short time I had accumulated a number of questions that simply had to be put up to the king. Kings have odd ideas about being approached nowadays, and one gains nothing by running up to the front door of the palace and asking for the king—nothing, that is, except causing a royal retainer to drop dead with horror. So I asked some Greeks what to do, and they replied that I should get the American minister to take me over to the palace and sign the king's visitors' book for me, and tell the court chamberlain that I had never been caught stealing spoons from any royal palace to the best of his knowledge and belief, and ask the court chamberlain to ask the king whether he would deign to receive me in audience two weeks from next Friday. This advice was worthless, however, for in the first place the American minister had resigned, and in the second place the officials of the American legation were not officially permitted to know that such a person as King Constantine existed, and in the third place I was in a hurry to get out of town. So I wrote a brief, chatty, modest letter to the court chamberlain and asked him to date me up with the king.

Two days elapsed, during which no reply came from the chamberlain — probably because of the press of chamberlaining duties. So I wrote another letter, more brief, less chatty and much less modest. I felt obliged to remind him, for example, that millions of Americans stood in line outside of periodical shops throughout each long Wednesday night in order to buy THE SATURDAY EVENING POST eagerly on Thursday morning and hunt for an article by Kenneth L. Roberts. I can't remember whether or not I told him that these waiting millions always burst into racking sobs if they didn't find it; but I think I touched lightly on that fact. This time the court chamberlain dropped his chamberlaining long enough to attend to my case.

"Royal Palace, 27 March / 9 April, 1921," ran the reply to my note—the Greeks use two dates, instead of daylight saving and standard time as we do—"Dear Sir: In reply to your demand, I hasten to inform you that His Majesty will receive you in audience to-morrow morning, Sunday the 28 March / 10 April at 12 o'clock. I feel obliged to inform you beforehand that His Majesty, in granting this audience, to not intend to give an interview on the present political situation.

"Mercati, Marshal of the Royal Court."

This had a poor sound, for if the king didn't intend to talk any politics he would be forced to confine his conversation to such subjects as "Why Excavated Statues Have No Arms" or "Why I Prefer the Hop to the Poppy."

At noon on the day of my appointment a large blue-plush footman admitted me to the palace and ushered me into an antechamber where a startled young woman was standing with a lighted cigarette behind her back and smoke clouds oozing out on every side of her. She evidently didn't want me to know that she smoked. We eyed each other warily while the smoke clouds grew thicker. Count Mercati fortunately appeared before the cigarette burned down to the young woman's fingers, and ushered me into an inner antechamber. Then he left me, returned and led me into an even innerer antechamber which had a large oil painting of the king on the wall.

A Natty-Looking King

Then he went out again and stayed some little time, and when he returned he whispered sadly in my ear, "The king is waiting to receive you." He couldn't have had a more melancholy air if he had been announcing that my entire family had been destroyed or that my two dogs had run away and couldn't be found. He led me down a long corridor and up to a mahogany door in front of which stood a man wearing an olive-colored uniform, bushy blue-black whiskers and a frown.

"You must not speak to the king on political matters," said Count Mercati, and he looked at me with unutterable melancholy, while the bush-bearded door guard stared at me venomously, as though he had selected the spot where he was going to ventilate me with the dagger which he unquestionably carried under his armpit or down the back of his neck—or in his whiskers.

"There's nothing to talk to him about if I can't talk on political matters," I protested. "There's nothing in Greece but politics. What do you expect me to do in there anyway?"

"Personal impressions only," whispered the count sadly—"personal impressions only."

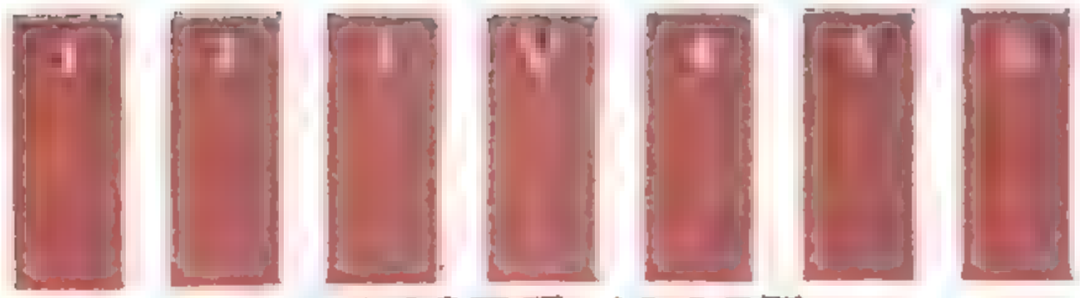
He dragged me along toward the door, and the man with the bushy beard showed his teeth at me viciously.

"I don't want any personal impressions," I protested. "What's the use ——"

Just then the door opened, and the king was standing just inside it. Our argument came to an end and I tried to twist my face into a polite smirk. The count mumbled a few sad words and faded from sight. The king shook hands briskly, looked pleasant, urged me to sit down and took a seat behind his desk.

Constantine, as I have said before, is a highly impressive person. He is six feet three inches tall and correspondingly broad. His eyes are blue and his smile is attractive, and the glitter of the medals on his chest is soothing to the eye. He is fifty-three years old, but looks about forty—and he certainly makes a natty-looking king. When he appears in public he usually tops himself off with a plumed hat of about three-quart capacity. When he removes his headgear his strangely knobby, elongated

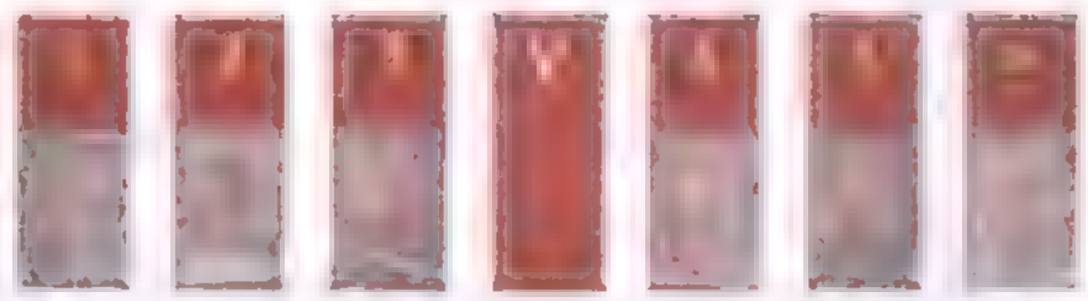
(Continued on Page 61)



BEFORE TEST

SEVEN wood panels, numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, were finished with six of the well known varnish stains on the market. The "V" panel was finished with Valspar Varnish Stain.

AFTER TEST



THE same seven panels after five minutes in hot, soapy water. The unretouched photograph shows clearly what happened. The Valspar Varnish Stain panel alone came out absolutely unharmed.

The Valspar Varnish Stains stand the Valspar tests!

AT LAST, after years of experiment, the Valspar laboratories have perfected a line of transparent varnish stains worthy of bearing the name, Valspar.

These new Valspar Varnish Stains are Valspar itself—that waterproof, weather-proof, accident-proof, wear-proof varnish—plus beautiful natural wood stains. There are six colors—light oak, dark oak, walnut, mahogany, cherry, and moss green. One stroke of the brush applies both color and varnish.

Study the test above. It demonstrates the striking superiority of Valspar Varnish Stains over the six other well known varnish stains used in this test. Of the seven panels that were immersed for five minutes in hot, soapy water, six came out clouded, faded and perished. The Valspar Varnish Stain panel alone came out with its color true, unfaded—its surface as bright and clean as before it went in.

Our experiments demonstrate absolutely that Valspar Varnish Stains alone stand the famous Valspar boiling water test.

Wherever you want to use a varnish stain—whether indoors or out—you can now use Valspar Varnish Stains—they stand the same tests and give the same unmatched service as Valspar itself. They have long been needed. Your Valspar dealer now has them or will get them for you.

VALENTINE'S

VALSPAR

VARNISH STAIN

The famous Valspar boiling water test

This coupon is worth 20 cents

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 456 Fourth Ave., New York

Special Offer

For your dealer's name and 15c in stamps we will send you a 35c sample can of Valspar Varnish Stain or clear Valspar—enough to finish a small table or chair. Fill out coupon.

Dealer's Name_____

Your Name_____

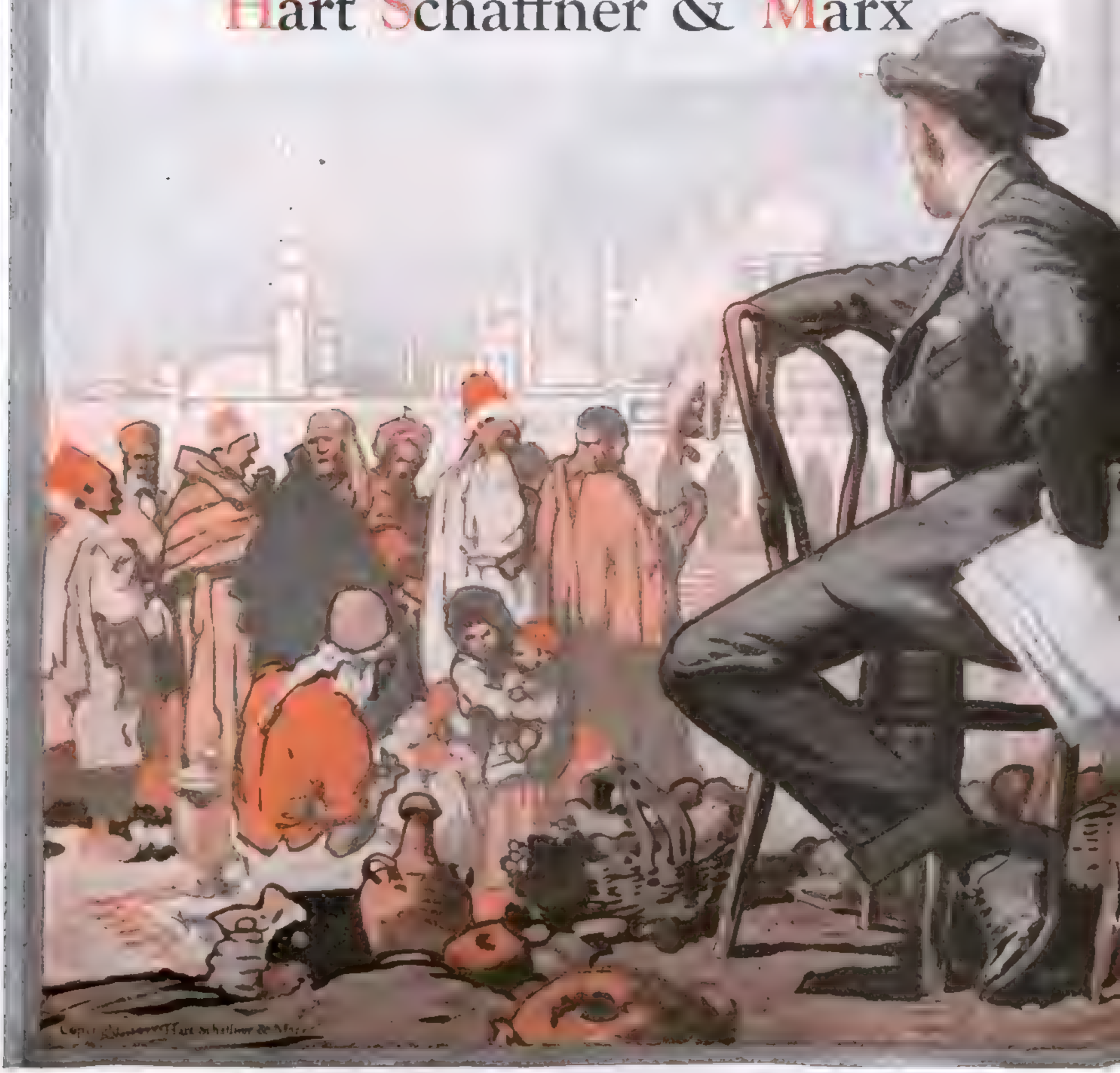
Your Address_____

S. E. P. 10-1-21

Men who pay the least for clothes

They don't try to save on "the price"; they save by getting long wear—the quality you get in our clothes *Satisfaction or money back*

Hart Schaffner & Marx



Sheridan

She Uses It in All Her Cooking

FOR creaming vegetables, making soups and gravies, for icings and for fillings, use Carnation Milk. It is economical, convenient and absolutely pure. Just cows' milk from which part of the water has been evaporated, it contains no preservative of any kind—not even sugar. Use Carnation Milk in your home for cooking, drinking, in coffee, and on desserts. Send for the Carnation Cook Book, containing more than 100 tested recipes.

Creamed Salmon—2 cups salmon, 2 cups Thin White Sauce. Flake the fish, add to hot Thin White Sauce and serve on toast. This recipe serves six people.

CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS COMPANY, 932 Consumers Building, CHICAGO; 1032 Stuart Building, SEATTLE

Carnation Milk

"From Contented Cows"

Sold by Grocers Everywhere

Carnation Milk Products Company
Seattle Chicago Aylmer, Ontario

(Continued from Page 56)

and naked head fascinates the beholder. It is a true dome of thought, large enough to hold the brains of three or four fairly brainy people, though there is no evidence to show that it holds more than enough for the king. It is the shiniest head that I ever saw, and it wouldn't have surprised me at all to learn that his valet goes over it every morning with an oily rag.

On the wall behind the king's desk hang two autographed photographs—one of the Czar, who was overthrown and killed, and one of the Kaiser, who is an exile and a greatly despised man.

One observes certain etiquette with a king or runs the risk of having His Majesty summon a royal retainer to give one a royal boot out onto the royal sidewalk. When addressing him one says "Your Majesty," unless one forgets. One also doesn't burst right out with some conventional remark like "Aren't you putting on weight, king?" but preserves a decorous calm until His Majesty shatters the silence. And when the king rises from his chair it's a sign that the audience is over and that one needn't hang around any longer in the hope of getting an invitation to lunch. Consequently an interviewer has to work fast because of his constant fear that the king will rise to his feet before all his questions have been asked.

After the king had made the usual opening of asking how long I had been in Athens I told him that I wouldn't have taken up his valuable time if I had known that Count Mercati had requested him not to talk to me on any political matters. That, I told him, left us nothing to talk about but prohibition.

"It is not necessary to talk about prohibition," said Constantine, who speaks English perfectly. "What were some of the questions that you wanted to ask me?"

Samples of Royal Reasoning

I told him that I wanted to hear what he had to say about his failure to recognize that his son Alexander had actually been King of Greece.

"I never gave up the throne," said Constantine. "I do not admit the right of the powers to come here and tell me what to do, any more than England would recognize my right to throw Lloyd George out of office if I didn't like his policies. Alexander wasn't king, because I never stopped being king. What difference does it make anyway?"

"For one thing," I told him, "the powers are afraid that their agreements with Alexander's government may be repudiated if his government is declared illegal."

"Ah," said the king, "then it's all a matter of money. Well, under no circumstances would we repudiate any of the agreements made with Alexander's government. The whole business of suspecting me and my government of doing such a thing is a crazy idea that sprang up during the war—a crazy idea like the idea of democracy. Take America, for example, and all her talk of democracy. Why, there's no more democracy in America than there is in my boot!"

I told him that there was probably more democracy in America than he realized, and that the reason for his lack of realization was possibly due to his lack of familiarity with democracy as practiced in America.

"Your government has just jailed Lambrachis, the editor of Patris," I told him, "for publishing the reasons for the Greek defeat in Asia Minor a few days ago. That is a thing that couldn't happen in America, and a thing that makes every American warm under the collar."

"Yes, that is correct," said Constantine. "You see, Lambrachis wrote things that upset the people. All of the things that he wrote were lies. We cannot permit the people to be upset."

I told Constantine that my information on the battle in Asia Minor, drawn from three official and reliable sources, confirmed every word that Lambrachis had written, and I reproduce the ensuing conversation exactly as it occurred in order to show Constantine's cerebration.

"It was not the truth—not at all," said Constantine. "The newspaper men are unreliable for the most part, and they lie to the people in order to stir them up against me."

"Are they successful in doing so?" I asked.

"No, not at all," said Constantine.

"Do the people become upset at their attempts?" I asked.

"No, no, no!" said Constantine.

"Then why put them in jail?" I asked, having worked the king around to denying that Lambrachis had done the thing for which he had claimed he was imprisoned.

Constantine was quite unaware of having slipped.

"We put them in jail to teach them to be reliable," he replied calmly.

"Why doesn't the Greek Government tell the people the truth about the Asia Minor campaign?" I asked.

Constantine stared at me with innocent baby-blue eyes.

"Why," said he, "we issue official *communiqués* to the people."

"Yes," said I, "but they're worthless."

"Oh, no!" said Constantine.

"Oh, yes!" said I. "Take the matter of mobilization, for example. Before coming here I saw a Reuter dispatch in a London paper declaring that there was great enthusiasm over the mobilization of troops for the Asia Minor war. On arriving here I learned that there had been no more enthusiasm over it than over a funeral. I went to the Reuter correspondent about it, and learned from him that the lying dispatch had been sent by the Greek Press Bureau to the Reuter office in London and accepted by the London office as a bona-fide statement."

Constantine shrugged his shoulders.

"There was enthusiasm over it," he said.

"Then Your Majesty is the only one who thinks so," I told him.

I asked him why he, as a military man, should have permitted so many experienced officers to be removed from their commands just before the offensive against the Turks, and to be replaced by swivel-chair officers—a move that was largely responsible for the crushing Greek defeat.

"That isn't true," said Constantine. "A few officers have been removed in past months, but none were removed just before the offensive."

I told him that this was directly contrary to the knowledge possessed by the representatives of the great powers in Athens and by foreign correspondents. Constantine looked at me reproachfully.

"You have been talking to Venizelists," said he.

"I've been talking to Venizelists, Royalists, Americans and Englishmen," I replied. "I have talked to a great many Greeks of different stations in life, and I find it almost impossible to find one who doesn't lie to me."

"That is true," replied the king, looking at me thoughtfully. "They are hard to find."

"If Diogenes had lived," I hazarded, "he would still be hunting."

The king looked at me blankly.

"The Venizelists especially," he said at length, "are great liars. Venizelos himself was a terrible liar and deceived everyone."

The King's View of Venizelos

He then launched into a tirade against Venizelos, which was only valuable in so far as it showed the pettiness to which the ruler of a nation could descend. I told the king that the best-informed statesmen of Europe and America held views exactly opposite to his own, and that Venizelos was considered a patriot, an idealist, an honest man and the only genuine statesman that Greece possessed.

"If America thinks that," said the king wrathfully, "why doesn't America take him and use him? Maybe you can tell me how Venizelos came to Athens a poor man in 1910, and how he has been able to leave Athens owning two houses, to travel all over the world, to have a villa at Nice and to stay at the best hotels when he travels."

The facts are these: Venizelos was presented with a house—one house—in Athens by an ardent admirer and supporter. He owned no other. When he left Athens he sold the house, and on the proceeds from the sale he has been living ever since. I was in Nice when Venizelos was there, and he was staying in the villa of a friend. He could not afford to own or even to rent one for himself. These facts are known to Royalists and Venizelists alike. I said as much to Constantine, and he merely shrugged his shoulders.

"Has Your Majesty heard," I asked, "that Venizelos intends to go to America and Japan?"

"Yes," said he with a sneer, "I hear he's going to fix up the differences between the two countries. When he finishes with that America'd better send him to Mexico to fix up a few things there too."

I asked him what Greece intended to do for the 27,000 starving and disease-ridden Greek colonists at Salonika.

"Oh, yes," said he, "I understand the situation is bad there; but Demidoff has recognized these people as Russian subjects. There is some money left over from the Kolchak government; and since Demidoff has recognized them as Russians, the money will be applied to them. Consequently their condition will be greatly improved."

As I have said, these people are Greeks though they come from the so-called Greek Caucasus, a part of Russia. They were brought by the Greek Government which preceded Constantine's. The careless and cynical manner in which Constantine washed his hands of them sounded suspicious; so when I left the palace I went straight to Prince Demidoff, who is the Russian ambassador in Athens. I told him what the king had said, and he was horrified.

A Fountain of Misinformation

"Of course," said he, "I was willing to recognize them as Russians for humanitarian reasons. They are Greeks from Old Russia, and the Greeks are letting them die by thousands. The money that we can apply to their relief is the merest drop in the bucket, but it's better than no relief at all. It was a Greek scheme and the burden of it is on the Greeks. Neither the king nor the Greek nation can crawl out of their obligations in any such way. If the king wishes you or the world to believe that there is enough Russian money materially to better the lot of the Salonika colonists he is doing a very evil thing." And that answers the king's answer to me.

I asked the king about the public-school situation.

"Why," I asked him, "do you permit your minister of education to wreck the school system of your entire nation?"

He replied that the school situation was rather unfortunate, and that the minister of education had possibly been a trifle overzealous toward the Venizelists.

"Then why don't you remedy it?" I asked. "You can do it with a word."

The king smiled pleasantly and replied that these things would quickly straighten themselves out. Can you beat it? as Henry James used to say.

We discussed a great many interesting matters, and in practically all of them Constantine revealed an almost boundless capacity for soaking up misinformation. Never, in a fairly wide experience with persons in high positions in America and Europe, have I met a man who evaded the truth so easily and so consistently as the King of Greece. He laughed heartily at the manner in which the foreign correspondents had gone astray on the November elections.

"All of them," he chuckled, "wrote to their papers that it would be a Venizelos victory. You see, these reporters are crooked. All of them were under instructions from their editors as to what to write, so they wrote lies."

Wouldn't it, in the words of the English professors, get your goat?

I asked him whether he had heard from the Kaiser recently. He said that he hadn't. He even said that he hadn't received a copy of the Kaiser's defense, worked up by the Kaiser in diary form and sent out to his friends to prove that he had no part in starting the war. He had never even heard of this document, he claimed; and if he was telling the truth it helps to show his failure to keep track of events in the outside world.

At the end of the notes of my interview with Constantine are jotted the rough impressions which his talk made on me.

"This shortsighted individual," they read, "has absolutely failed to profit by his own past experiences and the experiences of his brother monarchs. Instead of getting together the warring factions of his country and stepping on the cheap grafters and crooks, he lets his petty spite and his momentary desires regulate his conduct. The King of Greece is about as big, mentally, as a pint of snow water half poured out."

After plenty of time for contemplation these impressions still stand unrevised. There are only a few kings left in the world, but there are still too many of them.

Sometimes they come back—but not for long.

"Steam heat without coal"

Gasteam

Are you paying for heat you don't *use*?

WHEN you burn coal for fuel you have to keep your heating plant going 24 hours a day. GASTEAM heating—steam heat with gas for fuel—operates like electric light—fuel is burned only when actually required.

In many commercial buildings, for instance, there is no need of heat at night. GASTEAM radiators can be turned out at night. Their construction is such that there is no danger from freezing.

GASTEAM radiators are easily installed, pleasing in appearance and built for permanence. Each radiator is a *steam* heating plant *in itself*—with heat that is clean, healthful and safe.

GASTEAM heating saves money because it does away with janitor service, expensive piping, ash removal, interest on coal bought in advance, and the waste of heat *when* and *where* it is not needed.

Whatever the type of building you have to heat—new or old, commercial or residential—send for the GASTEAM book.

JAMES B. CLOW & SONS

General Offices: 534–546 S. Franklin St., Chicago

Sales offices in the principal cities

CLOW

Hospital Equipment	☐	Gasteam Radiators	☐
Violet Ray Water Sterilizers	☐	Manhole Covers and Frames	☐
Cast Iron Pipe and Fittings	☐	Steel and Wrought Iron Pipe	☐
Valves and Fire Hydrants	☐	Lamp Posts and Fountains	☐
Drinking Fountains	☐	Filters and Fish Traps	☐
Swimming Pool Purification	☐	Plumbing Supplies	☐
Industrial Plant Sanitation	☐	Hot Water Heaters	☐
		Marble	☐
		Steam Fittings	☐

GOLDWYN *Presents* *The*

The mother whose children no longer seemed to want her

One of the outstanding motion pictures of all time is Rupert Hughes' heart-gripping story of Home

SUDDENLY they have all grown up and left her—the babies she used to tuck in bed at night.

Her big boy, a famous statesman. Her little rebel, an outcast—facing temptations from which she can no longer shield him. Even Emily, her baby, gets married and leaves the mother who has petted and spoiled her.

The old house is empty and silent. All have forgotten her. Her birthdays pass unnoticed.

Each has embarked on a drama of his own. Loves, ambitions, temptations carry them away. There are moments of laughter and comedy, romance, adventure, tragedy. The story of their lives sweeps you along.

"The Old Nest" marks one of the really great advances in motion picture production. Never before has the screen touched with such beauty and such dramatic force a subject which finds an echo in the life of every one of us. It is a masterpiece of a new type—a presentation of life as it really is, with its moments of great joy and flashes of exquisite pain.

Your life, your home, your mother, as they might have been or as they are—"The Old Nest" will awaken deep in your heart memories of the mother to whom you ran with your childish troubles. One of the most heart-gripping and dramatic stories ever told.

The people in the play—You know them all

MARY ALDEN HELENE CHADWICK CULLEN LANDIS
Dwight Crittenden, Lucille Ricksen, Richard Tucker, Laura Lavarnie, Robert De Vilbiss, Johnny Jones, Fanny Stockbridge, Louise Lovely, Buddy Messenger, Billie Cotton, Nick Cogley, Molly Malone, M. B. (Lefty) Flynn.

Watch your Motion Picture Theatre Announcements

NATION WIDE SHOWING · BEGINNING

Old Nest

RUPERT HUGHES'

heart-gripping story of Home

DIRECTED BY
REGINALD BARKER

Dr. Frank Crane writes:—

"Hughes has taken down one wall of the American house of today, and you walk in and know the family. A film story of life—all bitter and sweet, and sad and glad, and majestic and petty, and divine and pitiful."

Fannie Hurst writes:—

"Rupert Hughes dipped his pen into his heart when he wrote 'The Old Nest.' Seeing the picture is for all the world like strolling through the family album of America."

Alice Duer Miller writes:—

"'The Old Nest' will appeal to anyone who ever had a mother—and most people have. It is real and touching and almost incredibly without an atom of false sentiment. I have seen it four times and cried each time."

Sept. 11th

To be followed by
Rupert Hughes'
"Dangerous Curve Ahead"

· A GOLDWYN PICTURE

Paint Your Car *with* Murphy Da-cote

Flows on Like Cream

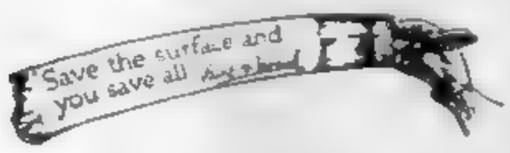
IT'S easy to understand why over a million Da-cote users are boasting that they are gifted amateur car painters. They have done their own painting and are delighted with results.

Da-cote flows on like cream. After each stroke the brush marks and laps run together and disappear. The result is a finish radiant as sunshine, hard and smooth as glass.

Of course you won't get a professional painter's job. He'd put in weeks tearing down the old enamel and building up a new finish. But with Da-cote you'll get a surprisingly high class surface—*and you'll get it over night.* Da-cote means—"A coat today—dry tomorrow."

Here's all there is to it: First give the car a thorough washing. Get off every bit of dirt. When she's dry flow on a coat of Da-cote Enamel. Then lock her up to dry. In the morning be prepared for a surprise.

Make up your mind to do it next Saturday. Write us for the Da-cote Color Card and nearest dealer's name. Choose from black and white and ten popular colors. Get a separate color for the wheels if you like a bit of dash.



Murphy Varnish Company

Newark, N. J. Chicago, Ill.

The Dougall Varnish Company, Limited, Montreal, Canadian Associate

"I'd rather not," he said. If she had not read the papers he'd feel like a pill telling her what the papers said he was.

"Oh, very well," she said coldly. "I think I'll be going."

"You surely don't think I have anything to hide?"

"I thought you had been wounded. That was why I talked to you."

She arose. He did likewise and said hastily, "I—I didn't want to bore you. You know, I didn't win the war single-handed."

"Did they give you the Croix de Guerre or the Distinguished Service Cross?"

She was looking at him, her eyes grown darker as if the excitement had turned them into Siamese sapphires, deep and luminous. Her red lips were slightly parted with the most fascinating expectancy. Her cheeks were flushed. The sight thrilled him and the thrill made him think quickly.

"If I tell you how I got my first medal will you let me call you Elizabeth?"

"What medal?"

"If I called you Elizabeth you would be able to call me Jim, and if I called you Elizabeth and you called me Jim we would have to be friends. And then I could tell you about the junk without feeling like a conceited ass."

"Junk?"

She looked at him ages, it seemed to him. He felt himself confessing everything without opening his lips!

Then she said, "That's a bargain."

It was all he could do not to jump with gratitude in her direction.

"Elizabeth, I'll tell you anything. I think I'd—I'd love to tell you," he muttered. And then it struck him there was one thing he would not like to tell her—what an ass he had been! When their friendship was stronger it would bear strains better.

Whatever she saw in his face made her ask, "Are you going to back out?"

"No; but I—I think I'd better bring you some of the—er—ah—newspaper articles so you—you won't think I'm a conceited ass—and I ——"

"You must be a regular hero!"

She looked so searchingly into his face that it grew hot and red. She laughed.

"You're making fun of me," he said quietly.

"Oh, forgive me! I—I was not making fun of you. I—I really was proud of you. I used to wish I had—that there was somebody in France I knew very well—and I imagined the wonderful things I'd like him to do over there, getting decorations and—what do you call them?"

"Citations?"

"So when you—when I—please! I am just dying to hear about it. Won't you bring the account? Was it in more than one paper?"

He looked at her keenly before he nodded.

Then she said, "Bring all the clippings."

"All of them?" he echoed in dismay.

He knew that his father kept his in albums and that Bob kept part of his set in a fat wallet. There were so many that his conceit would be established for all time.

"Oh! So there are lots? Good! Please bring them all!" In her excitement she laid one of those wonderful hands of hers on his arm. She had to ask, "Won't you promise, please?"

"I'll bring all I can find," he promised, for the first time in his life glad that the newspapers had been generous with space. "But don't you think I'd better take them to your home?"

"Oh, I haven't any home," she said. "I live in a boarding house with some trained nurses, and there are always a lot of them in the parlor. You'd better bring them here. Do you need a van?"

"Pretty near," he laughed, and she laughed with him.

Suddenly she looked at the watch on her wrist and he looked at the wrist under the watch.

"Goodness gracious, I'll never do a thing to-day!" She jumped to her feet. He promptly stood up.

"You will be here with the papers tomorrow," she said peremptorily.

He saluted smartly and said, "Yes, ma'am."

She hesitated; then said, "J-J-Jim!"

"Yes, Elizabeth." He held out both his hands, remembered himself, and determinedly put them in his pockets.

FACE TO FACE

(Continued from Page 19)

She nodded approvingly and told him, "I—I am glad we are going to be friends."

"Going to be?" he asked anxiously.

"That we are. Good-by."

"Elizabeth!"

"What?"

"Nothing! I just like to say that. Elizabeth!"

"You silly boy! Au revoir!"

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!" he said, shaking his head.

She smiled and walked away briskly. He stared after her, his lips moving. Anybody could have told that he was repeating a tetrasyllabic word that took an antepenultimate accent. He stopped when he realized what he was doing.

"Plumb nutty!" he said aloud.

The tall policeman, a slave to duty, was strolling toward him, his eyes on a bench on Junior's right, where a nurse-girl and a baby carriage half blocked the traffic. Junior recognized him. The officer nodded. Junior's heart filled with fraternity.

"Officer?" he said.

"Yes, sir?"

"I want to thank you."

The officer frowned indecisively.

"What for?" he asked.

"For what you are going to do for me. You are going to buy yourself a wedding present from me when the time comes."

Junior gave him a bill. The cop looked at it, touched his cap and reluctantly shook his head.

But Junior told him, "It gives me pleasure to do this. My name is Jones. I—I did a little flying in France and Poland. My father is with the Park Avenue Bank."

"I knew I knew you!" The cop held out his right hand with a proud and happy smile.

"Take it," said Junior. "I know how you feel. She's been waiting for you."

He looked toward the nurse on the bench toward his right.

"Oh, Nora." The cop nodded understandingly. "I saw that you got married last week, sir. I—I am much obliged. I suppose it was a wonderful time."

The sky grew gray.

"Yes," said James J. Jones Junior dully, and walked away quickly.

All he had asked of the lilac girl was the privilege of being her friend. He could be that without committing a crime. He must tell her the truth.

XIII

JUNIOR breakfasted and was out of the house before his father came down. In order to think calmly he took a northbound Subway train and rode to the end of the line, watch in hand. He returned and then went to the park. He had borrowed several clippings from Bob's collection. He would not tell her he had them unless she asked.

It was wonderful how fast the spring was turning into summer. The leaves had stopped being tender and were developing a sort of adult greenness, as though the playing days were over and the serious business of acting as lungs for the trees had begun. The squirrels had ceased roughhousing and were chiefly concerned with eating all the peanuts that were offered to them by very old men and by very little girls. The sparrows had in those few days become staid old married couples. And the husbands had begun to stay out a little longer, marauding on their own hook and forgathering with a lot of unattached bachelors as if duty was again merely a word synonymous with chirping and eating. The little girls had lost their little-boy partners—boys were now playing with boys, and girls were talking to girls, and nurses gossiped with nurses, and old men read the newspapers, and the old women beside them frowned impartially at everything, almost as if it was the first of July.

The sky overhead was very blue and very clear, and still full of the vapor of gold—naturally, in New York!—but also there was the suggestion of heat to come, and ruthlessness, the menace of days when the prostrations would be proudly underestimated by boastful newspapers.

The change in the great outdoors was more than matched by the change within James J. Jones Junior. Instead of being a semiprofessional dare-devil, he had become a wishful thinker.

He stared south longingly. He recognized her when she was still so far that he could not even distinguish her walk. It was sheer instinct, the wireless message of a personality recorded by something within him that could not possibly make a mistake. He arose. His mind was now working quickly, frictionlessly. He therefore waited patiently and bareheaded—fully two minutes.

"Good morning, Elizabeth," he said.

"Good morning." She nodded brightly. "It's going to be hot."

"All the more reason why you should sit down and take it easy."

"Take it easy!" she echoed bitterly. Then as if ashamed of herself she went on, "Did you bring all the clippings?"

"All Bob—all I could get without asking my father for his scrapbooks."

"Heavens! Are you as famous as all that?" She looked at him in alarm, took the clippings and began to read them.

"But I am very democratic," he assured her.

He stopped talking, because she was unaware of his existence. It was plain that she had never read about the famous ace.

Fame!

"Oh!" she exclaimed suddenly; and read on, oblivious of his presence.

He looked on, unaware that he was breathing sixteen times to the minute—or possibly a little faster—by reason of her exquisite nearness.

She finished and turned to him.

"Where are the others?" she asked impatiently.

"What others?"

"All the others," she said with a frown. "What do you think of me anyway, not knowing who you were?"

"It is not who I am but what I hope to be some day that should interest you."

"That may be, but you happen to be the only Jones I know who is more than merely a Jones."

"If I had known that there was any Jones like you," he told her slowly, "I would have—er—had an understanding with you before I volunteered. I would have had someone to write things to that I didn't feel like writing home. You know, a chap does not like to alarm his father." He paused.

"It would have been fine to alarm me, I suppose."

"You would have understood," he told her, thrilled by his own earnestness.

It was wonderful how certain common words could mean so many uncommon things—if told to the right person.

"Yes," she admitted in a low voice, "I would have understood—and—and ——"

She looked away as if appalled by the tragedy she had so narrowly escaped.

"Well, you didn't, and so I am here and we are going to be friends, aren't we?"

He did not know that he was repeating himself.

One of the beauties of feeling the way he did was that one forgot the exact language almost immediately.

"Are we?" she said musingly.

"That was the agreement," he reminded her. But he thought more was needed, so he went on:

"You don't know how much I need a friend who can give me disinterested advice. I am in a peck of trouble ——"

"And I," she interrupted. Then: "Oh, well, I am not going to worry. Let's talk of something else."

"No, we'll talk of your trouble. It can't be as serious as mine, so we'll discuss yours first. Mine will require more time and thought."

"And mine is the worst that could have happened to me."

"Is someone dead?" he asked softly.

"Not yet!" she said bitterly.

"Who is it?" he asked sternly.

"My aunt wrote to me that—that she can't—she won't—that I'd better ——"

She ceased to flounder and was silent. Suddenly she turned her back squarely on him.

"Elizabeth, please tell me exactly, what has she done?"

"N-n-nothing!"

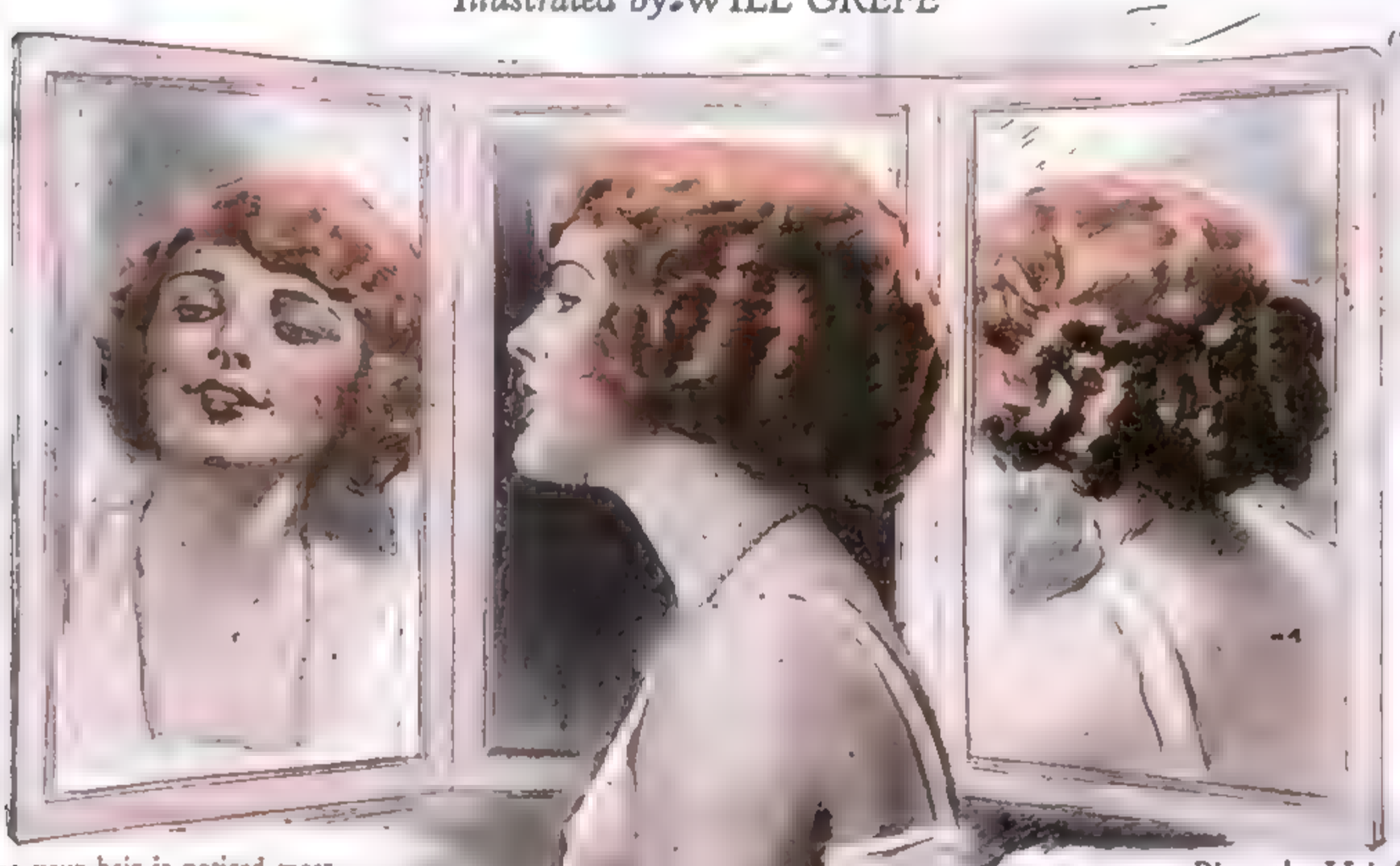
"What kind of nothing?"

He spoke as patiently as though he were her father. She took a letter from her pocket and gave it to him. The envelope was addressed to Miss Elizabeth Jones, 697 East 6— Street, New York City, N. Y. He noticed it was postmarked Hazleton, Pa.

(Continued on Page 68)

Why You Must Have Beautiful Well-Kept Hair to be Attractive

Illustrated by WILL GREFÉ



EVERYWHERE you go your hair is noticed most critically.

It tells the world what you are.

If you wear your hair becomingly and always have it beautifully clean and well-kept, it adds more than anything else to your attractiveness.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

Study your hair, take a hand mirror and look at the front, the sides and the back. Try doing it up in various ways. See just how it looks best.

A slight change in the way you dress your hair, or in the way you care for it, makes all the difference in the world in its appearance.

In caring for the hair, shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating people use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just

Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Rub the Lather In Thoroughly

TWO or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair; but sometimes the third is necessary. You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water; and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; and finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo, you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months. Splendid for children. Fine for men.

WATKINS
MULSIFIED
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

Copyright 1920

Your Hair Should be Dressed So as to Emphasize Your Best Lines and Reduce Your Worst Ones.

Begin by studying your profile. If you have a pug nose, do not put your hair on the top of your head; if you have a round, fat face, do not fluff your hair out too much at the sides; if your face is very thin and long, then you should fluff your hair out at the sides. The woman with the full face and double chin should wear her hair high. All these and other individual features must be taken into consideration in selecting the proper hairdress. Above all, simplicity should prevail. You are always most attractive when your hair looks most natural—when it looks most like you.

MO

An old-fashioned breakfast that's hard to beat

RRIS

Supreme

Bacon and Eggs

The universal breakfast—good bacon and eggs. Be sure you get Morris Supreme Bacon!

Serve it with Morris Supreme Eggs—that's the ideal combination.

Remember that all Morris Supreme foods are *supreme* in flavor as well as in name. Let our famous yellow and black label guide you in buying.

MORRIS & COMPANY

Packers and Provisioners

Now on Sale

Harold Bell Wright's

NEW NOVEL

HELEN OF THE OLD HOUSE

For the past two years the most popular novelist in the world has been at work with heart and hand to give his great public his finest novel. "Helen of the Old House" is a most appealing heroine—one whose heart beats in sympathy with the lowly and oppressed. The scene is a mill town anywhere in America. The story itself deals with the paramount question of the day—the spirit of unrest among all classes.

A romance of everyday people in everyday life that probes to the very heart of humanity.

Get it today. It's a book you'll read again and again!

At All Booksellers' $2.00

Write for free catalog of latest books in all fields.

D. APPLETON & COMPANY

35 West 32nd St. New York

Most Popular Where Pen Performance Counts

No. 442 Falcon-shaped Stub pen is popular because it carries a large supply of ink; is an easy pen to use; glides smoothly over the paper with little effort. The stroke is free and running. This is one of the twelve most popular pens of the world.

Complete Esterbrook line at your nearest dealer's conveniently displayed. Choose from the case, order by number and buy by the box—it is red.

The Esterbrook Pen Mfg. Co.
72-100 Delaware Ave.
Camden, N. J.
Canadian Agents: Brown Bros., Ltd.
Toronto, Canada

Esterbrook

Learn Palmer Method Rhythmic Penmanship and Stop that Pen-Digging, Contortion-Producing, Finger-Movement Writing. A Simple, Fascinating Course by Correspondence. Failure Impossible.

No one is too old to learn if nerve force is unimpaired. Write today for handsomely illustrated booklet of penmanship specimens and information.

THE A. N. PALMER CO., 30 Irving Place, New York, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 64)

Old hag! He disliked even the handwriting. He took the letter from the envelope and read it:

HAZLETON, PA.

My Dear Niece: I received yours in reply to mine. I must say it was not a convincing answer. You were positive you would be self-supporting within six months, and now after nine months and eight days you are still dependent on what I send you. I only agreed to help you till January first, but I suppose you will forget that and think I am harsh and cruel. If I were a millionaire I would keep on sending you your twenty dollars a week until I died. But I am not. You have your return ticket, unless you have lost it. Better make arrangements to come home.

I have the promise of a position for you at the inn as assistant cashier and telephone operator. They will also furnish you your meals and a room on the third floor, next to Mr. Harding, the bookkeeper and night clerk. You ought to be able to save enough this summer to pay your own way for two or three months in the art school next winter.

Dan asked me when you were coming home and I said soon. He said he knew you would. You will have to be here before June fifteenth.

Winifred's engagement to Doctor Gould was announced yesterday. You could have had him if it hadn't been for your art notions.

I send you this week's twenty dollars. It is next to the last check from

YOUR AFFECTIONATE AUNT.

The check for twenty dollars was on a Hazleton bank, made out to Elizabeth Jones and signed by the horrid Sarah J. Langdon.

He shook his head. He could not disbelieve the evidence of his eyes. Since he could not drop a bomb on Sarah Jones Langdon the only other pleasure would be to help Elizabeth.

"Elizabeth," he asked in a big-brother voice, "tell me—what would you like to do? Tell me the truth, and nothing but the truth."

"Paint!"

"Go to it! Wait a moment! I'm not through. My father is connected with a bank. His business is to lend money. You borrow what you need and give him your note, and pay it off when you sell your pictures. Of course you will have to pay interest."

He considered the last a stroke of genius and felt pleased with himself. But she turned quickly and faced him.

"Don't be silly," she said in a matter-of-fact voice. "Nobody would lend a cent on my unpainted pictures. I wouldn't myself if I had millions to lend. And, besides, I am conceited enough to think I can earn my living somehow."

She frowned as though she saw skepticism in his eyes, but he said hastily: "I'm sure you can. But at the same time I know my father often takes big risks."

"I don't have to borrow. Why, I have been doing nothing else but getting ready for this crisis these two months. I have no end of sketches here"—she tapped the blessed book to which he was indebted for his acquaintance with her—"and I shall sell ideas to the Fifth Avenue silversmiths. They are crazy for novelties, and I figure that since there is really nothing new under the sun the next best thing is something which is so old that everybody has forgotten about it and it is new again. And, besides, even if these in the book here are not new, the uses to which I propose to put them are absolutely original. Look at this, for instance. What is it?"

"Ah—ah —— What?" He looked at her eyes.

"A bronze tripod from Pompeii. They probably used it as a stand for a statuette or a lamp. I use them in pairs as supports for plate-glass shelves in display windows. Green bronze on old-gold velvet."

"Great!" he exclaimed with unfeigned enthusiasm.

"Not so bad," she admitted modestly.

"But I still think you ought to let my father ——"

"No," she said so peremptorily that he looked at her in surprise. It made her explain mildly: "I beg your pardon. But I must work out my own salvation. After all, I am not the only girl in this big town that has to earn her living."

"No, but ——"

"I thank you just the same. To-morrow I'll go out and try the various places. I'd rather not have a steady job; I mean, with regular hours. But if I can't just sell them my ideas I suppose I'll have to accept what they offer."

"You know wages have gone up," he told her, anxious that she should not hold herself too cheap.

"I know. I'll ask one hundred dollars for each suggestion. There are sixty-five in this book. And I have more at home."

He resorted to mental arithmetic: Sixty-five hundred dollars for this book, and more at home! He gave it up; but she was a wonder. Still, she must not bank too much on it.

"You must not expect to sell every one," he warned her.

"No, I don't. If I sell one in ten I'll do well enough. That isn't so much to ask. I have been living on less than I will get if I only sell one a month. Is that too hopeful?"

"Certainly not!"

"So to-morrow morning at nine o'clock I begin at Gormley's. I'll try the Fifth Avenue places first, the high-class trade."

"Couldn't I go with you?"

"Go with me?" she repeated, and stared at him uncomprehendingly.

"Certainly. I'll be so anxious to know how you'll make out."

"Will you, really?"

She asked it so gratefully that he leaned back, away from her kind lips. He then was able to speak.

"I could wait for you outside, and I'd know as soon as you came out."

She shook her head. He looked so disappointed that she patted his arm and promised soothingly: "I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll come here straight from the place and let you know."

"Honest Injun?" He couldn't believe it.

"Yes."

"Oh, Elizabeth!" he said in a voice that was a concentrated sigh. "I wish I were—I could—I—you ——"

"I'll just show her that I don't need her allowance!" Elizabeth spoke so determinedly that he looked at her admiringly.

"I'll say you will!"

"And now I must make a few more sketches of things that ought to sell easily, so I ——"

"Don't go yet, Elizabeth."

"I must."

"Why, I haven't told you yet ——"

"You've been the dearest boy, letting me tell you my troubles. And you've encouraged me."

"Have I?" he asked, and looked at her incredulously. She nodded.

"I don't see how," he persisted.

"You certainly did."

"How did I?"

She thought a little. Then half as if speaking to herself she answered: "I don't know exactly. But I do not feel that I am fighting alone. It is as if I had a friend near by, ready to jump in if the odds get too heavy for me ——"

He sprang to his feet as if jabbed by a hatpin. Then he sat down and folded his arms tightly.

"That's what a friend is for, always ready," he told her, his voice a masterpiece of self-control.

"You are the nicest boy in the world." She hesitated. Then, with an effect of exquisitely finishing something very beautiful, she added softly, "Jimmy!" Then she rose hastily and said "I'll come to-morrow as soon as I land the job," and was off before he could stop her.

XIV

HE REACHED the bench at 9:19. She could not have come. It was a beautiful morning. She would tell him all about her good luck.

They then would proceed jointly to plan her future for her.

Some of the plans were elaborate.

He looked at his watch. It was 10:01. It could not be long now. But he must devise some method by which even those few minutes might pass quickly. He studied each object in sight minutely. Then he kept the tally of the pedestrians who passed by his bench a minute. Then he tried to determine exactly how long he could hold his breath; guessed at the ages of passers-by; then at the nationality—until the noon whistles blew.

It seemed incredible to him that three hours could have passed.

If she came before 12:30 or even before one, would she go to luncheon with him?

He would wait.

One o'clock came; then 1:30. He must eat; also, he must wait for her where he sat. He therefore must eat his luncheon on that bench.

Then James J. Jones Junior did what he always did—thought when he had to think, and not before. He instantly looked for what he needed.

Presently it came. It was a boy about fourteen, typical, probably of Russian parents. He looked wise as to money and bilingual as to speech.

"Abe!" cried Junior, and beckoned.

The boy stopped, deemed him a promising prospect, and approached, ready to do business on a strictly cash basis.

"Do you want to earn a dollar?" asked Junior.

"Where is it?" countered Abe.

Junior pulled a roll from his pocket. He had to turn over several before he struck a one-dollar bill. He looked up in time to catch the gleam in Abe's eye.

It made him say gently: "Listen. You go to the Olympic Hotel café, in the basement, find the head waiter, and tell him a gentleman sent you for six chicken sandwiches with lettuce, some salt, a regular napkin, a bottle of ginger ale and a glass. Tell him to send a waiter with the things. And then you show him the way and get the dollar."

Junior put the dollar into his pocket.

Abe shook his head. "If you don't trust me I don't trust you. And, besides, suppose they won't send a waiter with me? I get left. Nothin' doin'."

Junior pulled out his roll again, took from it a five-dollar bill, showed it to Abe, folded it in two and then tore it exactly in the middle. The boy watched him keenly, as if he expected to be asked which of the three cards was the king.

"See, Abie, two equal parts. You cannot get a new bill for one of these because bright little boys would be taking them in and getting ten dollars for five dollars, and that would be grand, wouldn't it?"

Abe irrepressibly smacked his lips, but he merely said, "What else?"

"Show this half to the head waiter and tell him what I did, and why. When you come back you give me that half bill and I give you one dollar. Nobody else will give you a cent for that half of the five-spot. Don't forget that."

"I won't," promised Abie. "Give me the half."

Junior confidently waited for the sandwiches.

They came, Abe in the lead, followed by a bellhop with a package who kept on exhorting Abe to moderate his gait.

"Where's the dollar?" asked Abe from a safe distance. His right fist was clenched.

"Here!" Junior held it toward him.

Abe approached Junior, exchanged his half for a whole, started away and suddenly stopped.

"Will you be here to-morrow?"

"No!"

Abe philosophically walked away.

"Say, that was a smart trick all right. He'd have copped the bone and beat it," said the bellhop admiringly.

"Yes, but you only get fifty cents." Junior gave it to him and paid for the sandwiches.

He ate them, drank the ginger ale and then looked at his watch. It was 2:11, but he was now prepared to wait patiently. Perhaps Elizabeth had not started so early as she expected, but she might have had to wait to see the managers or ——

There was no use in evolving hypotheses. He had to wait, and he might as well do it without thinking. He tried to guess how long an hour was. The first time his guess was twenty-eight minutes, the second time, forty-seven.

At five he began to worry. At six he decided to remain until seven. At seven he decided to wait until 7:30. When he looked at his watch again it was 7:12. A moment later he saw her walking toward him, fast. He jumped to his feet and rushed to meet her, crying: "I'm so glad you came!"

"Oh, I'm so sorry!"

"Sorry?" He frowned.

"Yes, for being so late. But I—I'm so tired."

"Here we are. Sit down. I hope you made out as we expected."

"I d-d-didn't. I—I—they all said they had their own designers and that they had everything the museum had and a good deal more besides. They didn't think so much of my ideas. One man in Gormley's said he would consult with some of his salesmen and would let me know. I guess he was sorry, because he asked me to lunch. Oh, I am so tired!"

She leaned back and he had to fight hard to keep himself from massaging her hands, a sovereign remedy against fatigue, as any football trainer or Turkish-bath expert will tell you.

(Continued on Page 71)

PAIGE

The Most Beautiful Car in America

If a Motor Car is able to develop a speed of seventy miles per hour, it will use only *one half* of its capacity when the speedometer needle registers 35.

This is a simple, self-evident fact. Yet it speaks with the authority of an engineering text book, and is a perfect explanation of Paige 6-66 touring efficiency. Think it over.

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, *Michigan*

Manufacturers of Motor Cars and Motor Trucks

A Message from Naamlooze Vennootschap

„LE RIPOLIN"

AMSTERDAM PARIS LONDON

This RIPOLIN design is a mark of international fame. It is a familiar sight to American tourists traveling the European continent. It is a sign of quality to enamel users everywhere.

IT IS OUR PLEASURE to announce to the American public that Naamlooze Vennootschap „Le Ripolin" has become interested in The Glidden Company and its fourteen affiliated companies and has transferred to this great paint and varnish organization the American rights for the manufacture and distribution of RIPOLIN Enamel.

RIPOLIN *is the original Holland enamel paint*. Its secret process was developed more than thirty years ago by Riep, Holland's foremost paint chemist, and since that time it has won recognition throughout the world for its enduring and satisfying quality.

Since the first introduction of RIPOLIN in America it has been used in buildings of the finest type, in America's most beautiful homes, in hospitals, commercial structures, college buildings and institutions. During the great war the production of RIPOLIN was necessarily curtailed and exportation from France and Holland was practically stopped. But its demand has steadily increased.

Our association with The Glidden Company has therefore been formed for the purpose of providing our American clientele with a country-wide RIPOLIN service through an established chain of factories, warehouses, distributors and dealers. The vast Glidden organization with its fourteen associated companies (listed below) completely covers North America. The good services of RIPOLIN will be made immediately available wherever there is demand for the highest type of protective and decorative enamel paint.

The Glidden Company will now manufacture RIPOLIN under our direction and in exact accordance with our secret processes and formulae, so that our customers can be assured of having genuine RIPOLIN at prices in fair relation to the cost. Glidden paint and varnish makers are now in Holland and France studying foreign methods, while European workmen are adding their experience to that of the Glidden organization.

In order that our trade may be properly supplied until such time as manufacturing plans in America can be fully developed, The Glidden Company has taken over our American stock and has also imported a very liberal stock direct from Holland.

We take this occasion to express appreciation for the interest of our patrons during the past eighteen years of RIPOLIN importation and to bespeak a continuance of that support for our American associates.

NAAMLOOZE VENNOOTSCHAP

„LE RIPOLIN"

AMSTERDAM PARIS LONDON

RIPOLIN is supplied in gallons, half gallons, quarts, pints and half pints as well as five gallon kits for larger users. It is made in gloss white; semi-gloss white (eggshell); and flat white. RIPOLIN can also be obtained in colors on order. Tints are obtained by the addition of pure colors ground in oil.

THE ORIGINAL HOLLAND ENAMEL PAINT

American Importers, Manufacturers and Distributors of RIPOLIN

The Glidden Company	Cleveland
The Heath and Milligan Co.	Chicago
The Adams and Elting Co.	Chicago
The Campbell Paint and Varnish Co.	St. Louis
A. Wilhelm Co.	Reading, Pa.
T. L. Blood & Co.	St. Paul, Minn.
The American Paint Works	New Orleans
The Glidden Co. of California	San Francisco
Twin City Varnish Co.	St. Paul, Minn.
The Forest City Paint and Varnish Co.	Cleveland
The Glidden Co., Ltd.	Toronto, Ont., Can.
The Nubian Paint and Varnish Co.	Chicago
The Glidden Company of Massachusetts	Boston
The Glidden Company of Texas	Dallas

RIPOLIN

REGISTERED TRADEMARK

(Continued from Page 68)

She went on: "I was sure you had been gone hours. But I had promised to come and tell you, and so I did. I didn't expect to see you."

"I'd have waited until midnight," he assured her.

"You'd have got hungry." Words were given to woman in order not to say what she is expected to say.

"Oh, no. I would have sent for my supper as I did for my lunch," he said simply.

"What?" She forgot her fatigue and her use of words and sat up straight. "How long have you been here?"

"Since 9:19 this morning," he answered, not at all proudly but as one writes one's autobiography under oath in order to secure a job.

"No!" she said incredulously.

"Yes!"

Why should she believe it? He himself would not have believed it the week before. She looked at him and saw in his eyes what made her hold out her hands impulsively—both of them—toward him.

"You dear boy!" she exclaimed gratefully.

But she unfortunately remembered herself, so that when he stretched his hands to grasp hers he was one-fifth of a second too late.

"That was too bad," she said.

"Yes, it was," he agreed. "Did any of the people you saw have any suggestions?"

"No. They all said they didn't think there was anything for me in their line. At Gormley's they were nicer. He was about thirty; a service man too. He said some of the ideas I had their own designers had worked out. He showed me some. He wasn't really discouraging. He took a lot of pains."

Junior did not like him.

"He was only wasting your time," he frowned.

"No," she said slowly; "no. It was to let me know how little I knew. Why, their adaptations of some of the things I sketched were wonderful. That was what discouraged me. My idea wasn't original, and as for technic I'll never be in that class, not if I work a m-million y-years," she finished tremulously.

She turned away her head. Nobody likes to let anybody see them.

"Elizabeth," he muttered distressedly. "Please don't—er —— Don't! You know, nobody can tell when the luck is going to turn. I have a hunch your turn is near. I bet on my hunches every time. Please, dear—er—girl, don't be discouraged."

"I am not discouraged. I think I might as well go h-home and be a t-t-telephone operator."

"Oh, dear!"

"That's several times you have called me dear," she said, much less lachrymosely, "I don't know who gave you permission."

"Nobody," he said.

"Then why did you?"

"I didn't call you dear, not that last time. I distinctly called you dear girl, as if you were my cousin, to indicate my distress."

"You ought to know it makes a person feel worse if anybody pities her."

"I don't pity you. I pity myself, because I cannot be of any help to you. I would very much like to ——"

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed, not having listened.

"Do you mean me?"

"No; I mean I'm hungry. And it must be long past your dinner time."

"Don't talk piffle!" he growled. The sandwiches had long since demonstrated their insufficiency.

"Well, I don't propose to starve."

"Are there any more places to try?"

"Only two more." She had the feminine passion for exactitude and for corroboration. "Fielding's and the Anchor people. I'll see them Monday morning and have it over with. If nothing comes of it I'll have to—to—try something else."

"But you'll let me know as soon as possible? I'll be waiting here."

"I don't want to keep you all day."

"Never mind that."

"Well, if I am not here at 1:30 don't wait."

"And how will I know?"

"I'll come Tuesday morning between ten and eleven. Oh, Jimmy, you have been so different and so helpful, and I need that kind of a friend. I don't want to be afraid to tell you that I feel blue. Just let me think that you are glad to see me—in the same way that I am glad to see you. Won't you please, dear boy?"

Her voice had an exquisite pleading quality that thrilled Junior and made him realize what he should do. He said, "I'll do and be anything you wish."

"I knew it. You are the nicest boy in the world. It means a lot to me to know it. Good night—Jimmy."

"Good night, Elizabeth," he said so formally that he felt proud of himself.

"You don't have to be so—so old," she told him. "I'll be here Monday as soon as I can. But don't wait after 1:30."

"Perhaps we might have luncheon—I beg your pardon. I didn't mean to say that."

"I'm glad you did. I won't go to luncheon with you while I am in this plight. But if I sell one of my sketches we'll celebrate together. Shall we?"

"You're an angel."

"Good night, Jim."

"Good night, you—er—Elizabeth."

XV

THE problem before James J. Jones Junior was to help Elizabeth to find work in order that she might remain in New York. Of course there was always a chance that Elizabeth herself might find something; but he must be prepared for the poor girl's failure.

He must conciliate his father, because the right kind of word from Mr. Jones would do wonders for Elizabeth with business men. The right kind of word from Mr. Jones' son ought to do wonders with Mr. Jones.

The one thing that would please Mr. James J. Jones Senior almost to the lethal point would be for Mr. James J. Jones Junior to begin a career of greatness in the Park Avenue Bank.

He found Mr. Jones and Sarah at the table. They had not finished the soup.

"I'm sorry," apologized Junior.

"Sit down, son. Don't bother to dress."

The famished Junior dutifully obeyed.

After the dessert Junior said abruptly, "Dad, I'd like to try working in the bank for a while if you don't mind."

"Eh—what?" Mr. Jones looked frightened.

"I don't see anything else that I am particularly keen about," explained Junior, "I'll be perfectly frank. I don't know whether I'll like it or not, but I think it is a good time to find out."

Mr. Jones' face showed pleasure.

"When are you coming?"

"Early next week you and I walk out of this house together, proceed to the bank, and there share the burdens of the job equally. All I ask is patience and ordinary politeness in answering some of my questions."

"What is the real reason for this masquerade?" came from the veiled figure across the table from Junior.

"I do not understand."

"Your sudden decision to learn the banking business is not prompted by a liking for it or by dread of starvation. As long as this is a family council you might as well come across with the real reason." Her voice had lost none of its exasperating quality.

"My dear Sarah," remonstrated Mr. Jones, "I do not think there is anything—er—criminal in Junior's desire."

"I didn't say it was criminal. You know as well as I do that your son is no more fit to be a banker than I am to be a prima donna."

"As bad as that?" muttered Junior.

The brown-veiled figure turned toward him and said, "To be a banker calls for qualities you don't possess. A banker's job is to reduce risks, and you welcome them. He deals in exact figures, and you don't know anything about them. He must have peace and order and laws to protect his property, and you like fighting and excitement and your own rules. In a bank you don't fly, you walk. You don't consume oxygen; you give out CO_2. In a bank you let dollars do for you, while in an aëroplane personal effort is needed. Where a banker puts up other people's money, you have always bet your own life. Why a bank? Now own up!"

Junior stared at the brown veil in astonishment. There was a spot on it where there was a sort of ripple. He suspected it was the tip of her long sharp nose. He recognized that his father's regard for Sarah's mental machine was justified. But her perennial and pervasive grouch was a tragedy. He must answer her.

He said slowly: "My dear Sarah, until you came here to marry a man you had never seen, my father was content with making the Park Avenue Bank the premier stocking of America. This home was so pleasant that his only son craved no other. Where the father in his bank pursued dollars, the only son in his aeroplane pursued the stars! Since you came I have discovered that there is another heaven!"

Junior was smiling, the little smile that he always used to disguise his seriousness. Mr. Jones succeeded in looking both pleased and vexed; but when he spoke it was in the irritating voice of the perfunctory peacemaker:

"I don't think this continual squabbling can be good for the nerves of either of you children."

"No squabble," said Sarah. "I merely wondered about your stern attitude toward an industrious son who suddenly develops a passion for banking."

"I have never sought to discourage you from a life of honest toil, Sarah," said Junior gently.

"I'll bet you," Sarah scornfully challenged, "that you will not be working anywhere for gain on July first of this year."

"Thanks," said Junior cheerfully. "If I win you will go to Timallenville and stay there until Christmas without me. Agreeable?"

"Yes. And if I win ——" She paused.

"Yes?"

"You will move from this house into an apartment that I have rented uptown. You will dine there alone with me at least four nights a week. You wish to be away from me. I wish to be with you."

"That goes. But will you tell me why you wish to be with me?"

"Yes. I was getting the swelled head, and that's bad in business. When we move into our apartment, every time I look at you I shall instantly think of what an idiot I was."

"I thank you." Junior spoke cheerfully, but he could not help wondering whether he had walked into a trap of his own making.

"My dear child!" expostulated Mr. Jones mildly.

"Father Jones"—she spoke with that nasal finality that always exasperated Junior—"your job will be to make his work so pleasant that he will spend twenty-eight consecutive business days at the bank. I feel certain that before that time you'll discover why Junior needs to propitiate you."

She rose. Junior and his father politely did the same. She hesitated, then said in her appalling voice, "Good night."

"Good night. Did anyone ever call you Sally?" Junior's voice betrayed a friendly hope.

"No!" she snapped.

"Then good night, Sarah," he said.

She left the room and Junior sat down. Mr. Jones followed suit, shaking his head.

"Son, you should be more—er—tactful," observed Mr. Jones.

"Dad, don't get het up, but answer me calmly. Do you think this sort of thing can keep up?"

"If you'd only use a little discretion," began Mr. Jones peevishly.

"It will be easier for you to find a way out of the mess that you got me into."

"Some day when you can support a wife by your own efforts, come to me like a man!" Mr. Jones' face was flushed and he was frowning.

"That's fair enough," said Junior, with his little smile. "If you don't mind I'll go up to my roof garden and reflect on the folly of all sons and the wisdom of all fathers. I shall try to overcome the perverseness that makes me dislike your daughter-in-law more and more every day. Cheer up, dad. Look at me. I'm smiling, and just see what I'm up against!"

XVI

SUNDAY Junior read the help-wanted column for the first time in his life. What a lot of positions and opportunities were there for a man who wished to earn enough to support a second wife and lose his first!

On Monday he reached his bench at 10.30. It was exactly 11:17 when he discovered her coming toward him jauntily. He jumped to his feet.

"Good morning, Elizabeth. You did, didn't you?" he called to her.

"Didn't I what?"

"Land something?"

"Let's sit down."

(Continued on Page 74)

It's a Ford!

This illustration is made from an actual photograph of the Amesbilt Model 826 Sport Roadster Body mounted on a Ford chassis.

It is built with the same materials and by the same workmanship as the bodies we build for American [illegible] automobiles. It will last as long as the [illegible] Ford chassis and look good as long as it lasts.

The body equipment includes radiator shell (3½ inches higher than the regular Ford) hood and all necessary equipment for mounting. The seat and back cushions are upholstered in Muleskin leather over deep coiled springs. The cowl has built-in instrument board and dash with special block for lowering steering column. There is a commodious luggage compartment in rear deck. Finished in Moss green, striped in silver, or Richmond blue.

For sale by dealers everywhere.

Complete, no extras to buy, plus tax f.o.b. Owensboro $64.35

It can be mounted in less than an hour.

If there is no Ames dealer in your town, order direct. Send $25.00 deposit, giving year of Ford model and choice of color.

Dealers: Write for sales plan G. The Amesbilt Franchise is a highly profitable source of new revenues, a tremendous market of 5,000,000 potential customers, a ready demand, a rapid turnover, a product that bears the famous "Ames of Owensboro" trade mark—our mark of accomplishment, your mark of assurance.

For more than 40 years Ames of Owensboro has been pioneering the way in the manufacture of coach-work of quality and distinctive design. It still maintains first place in the manufacture of

Horse Drawn Vehicles: the most complete line of buggies and spring wagons built by any manufacturer in the world.

Bodies and Cabs: for the Ford Ton Truck.

Worm Drive Truck Units: for converting old passenger cars into dependable trucks.

Commercial Units: a patented frame extension and spring suspension for the Ford T chassis.

THE F. A. AMES COMPANY, Incorporated
Owensboro, Kentucky

Get a Real Old-Fashioned Smoke Free

If you like pure stuff in smoking send me your address and I will mail you a big, generous sample of Old Green River Tobacco—*free*. Give it a trial. Learn what real smoking is. Cured in the sun, flavored by nature.

Old Green River Smoking Tobacco

"Bred In Old Kentucky." Once you get a taste of this mature smoke you are in for sure-enough smoke pleasure and [illegible] Tell me if you want [illegible] or strong. Write today.

Pete Moberly, Box 888, Owensboro, Ky.

WANT MONEY?
FULL or SPARE TIME

Selling Goodyear Guaranteed All-Weather Coats Direct-to-Wearer is Profitable, Dignified, Pleasant work. We tell you what to say and do. A real business proposition for the man or woman who wants more money and will work. Farris made $48 his first week working spare time. Don't give up your job—Costs you no money—

Complete Sales Outfit Free

With free Course in Scientific Salesmanship sent by return mail. WRITE TODAY.

General Sales Manager
GOODYEAR MFG. COMPANY
1849 Goodyear Bldg. Kansas City, Mo.

ADDING MACHINE $15

Marvelous new model. Automatically adds, subtracts, multiplies, divides. Work equals [illegible] Sent on approval. Write for handsome [illegible] for free [illegible]
Rare Opportunity for Exclusive Agents.
CALCULATOR CORPORATION, Grand Rapids, Mich.

PATENTS. WRITE for free illustrated guide book and "EVIDENCE OF CONCEPTION BLANK." Send model or sketch and description of invention for our free opinion of its patentable nature.
Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D.C.

The
WARREN
Standard Printing
Papers are

Warren's Cameo
Dull coated paper for artistic half-tone printing

Warren's Lustro
Glossy-coated for highest quality half-tone work

Warren's Warrentown Coated Book
Glossy-coated especially developed for process color printing

Warren's Cumberland Coated Book*
A generally popular, relatively inexpensive glossy-coated paper

Warren's Silkote
An inexpensive semi-dull coated paper, noted for its practical printing qualities

Warren's Printone
A semi-coated paper especially suited to large edition work requiring half-tones

Warren's Library Text
An English finish paper taking medium screen half-tones satisfactorily

Warren's Olde Style
A watermarked antique finish paper for distinctive book work devoted to type and line cuts

Warren's Cumberland Super Book
A super-calendered paper of standard quality for half-tone, line, and text

Warren's Cumberland Machine Book
A moderately priced machine finish paper of the first quality

Warren's India
and
Warren's Thintext
For thin editions

Specimens of printing on Warren's Standard Printing Papers are included in all of the exhibitions of national printing of The American Institute of Graphic Arts.

* See opposite page

better
paper
∞∞∞
better
printing

Warren's STANDARD
Printing Papers

WARREN
STANDARD

The *Obligation* to buy Good Printing

YOU buy printing for but one purpose—to place your message before the many.

There is a definite obligation upon every man who seeks the service of a printer. He must not use press, paper, type, and ink—the forces which in three centuries unchained the intelligence of mankind—to produce that which is false, foolish, or ugly.

THE school books of your son and the catalog of your business represent more than education and commerce. They are monuments to the genius of a long list of men, who when they thought of printing thought always of Better Printing.

WE know that Better Paper helps to produce Better Printing.

BUT much more is needed. One must *want* Better Printing. The mill that strives to produce a better sheet of paper and the printer who strives to print that paper as well as he can, are alike helpless if their customer is indifferent to such aims.

IT is something to know that good printing is more profitable than poor printing. But it is a greater satisfaction to feel that your printing expresses not alone the best that is in you and your business, but the best efforts of your printer, the ink maker, the engraver, and of the paper manufacturer who improved his product as much for *constructive* as for *competitive* reasons.

WHERE jobs of printing fail to please, the trouble can often be traced back to the beginning of the work. Good printing needs to be carefully planned, and it is to assist this planning that S. D. Warren Company issues each month of 1921 a book of dummy-making material. The book this month is prepared on Warren's Cumberland Coated Book. This book is intended to be cut up, and with it, aided by shears and paste pot, you can construct a working dummy that will show your printer and engraver what you have in mind. Next month's book is on Warren's Lustro.

THESE books are distributed to printers, buyers of printing, artists, and designers by paper merchants who sell Warren's Standard Printing Papers. If you do not know the merchant to whom you should apply, write to us, and we will send you his name.

S. D. WARREN COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

WARREN'S
PRINTING PAPERS

Heavier Oil won't do!

WE PRODUCE several grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils which are heavier than Gargoyle Mobiloil "E." We advise you not to use them in your Ford engine. Our recommendation is Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"—regardless of the mileage run.

Why?

Because:

Oil heavier than Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is not so well suited to the Ford splash lubricating system. It may not reach all the frictional surfaces that must be lubricated. Oil heavier than Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" cannot possibly give you such remarkable freedom from carbon troubles. The type and construction of your Ford clutch and transmission set demand oil of the body of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E."

Heavier oil, for a time, may seem to give better compression, but this apparent slight advantage is more than offset by the disadvantages that are sure to follow.

When changing to Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" do not flush the engine with kerosene. A part of the kerosene will remain in the splash troughs and tend to destroy the lubricating qualities of the new oil.

In the differential of your Ford use Gargoyle Mobiloil "CC" or Mobilubricant, as specified by the Chart of Recommendations.

Write today to our nearest Branch for a copy of our booklet, "Your Ford—Four Economies in Its Operation."

IN BUYING *Gargoyle Mobiloils from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container.*

The Vacuum Oil Company's Chart specifies the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils for every make and model of car. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is the correct grade for Fords. If you drive another make of car send for our booklet, "Correct Lubrication."

DOMESTIC BRANCHES:

New York *(Main Office)*	Chicago	Des Moines
Boston	Pittsburgh	Minneapolis
Philadelphia	Buffalo	Indianapolis
Detroit	Dallas	Kansas City, Kan.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

(Continued from Page 71)

She did. He followed, an admiring look in his eyes

"Well," she told him briskly, "on my way here I dropped my sketchbooks—all three of them—into a rubbish can at the park entrance!"

"You what?" he shouted.

"I threw away my sketchbooks. I never knew how little I knew until this morning. Why ——" She paused to stare in horror at him.

"What is it, my —er—Elizabeth?"

"Why, some of them are great artists, and they can't even make studio rent. Thinking of their work made it easy for me to throw away my own."

"But, dearest—er—child, that was an awful thing to do."

"No, it wasn't. I'm glad I did it. Glad! Glad!"

Her voice had taken on a hysterical quality. "And I thought I would make a painter. Ha, ha, ha!"

Junior was so distressed that he took her left hand in his right hand and held it tightly.

"My dear! My dear!" he said—it was his first contact with real tragedy. "Please don't talk like that. Of course you are an artist. A da— a mighty good one! You must not give up. Why, half the fun in life is fighting for something they tell you you can't have."

"Well, I shan't starve to death in a studio, and I'm going to find something else. And anyhow, there is always the hotel in Hazleton."

"No, no! You must stay here. Why, I—I need you—and ——"

She instantly pulled away her hand and said inconsequentially, "I don't care what my aunt will say."

"Oh, but you must!" he told her. "I wouldn't give her the satisfaction of saying ——"

"Oh, I'm beyond all that. You know, I took a commercial course at school."

"You did?" he said admiringly.

"Oh, yes. And I know stenography and typewriting and how to operate an adding machine ——"

"What?" he interrupted in an awed voice.

She had to go into details because he kept his eyes on her eager face.

"And now do you understand?" she finished, and looked incredulous.

"Perfectly! Well, I've got a job for you in the bank."

"What bank?"

"Where I work," he answered, reassuring. "The Park Avenue Bank."

"Doing what?"

"I—I think the position is still open. But if it isn't I know others just as good, if not better. Listen. Suppose we go to luncheon and then I'll telephone and find out if the vacancy is still unfilled."

"How can you recommend me for any position when you know nothing about me?"

"Of course if you don't suit we'll tell you," he said sternly. "I suppose you can give some sort of reference—just as a formality, you know."

"Certainly," she said indignantly. "Do you think I—I ——"

"No, no!" he cried hastily. He did not know what she thought he thought, but from her looks he knew it wasn't so. "No, indeed! Anyhow, let's go to the Plaza."

"What for?"

"For luncheon."

"I'm not hungry," she said.

"You will be by the time we get there."

"No," she said resolutely. "I won't go I'm much obliged to you. I'll have my luncheon at home. I'm paying for it whether I eat it or not But you find out whether the position is still open, and to-morrow you can tell me."

"I can find out to-day, and if you'll meet me here this afternoon I could tell you."

"You could telephone me, 8282 Blank. Write it down."

He did so and asked, "The number of the apartment?"

"It's an old-fashioned boarding house."

"Where is it?"

"It's 697 East 6— Street. It's rather—well, the people are very nice."

"I'll come and tell you."

"You could telephone."

"It's better for me to tell you in person."

"Jimmy, are you trying to help me find a position?" she asked quietly.

He flushed and answered, "I'll telephone. What salary do you think I ought to ask?"

"Oh, I don't know. I haven't had much experience. I don't look for fabulous wages."

"You'll get them just the same," he said, so grimly that she laughed. Then she rose and said, "I don't expect anything to come out of this, but I am very grateful to you anyhow, Jimmy."

"You'd better expect something," he frowned.

"It's better not to. Jimmy?"

"Yes?"

"You'll telephone this afternoon whether you have good news or not, won't you?"

"You bet," he said.

"Thank you."

She walked away. He followed her with his eyes. She seemed to know it, for presently she turned and waved her hand at him, and walked on gracefully. Junior filled his lungs with fresh air and started determinedly toward the Park Avenue Bank.

XVII

JUNIOR had not been in the bank in nearly three months. The polite gentleman just inside the door, whose business it was to prevent impoliteness, positively beamed.

"Good morning, major. Glad to see you back, sir."

"Thanks, old scout," said Junior cheerfully, and walked toward the inclosure where his father worked in plain sight of the admiring women depositors. In that way Mr. Jones was not only able to circumvent dishonesty and foil idleness but also kept his customers from asking for interest on their deposits. They did not dare mention such sordid matters to a man who was so visibly watchful of their money.

At the door of the inclosure Junior paused. A young man who behaved like a floorwalker in the pollywog stage smiled gratefully when he saw Junior.

"Good morning, major. You're looking fine, sir." Then the larva of a Chesterfield permitted himself a master stroke: "You naturally would, sir!"

"Thanks, my boy. Is my poor father in?"

"There he is, as usual, on the job." You could see the young man was proud of it.

"Ah, yes. I'd know him anywhere."

Junior walked in.

"Good morning, sir."

"Why, what's ——" began Mr. Jones, and rose to his feet, his eyes full of anxiety.

"I came on business."

"Is Sarah ——"

"I don't think so. Of course I did not look to see, but if she had passed away Agnes would have shrieked, and through Bob the news would have come to my ears. I simply came down to ask you a favor."

Mr. Jones, now back in his bank president's chair, frowned in advance from force of habit. Junior went on eagerly, "I want you to show me my desk. I am coming down to-morrow, and I couldn't keep away."

Mr. Jones ceased to frown.

"Well," he said, as though he were speaking to a friend who had just brought him a two-gallon jug, forty years old, for a birthday present, "well, where would you like to be?"

"Near you."

"I could have a desk put in there." Mr. Jones pointed to an unoccupied square yard.

"It's—er—kind of public," objected Junior, who did not see how there could be room for Elizabeth.

"Oh, you'll get used to that," his father assured him.

"If you say so it's all right. To-morrow morning. So long, dad!"

"Where are you going from here?" asked Mr. Jones. The sight of his only son in a public place always sent him back about fifteen years.

"Oh, by the way, that reminds me," said Junior. "I want to ask you something. Sit down." And to encourage his father he himself sat down first. "Dad, I wish you would find a position for a friend of mine. She has been doing other work, but she wants to get back to a secretarial position. I think you'd better see her."

"Why should I see her? There is no opening here."

"You could easily make one." Junior gazed admiringly on the miracle worker.

"Who is she?"

"A very nice—er—lady. She is not so very young." Junior used the voice of a man who sprinkles centuries upon feminine heads out of misogyny.

"Where did you meet her?"

(Continued on Page 77)

Everymeal *Everyday*

Sunshine Biscuits

When you put up the School Lunch

Children usually compare their lunches, and the proudest child is the one who has something specially inviting, or unusual.

Delicate, crispy sandwiches made of Tak-hom-a Biscuit, filled with jam, jelly, or peanut butter, are tempting. They are easy for the children to handle, because they split-in-two, evenly, without breaking.

The wide variety of Sunshine Biscuits from the Thousand Window Bakeries makes it always possible to choose something that will tempt a child with a delicate appetite, or completely satisfy a sturdy hunger.

Here is a partial list of Sunshine Biscuits suitable for a child's school lunch

Sunshine Chocolate Fingers
Sunshine Hydrox Biscuit
Sunshine Per-fet-to Sugar Wafers
Sunshine Vanilla Wafers
Sunshine Yum-Yums (Ginger Snaps)
Sunshine Advocate Creams

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY

Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits *Branches in Over 100 Cities*

SAVE the Tak-hom-a Biscuit carton. It is a good size for carrying the lunch, and is easy to pack

For the next school lunch try Sunshine Graham Crackers with jam, or Tak-hom-a Biscuit Peanut Butter sandwiches and Sunshine Fig Bars as dessert.

The Sunshine Cracker that Splits-in-two

PUMPS

INDUSTRIAL · AGRICULTURAL · MUNICIPAL · RESIDENTIAL

With the First Shovelful of Dirt

THE Senate Committee on Reconstruction and Production reports that we are now ten billions behind in our building program. The work has been piling up since 1916.

Here is a rough estimate of the buildings we need, based on the findings of the committee:

1,500,000 homes	15,000 railroad stations
60,000 apartment buildings	20,000 theatres and churches
5,000 schools and public institutions	150 freight terminals and sheds.

Think of the mountains of brick and stone—the forests of lumber—the carloads of steel, plumbing and hardware—the tons of paint and glass required for this belated construction held up by the war.

And think of the legions of pumps. For every one of these buildings, which is needed so sorely, depends on pumps to see it through to completion.

With the first shovelful of dirt, pumps are put to work clearing excavations of water. When foundations start, pumps begin supplying water for mortar and concrete. At practically every stage of construction, pumps are called into action.

And the need for pumps does not end with the completion of the building. After it is up, pumps are required to keep it going. Pumps run its elevators—feed water to its boilers—provide running water—fight fire and disease, and in various other ways help to make it humanly habitable.

In building construction, as in other fields where pumps play a part, Goulds Pumps have kept pace with modern inventive genius. Today, Goulds power-driven pumps are on friendly terms with contractors and engineers the world over. When the building jam breaks, Goulds Pumps will be first on the job.

THE GOULDS MANUFACTURING CO.
SENECA FALLS, N. Y. *Established 1848*

Boston Philadelphia Atlanta Pittsburgh Detroit
New York Chicago Houston *Agencies in all principal cities*

When touring the beautiful Finger Lakes Region of Central New York, you are invited to visit our plant at Seneca Falls

GOULDS

(Continued from Page 74)

"She used to work in the Metropolitan Museum, in the department of ancient armor."

Detecting no encouragement on his father's face Junior went on enthusiastically, "She knows shorthand and typewriting like a house afire. And the adding machine! When shall I tell her to call?"

"This is not an employment agency."

"Exactly," said Junior. "That being the case, I'll tell her."

"What will you tell her?"

"To report here to-morrow morning at 9:30. By that time one of your Beau Brummells will have telephoned to all your friends for a place for her—that is, if you won't make one for her here."

"But I don't want her here."

"Well, the more you don't want her here the better you please me."

"What?"

"Sure thing. The less you want her here the more you'll try to find her a place. That's logical. So she begins here to-morrow at fifty dollars a week ——"

"What?" shrieked, not Junior's father but the president of the Park Avenue Bank.

"Well, if that's too much, take her on at two dollars a week and pay her the other forty-eight out of my salary. I'll manage with what remains."

"What?" again shrieked President Jones.

"Will I have to pay my board hereafter, just because I'm going to learn the banking business?" asked Junior.

"How much do you think you're worth to this bank anyway?"

"I expect to get much more than I'm worth because I belong to the union."

"What union?" frowned Mr. Jones. He had learned to dislike that word.

"Only Sons' Local, Number One. She will come here at 9:30 A.M. to-morrow. Her name is Jones."

"What?" cried Mr. Jones for the fourth time.

"Shouldn't be at all surprised if she is a relative of yours. She is very nice. I'll tell her to come here early and wait for us."

"Look here, Junior ——" began Mr. Jones irritably.

"Listen to me," interrupted Junior sternly. "If you don't give her a trial here, find a place for her somewhere. I'm going to telephone to her to come to-morrow. Good-by, dad."

Junior walked away quickly in order to avoid regrettable controversies in connection with the new secretary. At the first pay station he telephoned to Elizabeth.

"I'd like to speak to Miss Jones, please."

A strange woman's voice answered.

"Hold the line. I'll call her." He heard the voice shout "Oh, Betty! Bet-tee! Hurry up down. One of your victims, I suppose." Then the voice said respectfully, "She's coming."

"Thanks!" said Junior.

Betty! He had never thought of her as Betty. He preferred Elizabeth. And as for being one of her victims ——

Did she get many telephone calls? From whom? Who were her friends? What sort of people did she know? Victims!

"Yes?" came from the receiver.

"Miss Jones?"

"Yes."

"Jimmy speaking."

"Who?"

"James Jones."

"Oh, I didn't expect to hear from you so soon."

"Were you expecting another call?"

"No-o. But I thought you wouldn't have any news for me so soon."

"You will report at the Park Avenue Bank to-morrow at 9:30 A.M. and ask for Mr. Jones. If we shouldn't be there, wait for us."

"Who do you mean by us?"

"My father and myself. Fifty a week to start with."

"Oh, Mr. Jones!"

"This is not my father speaking."

"Oh, Jimmy, I am not worth fifty dollars a year!"

"For heaven's sake, don't say that in the bank. I told them you were a corker."

"Oh, why did you?" Her voice was so full of dismay that he felt very sorry for himself. He could not comfort her.

He said, "Well, I wanted you to get the job. Now, as long as that's fixed, couldn't you come to the park?"

"This afternoon? Oh, I couldn't."

"Please! Just a little while!" he protested.

"Oh, Jimmy, please don't ask me. I have a lot of letters to write, and ——"

"And what?" he prompted when she paused.

"I have a—a friend with whom I have an engagement."

"Do you mean a sweetheart?" He was not aware that he spoke peremptorily.

"Do you think"—her voice was unbelievably cold—"that you have a right to ask me that question?"

"I beg your pardon, Elizabeth. It came out before I knew it. I hope it is your sweetheart that you are going to see."

"Why do you hope that?"

"To punish myself for my presumption. I wish I could see you this afternoon."

"Jimmy, perhaps I—it would be better if I did not go to the bank."

"I beg your pardon, Elizabeth. I was only thinking that we could talk about—er—your work—and—er—how to be independent of that da— of that aunt of yours. That's all."

"You are a nice boy and—and—I'll see you to-morrow morning. Oh, there goes the luncheon bell. Good-by."

"Wait a minute!"

"No; I'm starving. Thank you for everything, Jimmy!" She hung up.

He was tempted to call her again, but that would be annoying her. He went to the Plaza for luncheon, merely because that was where he had wished to take her. And that made him so painfully conscious of her absence that he ate hurriedly and was glad to get out. Having no objective he presently found himself before his bench. He hesitated and then sat down to think.

He thought.

All the thoughts were of her. He enjoyed them thoroughly. Indeed he presently found himself thinking some of them for the second time—as one rereads passages in a story. Unconscious of the flight of the minutes he sat there while eighty-two of them went by.

It was nearly four o'clock when she came!

XVIII

EVERYTHING within him that he could use to be happy with was busy. It was the most curiously and exquisitely complete bliss that he ever had felt. There was nothing else to ask of her or of Providence. Perhaps that was the reason why he could not speak. The silent song of his gratitude answered all purposes.

Therefore he looked at her and observed on her cheeks the miracle of the turning of lilies into peonies.

"Aren't you glad to see me?" she asked in a low voice.

An irresistible impulse to tell her the truth came upon him.

"I—I couldn't speak," he said. "I couldn't. Please, Elizabeth, don't laugh. I am so happy that I don't want to come to, for a little while yet. Sit here and let me listen to you saying nothing. I—I will imagine what you are saying. That way I'll be sure of—of very nice things, because I shall hear you say what I wish to hear you say."

"So even my words will be of your choosing."

"I will choose very nice ones," he assured her earnestly.

"Nicer than mine?"

"You wouldn't say the words that I will say for you."

"Nice words?"

"The nicest in the dictionary. Perfectly wonderful words. You know!"

"No, I don't," she denied.

"Certainly. Everyone knows them. The words we never hear because they would make us so happy that we'd be unhappy thinking of the time when we'd have to quit to go to heaven. Elizabeth, ask me which is greater, my joy or my gratitude?"

She obliged.

"Which is greater?" she asked.

"I couldn't tell you," he answered. "Let me look at you. Which do I prefer—to see you or to hear you? Ask me."

"I won't."

"Please say something. But wait a minute." He grasped the iron arm of the bench, closed his eyes and braced himself - Odysseus about to listen to the sirens' song.

"If you are going to carry on like this I'll go home," she threatened. He instantly opened his eyes.

"Please, Elizabeth!" he said. "I have not been very happy lately, having had some painful scenes with—at home. Don't begrudge me feeling like a kid for a change. Now that I take a good look at you it seems to me you might unbend a trifle. It rejuvenates one."

"You look as if you needed something to make you older, not younger," she said with such positiveness that he shook his head mournfully.

"I thought I heard my father speaking that time, jumping on me because I haven't a grouch, on a wonderful day with a wonderful girl beside me."

She laughed. Then: "It is plainly to be seen that you have never suffered."

"I think," he told her slowly, "that I am on the road to it, having met you."

"What do you mean?"

"Do you want me to be funny or to tell you the truth?"

She hesitated; then said: "Tell the truth always. It's the best way."

"Yes," he agreed. "That way you don't have to think before you speak or remember what you said. Oh, yes; and it's nobler, too, of course; and —— What was it I was going to tell you? You've made me forget it."

"You were to tell me the truth."

"The truth about what?"

"I don't remember now." She stared at him, and he at her.

She shrugged her shoulders in despair but he said, "Fresh deal all around!"

They were silent. She was looking across the path at a cardboard box under a bench. He was looking at a cloud—silver, with the lower edge a sapphire blue where it had sopped up some melted sky.

Presently he said in a low voice, "Elizabeth!"

"What?" she almost whispered. Her hand moved toward him, and back, toward herself.

"I—there is no need to speak, is there?"

"No."

"Do you feel that way, too?" He did not look at her.

She did not ask him what way he meant, but answered, "Yes!"

"It's wonderful, isn't it?"

"What is?"

She would have him think now that she did not believe it was wonderful at all. But she should not have used that particular tone of voice.

So he accused her: "You know it is!"

She said nothing.

"It's a—it's a—a sort of wireless; don't you think so?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes!"

Fearing that she had spoken too low for him to hear she nodded.

"I get the messages all right," he assured her. She did not speak; there was no need.

"Elizabeth!" he said presently.

"Yes?"

She said it so eagerly that he knew that she really meant him to speak on. But when it came to speech he was not sure it was wise to run the risk.

He asked circuitously, "What is your idea of happiness?"

"My idea of happiness?" she repeated, as ninety-nine out of a hundred would have done, in order to ask herself aloud what she had asked herself inaudibly thousands of times.

And the answers had varied with the time, the mood and even the temperature.

"Perhaps what I call happiness would not seem happiness to you," she went on, womanlike, differentiating. "It is more positive than contentment, but not so—er—active as pleasure. If I could feel that I had done a little more than was expected of me, and that I could realize my dreams, that would be happiness."

"What are your d-dreams?" he asked unsteadily.

"To do as much good as I can to as many people as possible, and to be understood, so that I do not have to explain and —— Oh, what's the use?"

"Why not?" he asked sternly. He tried to move closer to her but the iron arm of the park bench, designed by a misanthropist for use by celibates, prevented him.

"Damn it!" said James J. Jones Junior, and determinedly reached for her hand. But she drew it away quickly.

"Wh-what's the matter?" she faltered.

"This here." And he tapped the iron arm. "It—ah—somewhat annoyed me."

"Why?"

"It was there. It reminded me that it was useless to look for perfect happiness on this kind of bench. There's one over there, without illogical subdivisions ——"

"They are very useful sometimes," she observed judicially.

(Continued on Page 80)

YOUR hatter gives our insurance policy with every style of

ÆTNA The Insured Hat

Prices $4 to $10

And you are further assured of the best style and quality at each price by our 89 years' reputation as hatmakers.

If your dealer isn't carrying the Ætna, send his name and address

COTRELL & LEONARD
Established 1832
DANBURY, CONNECTICUT

PERPETUATE THE MEMORY OF EVERY WORLD WAR SOLDIER BOY

Sergt Alvin C York the Doughboy who captured over 100 Germans single handed says "It's a wonderful statue and should be in every American home."

The American Legion says, "It's 100% PERFECT and will be erected life size at Centralia Washington, as a National Memorial."

Every Home and Business House Wants a Doughboy Statue

Beautiful bronze metal statue, 12 inches high, 100% PERFECT in every detail, only $6.00 PREPAID TO YOU

$000 will be GIVEN FREE under a special refund and reward offer to introduce them. To those who send in orders at once with $6.00 for a statue the special refund and reward plan will be GIVEN FREE so that the price can be refunded and big money made just by showing your statue to friends. No canvassing or argument.

SPECIAL TERMS and OFFERS to Legion Posts, Ex-Service Men and especially to Disabled War Veterans. All should write at once whether an order is sent or not. You can make easier, quicker money showing this statue than in any other way.

Mail your order and $6.00 NOW and begin earning big money showing THE AMERICAN DOUGHBOY. Copyrighted by E. M. Viquesney, Sculptor.

Address THE AMERICAN DOUGHBOY
International Distributors
Dept. S. AMERICUS, GEORGIA

USN DECK PAINT
The Universal Paint

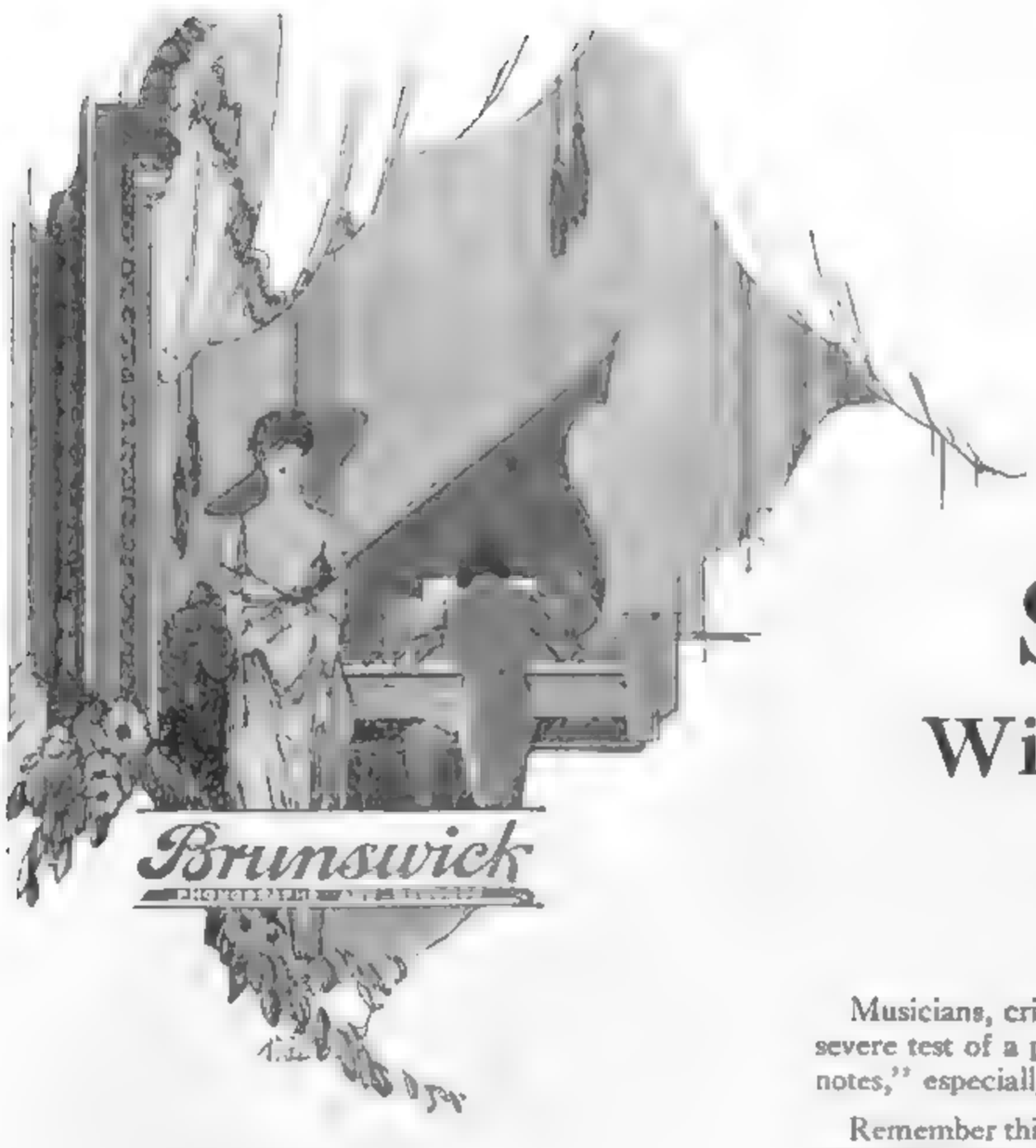
More per gallon-BUT It goes farther It lasts longer

The BILLINOS-CHAPIN Co.
Boston - Cleveland - New York

ALLEN'S FOOT=EASE FOR THE FEET

Sprinkle one or two Allen's Foot-Ease powders in the Foot Bath and soak and rub the feet. It takes the sting out of Corns and Bunions and smarting, aching feet. Then for lasting comfort, shake Allen's Foot-Ease into your shoes. It takes the friction from the shoe, rests the feet and makes walking a delight. Always use it for dancing parties and to break in new shoes. Over One Million Five Hundred Thousand pounds of Powder for the Feet were used by our Army and Navy during the war.

Ask for ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE



Notable among current record releases is Bach-Gounod's "Ave Maria," sung by Florence Easton, soprano Metropolitan Opera Company, who makes her début as an exclusive Brunswick artist on this record.

Soprano High "C"
Without "Metallic" Suggestion

A Brunswick Achievement Vouched For By Highest Musical Authorities

Musicians, critics, teachers, all will tell you the severe test of a phonograph is in rendering "high notes," especially *soprano*.

Remember this when buying a phonograph, and insist that soprano records be played.

Note, then, how most instruments vibrate, sound "metallic" when the higher notes are reached.

Then hear the same records on The Brunswick.

Hear the full range of "high notes." Soprano High "C" in ringing intensity, without slightest "metallic" intrusion—clear-toned, vibrationless! And you will marvel at difference so great in phonographs.

Thousands have made it

Thousands of music lovers have made this comparison. And chosen The Brunswick.

Highest musical authorities have made it, with the same result. So when one inquires, in the world of musical art, which instrument is *preferred*, the number who say The Brunswick is surprising.

And they say, too, that while any make of record is sweeter and more beautiful on a Brunswick, the ideality is attained with a Brunswick Record on a Brunswick phonograph.

This is why

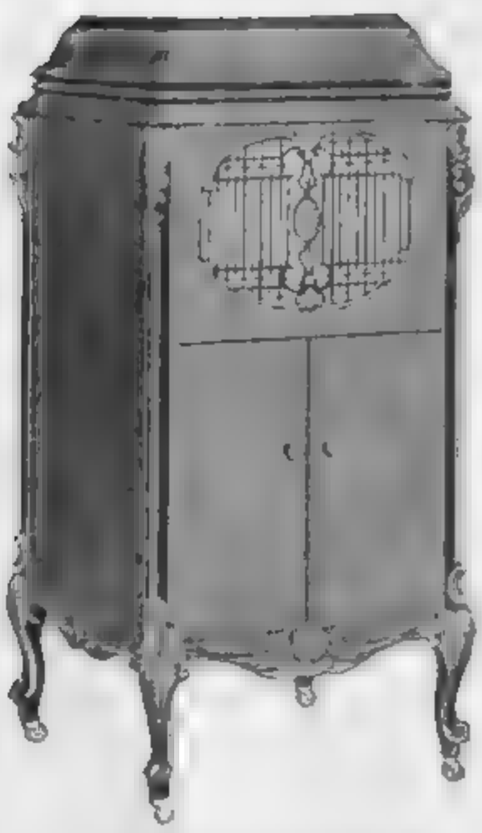
By means of exclusive methods of Reproduction and of Interpretation, Brunswick achieves perfect rendition of the so-called "difficult" tones—the piano, the harp, the human voice. Methods which apply to no other phonographs or records.

The Brunswick Method of Reproduction is exclusively Brunswick. (Note illustration below.) The Brunswick Method of Interpretation, in producing records, has not been successfully imitated.

Hence, buying any phonograph without at least *hearing* The Brunswick is a mistake. And to be without Brunswick Records is to be without much of what is best in music.

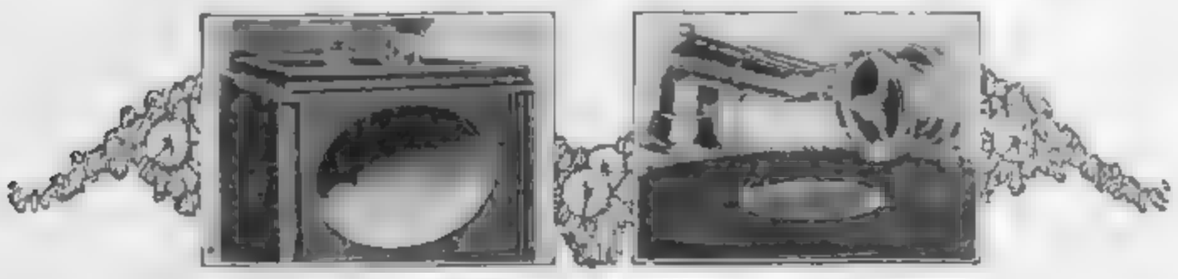
Ask your nearest Brunswick dealer for a demonstration. The Brunswick plays all records, and Brunswick Records can be played on any phonograph. Hear, compare—then judge for yourself.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., Chicago
Manufacturers—Established 1845



Prices of Brunswick Phonographs range from $65 to $715. Fourteen models in various finishes, including authentic period designs.

The Exclusive Brunswick Method of Reproduction



The Oval Tone Amplifier

Made entirely of seasoned wood, like a fine old violin—no metal. Rounded at the "throat" like the human throat, expands gradually as it nears the mouth and is responsible for the famous Brunswick Tone. Does away with "metallic" sounds.

The Ultona

Plays all makes of records at a turn of the hand. Not an "attachment" but a part of The Brunswick. Cushions the path of the needle by proper suspension. Hence, sweeter notes, a surprising modification of all "scratching" noises, and longer lasting records.

B R U
PHONOGRAPHS

Giuseppe Danise
and
Florence Easton
on this month's
Brunswick Super-Feature Records

Each month, Brunswick releases from three to six Super-Feature Records—the month's best phonographic music. The current release introduces two great Metropolitan Opera artists, now *exclusively* Brunswick—Florence Easton, *soprano*, and Giuseppe Danise, *premier baritone*. Comment regarding the importance of this announcement is unnecessary, both of these artists being too well known in American and European musical centers to require it.

The September Super-Features

30011 *Ave Maria* (Bach-Gounod) . *Florence Easton*

30010 *Di Provenza il mar* (Verdi's "Traviata," Act II, Scene 1) . . . . . *Giuseppe Danise*

10040 *Dreams of Long Ago (Carroll-Caruso)* *Mario Chamlee*

NOTE—The above records are on sale at all Brunswick dealers in conveniently packed envelopes of three—price $4.00. Or singly, if desired. Hear them by all means.

Other Noteworthy Brunswick Records

15001	*Barbiere di Siviglia (Una Voce Poco Fa)*	
	A Little Voice I Hear . . .	*Virginia Rea*
15001	*Ah! Moon of My Delight . . .*	*Theo. Karle*
	When My Ships Come Sailing Home	*Theo. Karle*
13017	*Old Refrain . . . . . .*	*Elias Breeskin*
	Serenade	*Elias Breeskin*
13009	*Calling Me Home to You . .*	*Richard Bonelli*
	Tommy, Lad	*Richard Bonelli*
5057	*Drifting Down . . .*	*Criterion Male Quartet*
	Gospel Train . . .	*Criterion Male Quartet*
2062	*Beale Street Blues*	*Al Bernard and Carl Fenton's Orchestra*
	St. Louis Blues	*Al Bernard and Carl Fenton's Orchestra*
2081	*Humming* (Fox Trot)	*Rudy Wiedoeft's Californians*
	Na-Jo (Fox Trot)	*Rudy Wiedoeft's Californians*

NOTE: New Brunswick records are on advance sale at all Brunswick dealers on the 16th of each month in the East, and in Denver and the West on the 20th.

Any phonograph can play Brunswick Records

©B B C Co. 1921

BRUNSWICK
AND
RECORDS

Made to grow or stunted at will—

by adding or subtracting one single element in food

THIS is how one noted scientist describes the almost incredible results of feeding experiments with yeast: "The removal of yeast (from the diet of the animal) was almost invariably followed by immediate cessation of growth and ultimate decline which could be promptly checked and converted into rapid recovery by the addition of a small amount of yeast."

After countless scientific experiments it is now known that the lack of one food factor—vitamine—is responsible for the rundown condition that undermines the health and vigor of so many men and women.

Today thousands are getting this essential food factor by eating Fleischmann's Yeast, for yeast is its richest known source.

Fleischmann's Yeast builds up the body tissues, keeps the body resistant to disease.

In addition, because of its freshness, Fleischmann's Yeast helps the intestines in their elimination of poisonous waste matter. You get it fresh every day.

Fleischmann's Yeast may be eaten at any time before or between meals. *You will like its fresh, distinctive flavor and the clean, wholesome taste it leaves in your mouth.* Have it on the table at home. Have it delivered at your office and eat it at your desk. Ask for it at noontime at your lunch place. One precaution—if troubled with gas dissolve the yeast in half a cup of very hot water before taking. This does not affect the efficacy of the yeast.

Place a standing order with your grocer for Fleischmann's Yeast, and get it fresh daily. Keep in a cool, dry place until ready to use.

Send 4c in stamps for the valuable booklet, "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet." So many inquiries are coming in daily for this booklet that it is necessary to make this nominal charge to cover cost of handling and mailing. Address THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. H-29, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

Laxatives gradually replaced by this simple food

It is recognized that ordinary laxatives never remove the cause of the trouble. Fleischmann's Yeast by its very nature is better suited to the digestive organs than these preparations. It is just a simple food—and it cannot form a habit. In tested cases it has restored normal functions in periods of time ranging from 3 days to 5 weeks.

To help the body eliminate waste and keep it from accumulating poisons, eat from 2 to 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day.

Skin disorders cleared up

Fleischmann's Yeast is a corrective food which has given remarkable results in clearing the skin of impurities. Many physicians and hospitals are prescribing it for these ailments.

(Continued from Page 77)

"We were not speaking of usefulness," he said austerely, "but of happiness. Your idea is exactly the same as mine. How do you get that—that perfect understanding you described so beautifully—honest, you did!—when this da—er—iron thingumbob —— Elizabeth, don't you think we both talk the same language?"

He looked at her anxiously. He knew he was no polyglot but feared she might not acknowledge it. He did not wait for her answer but went on pleadingly:

"Elizabeth, would you let me say something to you?"

"What will you say?" She would not commit herself.

"Something that I—that just occurred to me."

"What is it?"

"Do you think it's—it's silly that I think the—er—whole world is different?"

"How do you mean, different?"

"I mean, it seems to be a different world. All of it! Everything in it! The light, the sky, the trees, the very air ——"

"The air?" she echoed, and irrepressibly sniffed.

"Certainly. You breathe it, don't you?"

"Breathe it?" she repeated. He did not diagnose her malady as echolalia, but as willful blindness.

"Certainly. Yesterday I thought the air was just—well, plain air. Now that I know you I know it was made for you to breathe." She frowned. He went on hastily: "I told you you'd think I was silly. But it's the truth. Knowing you makes everything seem different. The world did not mean what it does since you ——"

"Same world!" she interrupted with much decision.

"It is not!" he flatly contradicted.

"How polite you are, Mr. Jones!" And as if that were not enough she added, "Mr. Jones Junior!"

"I am sorry, my dear ——"

"Don't call me your dear. It isn't true; and it does not particularly thrill me to hear it."

"My dear Miss Jones"—he spoke with a glacial urbanity—"the use of what you might consider a term of endearment is merely a—ah—commonplace idiom. Your somewhat—er—brusque impetuousness, or call it impatience, or the unwillingness of all females, particularly those of immature age, to allow a man to finish his sentences for fear he might have the last word, or possibly only ——"

"Oh, stop!" she cried, and put her fingers to her ears.

He obeyed and watched her. When he saw her reduce the pressure he asked with an elaborate smile, "Who is polite now?"

"The way you went on," she said unforgivingly, "was enough to drive anyone insane."

"Nevertheless, I was right."

"You were not!"

"Where was I wrong?"

"Everywhere!" she answered so positively that he knew she must like him.

It made him look at her so gratefully that she laughed. He did the same and took advantage of the era of good feeling to capture her hand.

In order not to be suspected of—of anything, he said, "We'll shake hands on it."

They did. He kept hers in his. She said, "If you will take away your hand ——"

"If!" he said, and didn't.

"If you will not release my hand I shall do something."

"Do!" he said, and tightened his clutch.

"When you get tired of annoying me you will go away and I will have learned my lesson."

Her voice was as cold as ice, but her hand was as warm as his heart; and the heart, as usual, won.

"I am never going away," he said. "I have nothing to gain from flight. *J'y suis, j'y reste!*"

"*Noblesse oblige!*" she said coldly.

"*A bon demandeur, bon refuseur!*" he came back.

She frowned at him; then without warning she burst out laughing. In his pleasure and pride he forgot his one business, and she, being a woman and never losing sight of her mission in life, quickly pulled her hand away. He tried to recapture it.

She looked at him. He desisted.

"Don't spoil everything, Jimmy. If you knew ——"

"I know," he said.

But she held up her hand and spoke quickly, "The world has changed—a little—for me also."

"Has it?" he inevitably asked, while his hand groped for hers.

"But I don't want it to change back. So it would be better for you to act as if ——"

"As if I was a—iceboig?"

"Do you want to see me again?" she asked.

"Yes. But don't be so—unfair."

"Unfair? You know very well that I'm going to work for your father."

He flushed, then he frowned, then he stopped frowning. And then he said, "You are going to work for the Park Avenue Bank."

But she did not hear his words, being intent on her own unuttered grievances.

"And if I am seen alone with the only son of my employer ——"

"Stop!" cried Junior angrily. "You have no right to talk that way to me. It's a—it's ——"

He clenched his jaws and looked away. He did not often get angry. He did not like it. And he did not know how it made him look. But she did, now.

It made her say contritely, "You're right, Jimmy. I had no right to talk that way. Please forgive me."

And this time her hand sought his, found it and held it.

Nothing in his whole life surprised James J. Jones Junior more than the rapidity with which his murderous anger vanished.

"I—I wasn't angry," he said, and smiled to prove how veracious he was.

"Yes, you were."

"No, I wasn't," he protested.

"Yes, you were."

"I tell you I was not."

"You were, and that was the reason I—I—felt so bad." And for safety she rose quickly.

"Please wait," he entreated. "I—I wish to tell you something."

"If you were wise you would not say anything now, but would let me go away thinking what I am thinking at this particular moment."

"It's got to be very nice."

"It is! Good-by, Jimmy. I'll see you to-morrow at 9:30, without fail."

"Good-by, Elizabeth. To-morrow!"

You might have thought he had a date with the twenty-seventh century. He watched her as she walked away with a sort of sturdy gracefulness that fascinated him. A healthy and beautiful girl, full of magnetism and personality.

He sighed to think that life now meant sixteen dreary, her-less hours! Then he started for home, whistling a French march, timed to the quick steps of the triumphant poilus.

Bob was waiting for him to congratulate him.

The exact words were "She's gone!"

Hope flooded Junior's soul. It came out on his cheeks and made them red. It filled his eyes with flame and made his heart race.

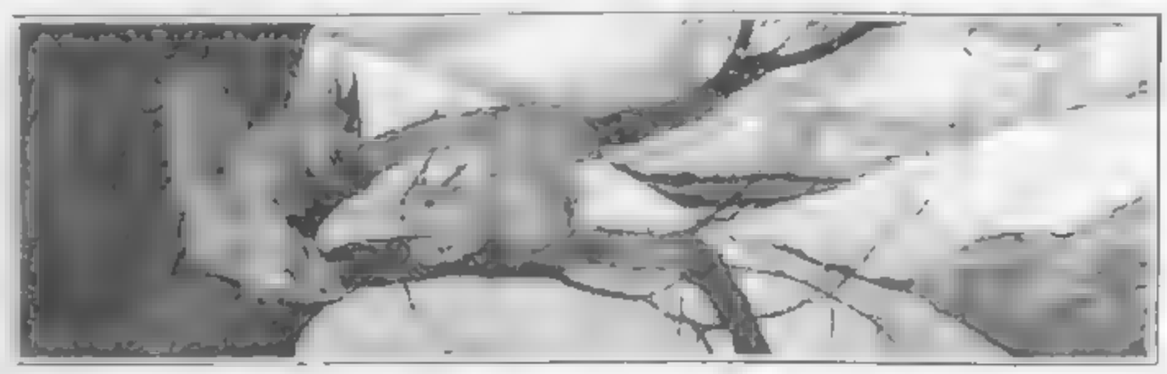
He uttered two words. They were not "Thank God!" They were "For good?"

Bob looked aggrieved. He couldn't poison her, could he?

He explained without enthusiasm: "She said she wouldn't be back until to-morrow or next day."

"To-morrow," asserted Junior, with the pessimism of all born optimists.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



THE *spirit* of the Prest-O-Lite guarantee, even more than the definite phrasing, is your greatest protection. It says, without Ifs, Ands and Buts, that you, the car-owner, *Must Be Pleased!*

This is the Company's pledge, and that of every Prest-O-Lite Service Station throughout the entire motorized world.

Further, human responsibility cannot go.

The Prest-O-Lite Battery uses less than one four-hundredth of its power-reserve for a single start—and the generator quickly replaces that.

You naturally think of this high-grade, high-powered battery as high-priced. The prices our nearest Service Station will quote you will correct any such impression.

We still have a few attractive propositions for men of Prest-O-Lite calibre, to own and operate service stations. Write us.

THE PREST-O-LITE COMPANY, Inc., Carbide and Carbon Building, 30 East 42nd St., New York
Eighth and Brannan Sts., San Francisco, Cal. *In Canada: Prest-O-Lite Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto*

Prest-O-Lite
STORAGE BATTERY

PB 21-11M

Service and Sales Stations everywhere: U. S. A., Canada, Foreign Countries

SUN OILS

Lubrication
—what it means to Ford owners!

You selected a Ford because you wanted a dependable car you could operate at minimum cost. Has it made good? The answer depends absolutely on how you keep it lubricated.

Lubrication determines your engine power, gasoline mileage and repair costs. *Proper* lubrication will keep your car running smoothly and economically for years. *Improper* lubrication will fill it with squeaks, rattles and knocks in a few months, besides greatly increasing its expense.

The only oil that will lubricate a Ford properly—that will assure long life, full engine power and low upkeep costs—must meet the fourteen requirements listed in the adjoining panel.

These requirements, based on laboratory and service tests of the Ford engine, are the reasons Sunoco "Light"—one of the six distinct types of Sunoco Motor Oil—is made expressly for the Ford car. *It meets all these requirements exactly.*

If the car you own or drive is not a Ford, one of the other Sunoco types will lubricate it perfectly. Be absolutely certain, however, that you always get genuine Sunoco, and especially the type specified for your *particular* car in the "Sunoco Lubrication Guide."

Every motorist should have a copy of "Accurate Lubrication." This booklet tells how to operate your car with greater economy and efficiency and specifies the proper type of Sunoco for every car or tractor. It is free. Ask your dealer or write us for a copy at once and give the name and address of your dealer.

SUN COMPANY

Producer and Refiner of Lubricating Oils, Fuel Oil, Gas Oil, Gasoline and other Petroleum Products

Philadelphia

More than 1,500,000 gallons of lubricating oils per week *Branch Offices and Warehouses in 32 Principal Cities*

Fourteen Reasons Why SUNOCO "LIGHT"* *is made expressly for the Ford*

1. High speed engine, requiring a quick-acting, free flowing oil.
2. Thermo-syphon system of cooling, requiring an oil that will maintain its body under operating engine heat.
3. Small clearance between piston and cylinder wall, requiring a quick acting, free-flowing oil.
4. Close-fitting Ford process bearings—connecting-rod and crank-shaft—requiring a quick-acting oil
5. Oil that will burn off evenly and clean in combustion chambers, preventing hard carbon deposits.
6. Oil that will not leave gummy deposit on spark plug electrodes.
7. Fly-wheel circulation, requiring a quick acting, free-flowing oil.
8. Must be a free-flowing oil so that supply by gravity in duct to front splash trough will not be retarded
9. A correct body that will prevent piling up of oil in front splash trough.
10. Gumming of clutch bands prevented by a free-flowing oil.
11. Depolarization of magneto prevented by the absence of gum and paraffin.
12. Bearings in Planetary Transmission can only be reached and lubricated efficiently by a quick-acting, free-flowing oil
13. Oil of sufficient body to prevent Sun and Planet gears from howling
14. Oil of low cold test for winter use, fluid at zero temperatures.

*For Ford trucks use Sunoco "Medium" in summer and Sunoco "Light" in winter. For the Fordson tractor use Sunoco "Special" both summer and winter.

SUNOCO
MOTOR OIL

TO THE TRADE: A wonderful sales opportunity is open to dealers who will specialize in lubrication. Write for details of the Sunoco Sales Plan.

THE HERMIT OF TURKEY HOLLOW

(Continued from Page 5)

poured down in torrents. Then, as will happen in fickle April, the sun burst forth and turned the leaden world into a dripping golden grotto, where every bough and twig and leaf's edge gleamed with a jeweled setting of pearls and diamonds, and the hot mist rose shimmering from the steaming ground. Gold—gold everywhere! Gold—the mystic element sought of the alchemists and of the philosophers of ancient, medieval and modern times alike. Gold!

Suddenly Skinny stiffened and sat erect. Thrown against the torn black wind clouds of the departing storm was a great arch whose glowing colors pained the eye, a perfect piece of heavenly architecture. High it rose into the zenith, a concentrated prismatic glory—emblem of the eternal hope that sprang in the tramp's breast. One end of the arc came to earth far to the west—the golden west—and the other plunged down at his feet into Turkey Hollow. There was no doubt about it at all. Right into Turkey Hollow—right upon the hermit's shanty, which he could see through the interlacing boughs of the hillside sharply defined as in a spotlight of saffron. Skinny started to his feet. If he could only reach the hermit's shanty before the rainbow faded the crock of gold would be there. Sure! His mind never doubted it. It was there now. If he hurried—this time he might find it! Without a moment's hesitation Skinny plunged down the hillside through the reeking undergrowth, drenched to the skin, slipping, falling now on beds of soaking moss, now over roots and stones until he crashed down through the clump of birches next to the clearing.

A man was sitting there under a bowlder smoking a pipe, his ax across his knees—waiting evidently for things to dry up a bit. He waved at Skinny, but the tramp was too intent to answer him. Then came the yellow gleam of the clearing through the brush and the shanty rose hard against the sky just beyond. Surely he must be in time! He had emerged out of the woods in the rear of the shanty on the edge of the potato patch, and he did not trouble to go round it but plowed straight through the muddy rows, leaving a deep wake behind him across the loam. Panting and dripping with sweat Skinny hurried to the nearest window of the shanty, the one above the hermit's cot, and peeked in.

What he saw made his heart stand still. The sun was pouring through the opposite window upon the back of the hermit, who sat bowed over the table; and in front of him—its overflowing contents sending yellow flashes darting into the dim recesses of the hut—stood a small red bean pot or crock—still sticky with earth—filled with shining gold pieces. An expression of transcendental satisfaction illuminated the tramp's face. His faith was justified—as he had known and predicted all along that eventually it would be. His confidence in his own mental processes and spiritual beliefs rebounded from where it had been crushed to earth by Squire Mason's crass materialism. Stealthily—so as not to frighten the hermit—he crept toward the open door of the shanty.

It was Charlie Emerson—the man sitting under the bowlder with his ax across his knees—who heard the shot that killed the hermit. He was not a native of Pottsville, though he usually could be found there every spring, working over at Sampson's steam lumber mill at the lower end of Turtle Pond. This particular Saturday he had got the afternoon off to fill an order for pea sticks which he purposed cutting from the birches which grew thick in the less swampy part of Turkey Hollow, and he was right in the middle of it when the thunderstorm came up and he had had to lay off for a while until the sun should dry the bushes off. He saw Skinny cruising through the underbrush and was puzzled by the fact that the tramp ignored his salutation. But he had gone on smoking, and after taking a short nap had resumed his work on the pea sticks. Then, as the sun had begun to slant through the tree trunks and the shadow of the hill to come creeping across the marsh, the hot silence of the afternoon had been shattered, first by a cry for help and then by a shot—both from the hermit's shanty less than two hundred yards away.

Ax in hand he made the distance through the thickets in less than three minutes, and as he broke cover into the clearing behind the house he saw the undergrowth moving on the other side and heard the snapping of twigs. It was so still that he could hear the drone of a bee in the fringe of meadowsweet down by the well, and—coupled with the cry—it gave him a weird creepy feeling such as he had never known before. But he took a good grip on himself, walked round the shanty, and looked in through the open door. Everything was as usual; the clock, the cot, the rickety table, the chair, the fish rod and butterfly net—all were undisturbed—except that the hermit lay upon his back on the floor, his arms outstretched, the blood jetting from his mouth, a film gathering in his wide-open eyes.

Sick with horror Emerson knelt by the side of the dying man and gently lifted the great hairy head. The blood that came from his mouth made a queer guttering sound—grotesquely to his agitated mind resembling the faint clucking of a hen. Then the noise stopped; the hermit no longer breathed; and the lumberman as he lowered the hermit's head to the floor heard the loud beat of an insect's wings and observed a large gray moth flapping frantically against the window. He had seen a million moths, yet with relief Emerson saw it vanish through the open doorway.

With averted face he threw the comfortable across the hermit's body, and as he did so he noticed the broken fragments of a small terra-cotta pot lying beneath the table. One of the hermit's hands protruded from beneath the coverlet—grasping tightly a single gold piece. Emerson standing in the stifling atmosphere of the hut could hear no sound but the beating in his ears of his own heart.

The mill hand dashed from the shanty, marking the footprints in the garden patch, and hunted courageously for the murderer in the surrounding woods; but the criminal had too good a start. Then, with no doubt whatever in his mind as to who it had been, he ran down the wood road that joined the main highway half a mile from the shanty.

There had been a big gang assembled in Colson's Grocery, waiting for the barber shop to open next door, when Skinny entered at almost precisely four o'clock by the automatically regulated clock over the candy counter; and though nobody had paid much attention to him at the time it was remembered distinctly afterward that he had been breathing hard and excitedly, and had ordered a bottle of root beer, which he had drunk with a sort of ostentatious, devil-may-care indifference. He had also remarked to someone that he had cut his finger in the woods and his handkerchief was bloody.

Most of the crowd were still there when, fifteen minutes later, Charlie Emerson, the lumberman with the ax, reached the village with the news that the hermit had been murdered.

He came running down the road all splashed with mud, and the fellows in Colson's could hear him shouting nearly a furlong away. There was a general stampede for the street—in which the occupants of the brick block, the barber shop and the drug store all joined. Emerson came staggering along—stopping every few yards to yell "Murder!"—and brought up, exhausted, in front of the stairs leading to Squire Mason's office, which was opposite the sheriff's on the first landing.

"The hermit's been murdered!" he panted hysterically. "Shot right through the lungs! Where's the sheriff? Gosh, it's fierce! Where's Squire Mason?"

The crowd surged round him, Squire Mason's head appeared at his window, and then with a whoop they all rushed up the stairs to the sheriff's office. But Mason held the crowd back sternly on the landing.

"I'm prosecutor o' this county! I'll take care o' this witness!" he announced in a tone of authority. "Now some o' you hustle over and fetch the sheriff—he's gone down to the station fer the mail. An' don't none of you dare so much as move till he comes and tells you what to do. Now you"—to the ax man—"come into my office an' let me take your deposition."

There was a murmur of disappointment from the crowd as Mason firmly conducted Emerson inside and shut the door; but they all obediently poured down the stairs again after the sheriff. Then someone began to ring the fire alarm and by the time Sheriff Higgins reached the horse trough the mob was so dense in front of the doorway that he could hardly force his way through. He was inside less than a minute before he reappeared at Mason's window.

"Anybody seen Skinny Hawkins?" he shouted excitedly.

"He was here a minute ago!" answered someone.

"I seen him walkin' off down the road towards the race track—just afore the bell began ringin'!" yelled up a small boy.

"Well," bellowed Higgins, "get after him an' stop him! Don't let him get away!"

Instantly the pack were in full cry.

Perhaps if Skinny hadn't been a half-wit he wouldn't have run. Perhaps he should have pulled himself together—and with his pockets full of the hermit's gold and his boots covered with mud from the hermit's potato patch—he should have boldly answered: "Here I am! What do you want of me?" and marched up to the sheriff's office. But, on the other hand, perhaps many a more sensibly minded man than he, under the same unfortunate circumstances, would have taken to his legs. Admit, it was a foolish and useless thing to do. We have all on occasion lost our nerve—even if we all be wise men. And certainly Skinny was not wise!

He could not deny having been in the hermit's company within half an hour, the gold was on his person, the mud upon his feet. He had been caught almost—had his addled memory retained the phrase—*flagrante delicto*. Being a tramp, used to rough treatment even from ordinarily kind people, accustomed to being called a vagabond and a thief and having the dogs set upon him, familiar from long experience with his brother hoboes with tales of lynchings, Skinny fled in a hysteria of fear down the road toward the race track and thence across the fields into the woods.

He was less than three minutes ahead of the crowd at the start and unfortunately for him the sheriff's flivver was standing in front of the drug store, so that by the time he took cover they were actually at his heels. Moreover, a dozen of the older boys, sensing that he might try to beat back toward the hollow, ran up the crossroad and cut him off. The fact that most of them liked him was nothing. A chase was a chase. Hare and hounds—while it lasted. Besides, this was a hunt for a murderer—and flight was equivalent to confession.

Badly winded, Skinny crashed through the woods, the shouts of his pursuers close in his ears. Ahead he could see the blue sky through the trees where the fields began again. He reached the edge and came head upon a man plowing. Faintly borne on the wind came the clang of the fire bell and a couple of revolver shots from nearer at hand. "Putt!" they said. "Putt-putt!"

Skinny did not like the sound of them. He ducked back and ran like a fagged fox along the hedge by the field, then paused to listen again. There was a crackling in the brush at his left, while just beyond, on the other side of the open, the barber and the drug clerk, who had followed a wood road, suddenly appeared, staring directly at him.

"Hi!" yelled the barber, waving his razor, which he had carried in his hand. "Hi! Here he is! This way!"

The crackling behind him grew louder. He could see shadows stealthily creeping from tree to tree. Of course they thought him armed! They might shoot! He did not know what to do. He did not want either to be carved up by the barber or to be blown to bits by a shotgun. His tongue was like a baked potato and his lungs ached as if with rheumatism. The blood pounded in his ears. He could hardly see. There they were—hundreds of them!

"'S all right, Bill!" he called hoarsely. "I ain't tryin' to git away."

He staggered out a few feet between the furrows and fell in a faint. It was characteristic of him that he had made no attempt to throw away the hermit's gold.

Twenty minutes later Ma Best, who had been quietly cooking in the Phœnix House kitchen throughout the whole disturbance, heard a great shouting down the road and went to the cookhouse to see what it was all about. Over by the "deppo" she could see a crowd of men and boys pushing or dragging somebody in their midst. The smaller of the boys danced and capered

(Continued on Page 86)

$200 FOR YOUR SPARE TIME!

Sell us your spare time. You should easily make each hour bring you an extra dollar. Scores of spare-time representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* will earn more than $200.00 this month. Why not you too? It costs you but a 2c stamp to learn all about our plans. Experience is unnecessary. Profits begin at once. Just clip off the coupon and mail it today.

The Curtis Publishing Company
326 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

Gentlemen:—Tell me all about your spare-time money-making plan. I'm interested.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

SAVE $36

Genuine $100 Oliver Typewriters now $64. Brand new, latest model—our finest product. Direct from factory to you. And we ship you an Oliver for free trial. No payment down. Keep it or return it. If you want to own it, pay us only $4 per month. This is the greatest typewriter bargain on earth. You save $36. Write today for full particulars, including our book, "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy." Then you may get an Oliver for free trial. Write now

The Oliver Typewriter Company
101-C Oliver Typewriter Bldg. Chicago, Ill.

PENBERTHY WASHING MACHINE DRAINERS, $3.50

Attach it to any faucet. It drains or fills your washing machine through a short length of hose. A labor and time saver. Price $3.50. 50c extra for adapter if you have smooth faucets.

Penberthy Injector Co.
Detroit, U. S. A.

LEARN the BUSINESS of Advertising

QUICKLY BY MAIL

Our 84-page free book tells all about advertising [illegible] pay for Home Study Course. Write today.

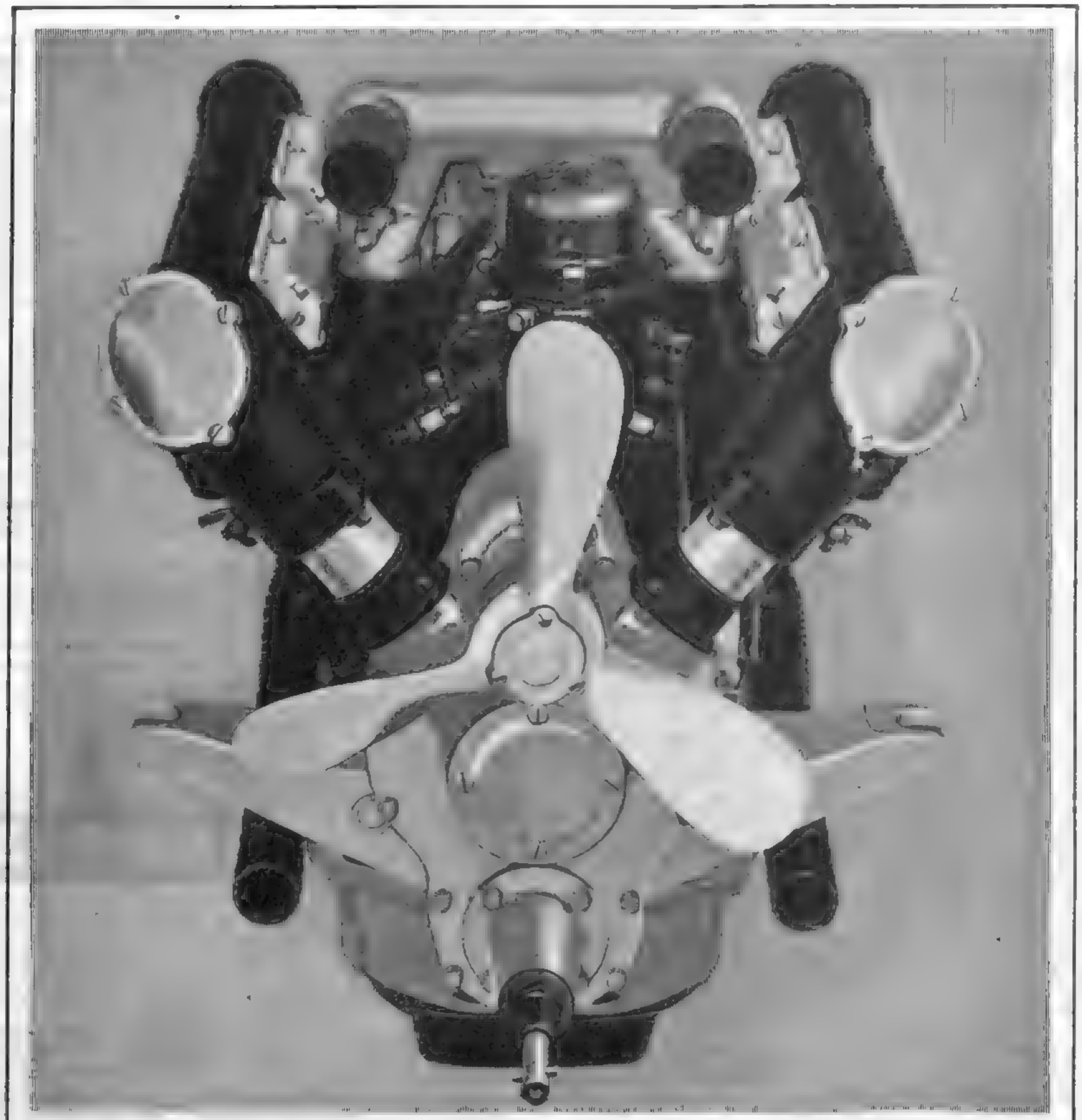
PAGE-DAVIS SCHOOL
Dept. B 8 Page Bldg. Chicago

DOLLARS IN HARES

We pay $7.00 to $18.50 and upwards for fur and express charges. Big Profit. We furnish guaranteed big grade stock and buy all you raise. We loan you hutches, boxes and runways. Contract and Illustrated Catalog Free.

Standard Food & Fur Ass'n
401 T Broadway New York

COAL SERVICE—ECONOMY
Anthracite—Bituminous
for Manufacturers—Utilities—Retailers
HADDOCK FUEL CORP., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.



The Dominant Feature of the Wills Sainte Claire is its Marvelous Motor

1—**The Motor—8-cylinder. Really twin fours—either one of which may be run independently. 65 horse power brake test.**

2—**V type Motor—60 degree angle eliminating usual periods of vibration and producing marvelously quiet, smooth running, powerful power plant.**

3—**Overhead Valves—a triumph of metallurgy. Because of scientific skill used in selection of materials will seat accurately at all temperatures. Three kinds of steel selected according to the function of the several parts used in exhaust valves to insure their perfect operation.**

4 Overhead Camshaft—driven by bevel spiral gears and pinions No chains are used. A single steadying or braking device creates a new silence in motor car operation and makes possible the use of this superior form of construction, at the same time insuring wonderfully smooth, noiseless performance.

5—Motor Fan Release Fan clutch is automatically released when fan reaches speed necessary properly to perform its cooling functions and a large saving of horse power is achieved, as tests show that ordinary motor fan uses 6 to 8 horse power when operating at high speed. Wills Sainte Claire self-releasing fan cannot use more than 2 horse power.

WILLS SAINTE

The Triumph of the
Wills Sainte Claire

The Wills Sainte Claire occupies today a position unique in the motor car industry.

Six months ago, almost to the day, the first Wills Sainte Claire left our factories in Marysville. We made no extravagant claims for that car or any of our subsequent cars. We have merely asked the American people to see the Wills Sainte Claire, ride in it, drive it, experience it for themselves.

Today, after six months, the Wills Sainte Claire is driven in virtually every state of the Union. We have the records and the tributes of nearly a thousand owners.

Today, within this six months, the Wills Sainte Claire is an accomplished fact of unchallenged achievement. The discriminating motoring public has accepted and endorsed the Wills Sainte Claire as an outstanding triumph of motor car design and construction.

The Wills Sainte Claire is new—frankly and constructively new—new in the application of the sciences of metallurgy and chemistry to motor engineering.

New in the wonderful Mo-*ly*b-den-um steel, developed by C. Harold Wills to make possible the lightweight car, its super-strength, its resistance to vibration.

New in the basic features, nearly a score, that Mr. Wills has conceived and developed to make possible the car's superb operative qualities.

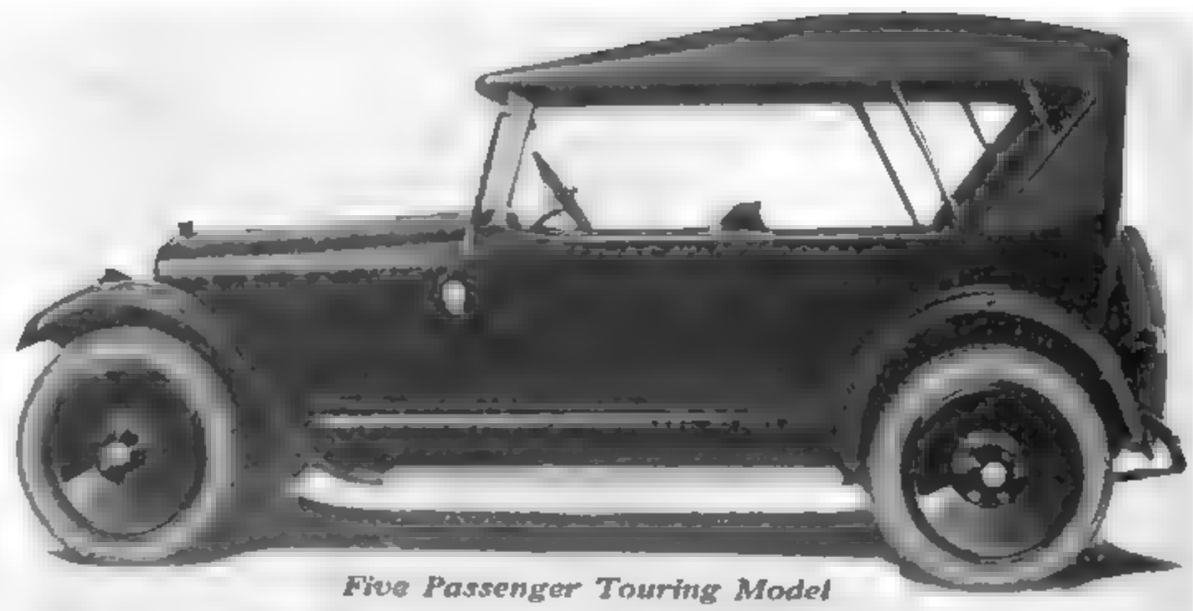
New in the remarkable spring suspension and perfection of balance and weight distribution that give the car its extraordinary road-clinging ability and luxurious riding qualities.

C. Harold Wills was one of the founders of the largest motor car factory in the world. It was Mr. Wills who conceived and perfected the volume production of motor cars. His is the science of economy, efficiency and precision in manufacture. So, in the Wills Sainte Claire Mr. Wills combines scientific design pre-eminent with scientific manufacture pre-eminent.

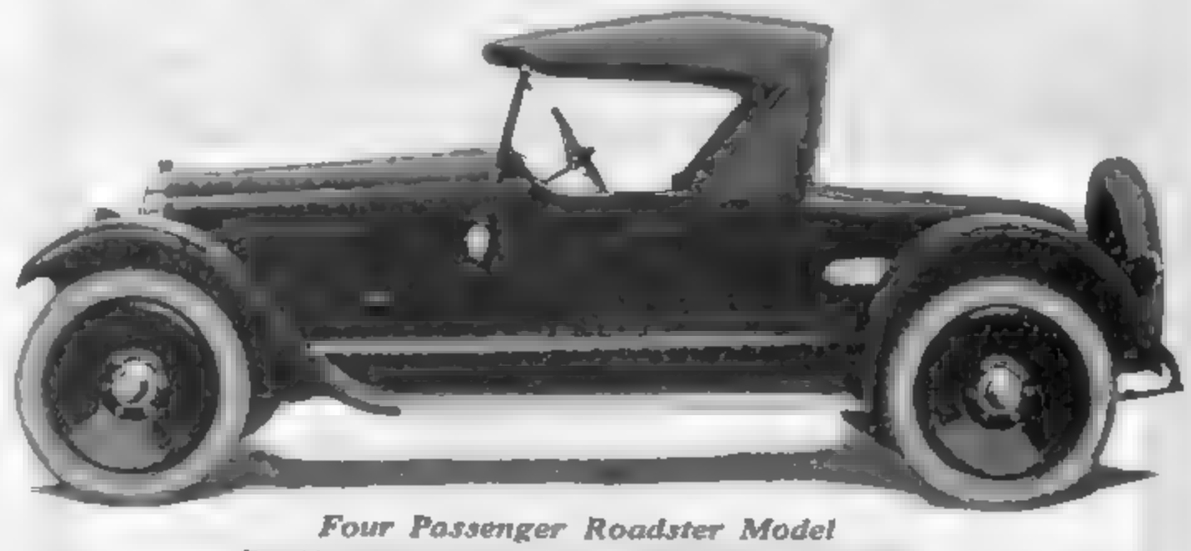
From the inception of this car and of Marysville it has been the ambition of Mr. Wills to bring the finest motor car within reach of the average American. This ambition has been realized.

It is, then, with such ideals and such confidence in our accomplishment that we offer you the Wills Sainte Claire.

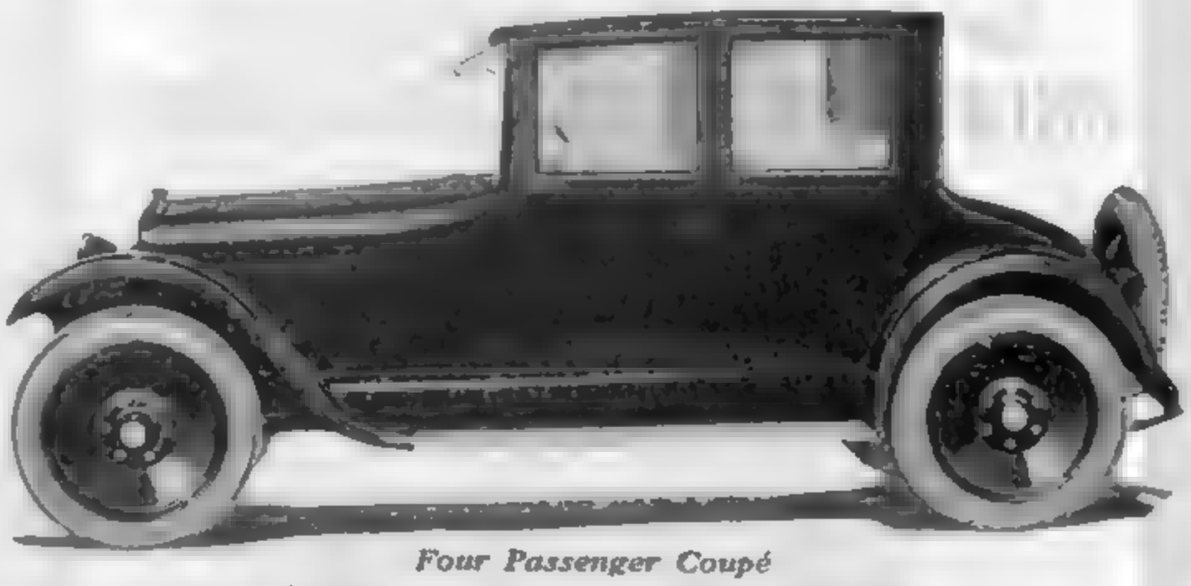
C. H. WILLS & COMPANY
MARYSVILLE, MICHIGAN



Five Passenger Touring Model



Four Passenger Roadster Model
Rumble seat in rear seats two passengers comfortably



Four Passenger Coupé
Seating four passengers comfortably facing forward

Five Passenger Sedan
With Two Extra Seats. Two body styles, owner or chauffeur driven

CLAIRE

© C. H. Wills & Company

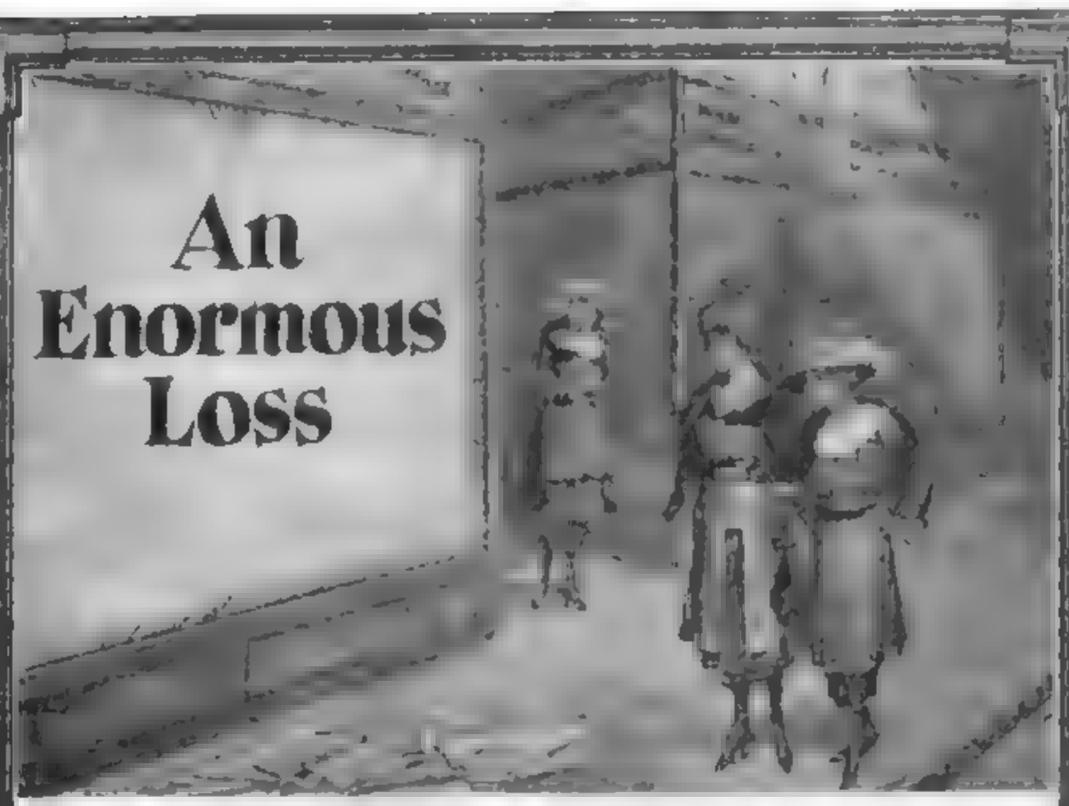


Plate glass breakage due to faulty installation means the loss of millions of dollars annually. Several years ago the Zouri Drawn Metals Company engineers, at the request of insurance interests, perfected an installation which made breakage due to faulty setting almost impossible. Zouri construction was submitted to every conceivable test and as a successful result was

Given the full approval of the UNDERWRITERS' LABORATORIES

Records furnished by the insurance companies to Underwriters' Laboratories show that nearly 70 per cent of the plate glass broken is due to unknown causes. Investigations show that defective installations are responsible for the biggest part of this breakage.

Although plate glass insurance companies have, as yet, made no change in their rates, the safety features of Zouri construction have made losses due to faulty setting negligible. As a result installations of

ZOURI SAFETY METAL STORE FRONTS

are increasing daily. The wide-awake merchant knows it pays him to keep his windows working all the time. Their advertising value to him is greater than the premium cost.

We have 201 distributors in the United States and Canada. Each carries a complete stock of *Zouri* and *International* construction. Each has a corps of skilled men who will be pleased to give you advice regarding your installation problems, without obligation.

Write today for name of nearest distributor, latest catalog and facts about plate glass conservation.

Zouri DRAWN METALS COMPANY

Factories and General Offices
1602 East End Ave., Chicago Heights, Ill.

The KEY to better WINDOWS

(Continued from Page 83)

ahead of the throng, one of them turning fancy cartwheels. Then came Sheriff Higgins, stalking along importantly, two men with shotguns on either side of him, followed by the barber; Perkins, the proprietor of the Palace; and old Colson, the grocer. Directly behind this cluster of notables—who in a grotesque way suggested a group of Roman senators escorted by their lictors—and at an interval of perhaps ten feet, walked Skinny the Tramp, his face pale as that of the murdered hermit, hatless, a rope round his neck, and his hands bound behind his back. The end of the rope was held by no less a personage than Toggery Bill Gookin, who providentially had happened to be returning from a visit to Zayda the Zingari Gypsy fortune teller at the moment of Skinny's capture. From time to time the haberdasher would jerk the rope as if the tramp were a horse, and the more light-minded in the crowd would cluck and call out "Geddap!" For the rest, they swarmed along in a mob, yelling, joking, uttering catcalls and other vague and meaningless noises.

"What's the trouble, sheriff?" called out Ma Best. "What yer doin' with Skinny?"

The dignity of Sheriff Higgins did not permit him to make reply. Instead the crowd yelled at her generally.

"'S killed the hermit!" shouted an urchin. "Murdered him! Whoop-ee!"

"Murder nothin'!" snorted Ma Best. "You're jest a pack of idiots. Skinny wouldn't kill a spider!"

"Whee-up! Whoop! Hurray!" shrieked the crowd in the delight of having conducted a successful man hunt, jumping round Toggery Bill and his victim as a pack of hounds will jump, snapping and barking, about the body of the fox they have run to earth. "Whee-up! Hurray! Lynch him! String him up!"

They had reached the horse trough and the two men with the shotguns held back the crowd while Sheriff Higgins relieved Toggery Bill of the rope and led Skinny upstairs to his office. In a moment he reappeared at the window.

"Feller citizens of Pottsville!" he shouted. "In the name o' the People of the State of New York I call on ye to disperse peaceable and go to your homes. There ain't goin' to be no lynchin' nor nothin' like that. Skinny's goin' to the jail and he's goin' to stay there until the Grand Jury has acted on his case, which will be day after to-morrow. Now there's no use kickin' up any fuss or ruction and I warn ye not to go near Turkey Holler. Kindly disperse!"

Skinny the Tramp having been treated to a brief and exceedingly crude variety of the third degree in the sheriff's office, and having stood mute, was transferred to the calaboose, where the sheriff's assistant Sam Bellows, who, owing to his obesity, could not take any more active part, was set to watch him. It is doubtful whether Skinny would have made any further attempt to get away, even if paroled in his own custody; for his flight had been the instant, automatic reaction from a paroxysm of terror in which he visioned himself as a human torch—not the result of any genuine hope that he could escape the processes of the law, for whose far-reaching effectiveness he had vast respect. Now that he had been brought back without having been lynched his instinct told him to hold his tongue. He was no match for them—not even for Sheriff Higgins—and he knew it. If he said anything they would twist it somehow against him. His only hope lay in the quantum of evidence. Nobody had seen him at the hermit's shanty, so why admit that he had been there? That was only common caution. Anybody could have gold pieces; and if he had left any tracks there was no way of proving when they had been made. So Skinny obstinately refused to open his mouth, and sat on a decayed chair in the unsanitary box resembling a flagman's shanty which passed for a jail, while the youth—the extreme youth—of Pottsville sat in rows round Sam Bellows, dividing their attention between comments upon his beauty of person and audible conjectures as to the probable fate of the murderer within.

Contemporaneously Squire Mason, having in his office reduced to written form the testimony of Emerson the lumberman, unexpectedly realized that he was confronted by a disturbing problem in legal ethics. Here he was, hardly appointed district attorney a week before the most sensational murder ever committed in the county had occurred at his very door! It was his chance! The chance of a lifetime! A sure conviction! But—and here was the rub!—were his relations to the accused such that he could properly conduct the case against him? At best, could he take any more active part in the trial than as a mere witness, considering the fact that he was trustee of the tramp's money and bore to him the confidential relationship of lawyer to client? Could he even appear against him as a witness? Might not the half-wit, indeed, have had murder in his mind that very morning when he had asked him if anything ever really died? The squire's hopes wilted at the thought and his heart fell. Why, it was the biggest opportunity for legitimate notoriety since the Rosenthal murder! It was ridiculous to let a little thing like the fact that he was Skinny's trustee make any difference! No one would in fact need to know. If Skinny remained mute, as he apparently intended to do, it probably would never come to light; at any rate not until Hawkins had been convicted, and then it would sink into insignificance in the blaze of his own personal glory. There was nothing to connect him with Skinny in any way, for the five twenty-dollar bills which he had delivered to the tramp that morning had not been found upon him when he was arrested. No; the chance was worth taking. A brave man would take it; and fortune always favored the brave!

Squire Mason, however, was not the only brave man in Pottsville, for Sheriff Moses Higgins meanwhile had started undauntedly for Turkey Hollow to make an official examination of the scene of the homicide. With him in the flivver, officially designated as Lizzie, were Emerson the lumberman, the two armed deputies, and Mr. Pennypacker, the photographer from Somerset Corners, for the sheriff was up on all the latest modern methods of detecting crime and knew just how it should be done. And some day they would all have to be witnesses and testify to exactly what they had seen. They left the flivver where the wood road from the hollow joined the highway, and walked in the rest of the way on foot. It was a circumstance commented on by all of them that the sheriff's order that nobody should visit the scene of the murder until he had done so had been strictly obeyed. But the ghastly corpse of a murdered man is its own best guardian—particularly if it be that of a hermit lying in his blood, alone in a bosky lonely spot, with evening coming on. The peaceful inhabitants of Pottsville had no great hankering to see how the dead hermit looked; much preferring the less grim sport of tramp baiting. So the five men met no one on their way; neither did any sound break the silence of the woods about them.

An unexpected pall descended upon their spirits. It had been great sport to jump into a motor with guns and cameras, and whir off consequentially in a cloud of dust, leaving the staring crowd gazing enviously after them. They had even cracked jokes while they were on the road. But now, with the sun already behind the ridge that framed the hollow, upon which the shadows were closing steadily as if night were about to clutch it in its fingers, with no sound save the creak of their own boots or the gibber and squeak of a chipmunk in the alders to break the deathly silence of the woods, they found conversation difficult. The men with the shotguns felt fairly comfortable—though of course it would be a cinch for anybody lurking in the bushes to shoot the lot of them. But Sheriff Higgins, who though a sheriff and the Supreme Exalted Ruler of the Sacred Camels of King Menelek had never seen a dead body and was more of a family man than a bloodhound, and Cy Pennypacker, whose most daring adventure had been to invite Zayda the Zingari vamp to his studio to be photographed—for which he paid heavily afterward at home—and who now, owing to the weight of his camera and plate holders, had difficulty in keeping up with the others—both these worthies secretly began to wish that they could escape the duty which lay before them.

"Sh-h!" suddenly whispered Emerson, and they all jumped; then stood tensely in their tracks.

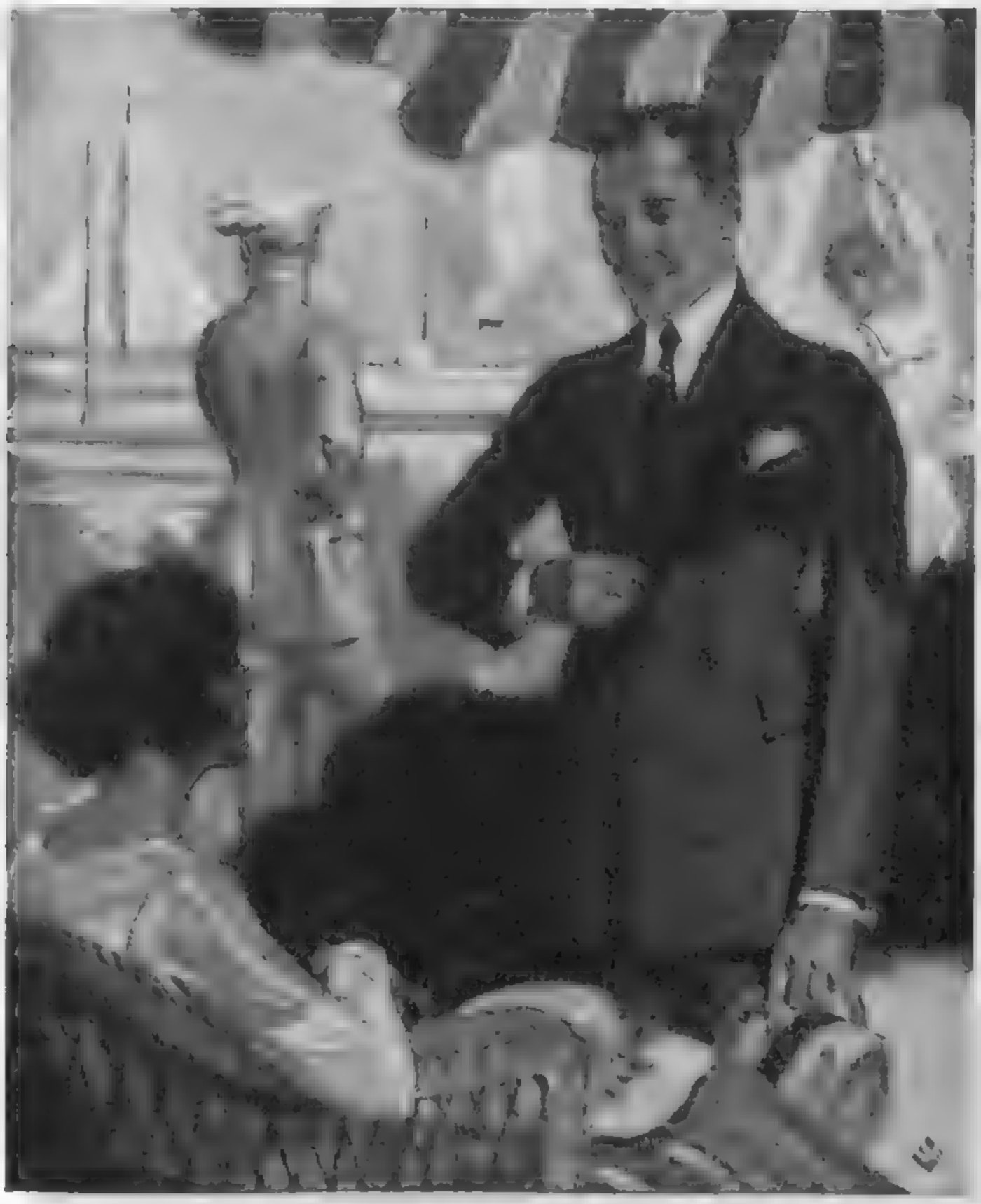
Far up on the dark hillside could be heard at intervals of a few seconds the snapping of twigs.

"That's a long ways off!" said the sheriff inconsequently.

They resumed their pilgrimage at a somewhat lessened pace; but at last they could

(Continued on Page 89)

They *keep* you looking your best



For nearly three-quarters of a century, Adler Collegian Clothes have been fashioned by tailors who made a life study of clothes-making as an art.

In the Adler Collegian Clothes factories today are sons and grandsons of the men who made them back in the 1850's.

We could make more clothes if we could get more of our kind of tailors.

Made by DAVID ADLER & SONS COMPANY – Milwaukee

ADLER COLLEGIAN CLOTHES

Smart styles for every man of 17 to 70

Pennsylvania
VACUUM CUP
CORD TIRES

Everywhere—the Sound of Safety!

The purr of the massive Vacuum Cups—that note of assurance that they are standing guard over your car on wet, oily pavements where treacherous skids await your coming.

Holding your car to its true, secure course—purring "*The wetter the better!*" as they reduce to practice the *grip-hold-letgo* principle of *suction* on rain-wet, oil-greasy streets.

The Vacuum Cup Tread is *guaranteed* not to skid on wet, slippery pavements. Yet this assured safety costs nothing extra—Vacuum Cup Tires at prevailing schedules cost no more than ordinary makes.

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY of AMERICA, Inc., Jeannette, Pennsylvania
Direct Factory Branches and Service Agencies Throughout the World
Export Dept., Woolworth Bldg., New York City

(Continued from Page 86)

see the opening up of the trees against the sky line that marked the hermit's clearing.

"Hold up a second!" remarked the sheriff nervously. "Le's decide about this thing! Suppose you fellers with the guns go first—so's to be all ready—an' then I'll come right along ——"

"Look here, Mose," retorted one of the gunmen, "I ain't got no partic'lar objection to goin' first, but you're sheriff an' I reckon it's up to you."

Mr. Higgins hesitated. As Patriarch of the Sacred Camels it would not do to permit any intimation of pusillanimity upon his part to get abroad.

"Guess you're right!" he remarked carelessly. "Gimme the gun."

"What fer?" demanded its owner. "You don't need no gun to shoot a dead man!"

"I know that's well as you do!" retorted the sheriff. "But wha'd you bring a gun fer if there wasn't no use fer it? Le's go up together!"

Thus reënforced the sheriff and his companion cautiously approached the open door of the hermit's shanty, on which the shadow of the ridge had already fallen and was now creeping across the potato patch toward the edge of the woods. On the threshold they paused. Then the sheriff, swallowing, thrust in his head. It was so dark that at first he could see only the face of the hermit's old clock leering at him out of the dusk. Then gradually he made out the crumpled bundle that had been the hermit, lying in front of it. One fist protruded from beneath the covering. The sheriff bent over gingerly and took hold of one corner of the comfortable. Then he withdrew his hand quickly. The bedding had been lying upon the floor and was soaked in blood.

With an outcry the sheriff tottered out of the shanty.

"Wha's the matter?" demanded Emerson rudely.

"There's blood on everything—all over the place!" gasped Higgins.

"Well, didn't you look at him?" continued the lumberman brutally.

"I'm goin' to, soon's I kin git the blood off'n my hands!" returned the sheriff valiantly.

He rubbed his fingers ostentatiously in the grass. Then he crept back to the door of the shanty and looked in. The man with the gun had poked the comfortable off the hermit's body and it lay before his eyes—weltering, foul, obscene, repulsive. Three flies were already busily occupied there.

"B'thah!" coughed the sheriff, recoiling. "B'thah! Somebody else better search that body. I can't!"

He leaned heavily against the outside of the shanty and lowered his head. He was standing in this elegant position when Squire Mason, who had followed on foot in order not to miss any possible trick, appeared upon the scene.

Few people in Pottsville went to bed that night, and next day the local clergymen preached rival sermons upon the text "Thou shalt not kill." Also, though few of the inhabitants had taken the slightest interest in the hermit during his life, except to deride him as a crank and a drunkard, there was universal mourning for him now that he was dead; for it was felt that in a way his presence in the hollow had given a certain distinction to the township which otherwise it would not have had. It was a great moment for Pottsville. And so were the days following, during which the Grand Jury indicted Skinny for murder and the case of The People vs. James Hawkins gradually built itself up, block by block, line upon line, here a little and there a little, circumstance upon circumstance, until his guilt seemed established beyond the utmost requirement of the law.

Then the gypsies, having weathered the rather superficial investigation of the prosecutor, moved on to the sunny Southland or wherever it was that they were going, and six weeks later Local Lodge No. 948 of the Brotherhood of Abyssinian Mysteries convened at Somerset Corners to debate whether the fact that James Hawkins was an ex-member entitled him to pecuniary assistance for the purpose of retaining counsel, upon the broad theory that once a Sacred Camel of King Menelek always a Camel. For he had given the high sign for help and the treasury of the Hibernating Hoboes of the Hesperides was empty, since the twenty shiny new five-dollar gold pieces which had been found in Skinny's pocket upon his arrest had been removed therefrom and now reposed in the safe of the district attorney as evidence against him.

Thus came opportunity to the door of Hezekiah Mason for the second time; for in his widely heralded prosecution of Skinny the Tramp he perceived a stepping stone to higher things—not on his own dead self but on the dead selves of Skinny and the hermit. Had not one well-known public prosecutor, he told himself, leaped into the gubernatorial saddle, and for a space held the reins of office, largely because he had convicted a policeman of participating in the murder of a gambler? Why should not he do the same for convicting a distinguished tramp of the murder of a famous hermit? Indeed, who shall quarrel with his logic?

III

"TUTT," said Mr. Ephraim Tutt of the well-known if not celebrated law firm of Tutt & Tutt, on entering his office the morning after the meeting of the Abyssinian Brothers, "kindly take a look at this!" And he held out a night-letter telegram.

SOMERSET CORNERS, N. Y.

TUTT & TUTT, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
—Broadway, N. Y. City.

Local Lodge Nine Hundred and Forty-eight Abyssinian Brotherhood desires retain you to defend James Hawkins otherwise known as Skinny the Tramp indicted for murder of Hermit of Turkey Hollow twenty-seventh last April. Our resources limited to two hundred and fifty dollars cash. Trial takes place next week. Kindly advise whether you will accept retainer.

SILAS HIGLEY,
Grand Supreme Scribe, Sacred Camels of King Menelek, Brotherhood of Abyssinian Mysteries.
Collect.

"Well," commented his sprightly partner, the lesser Tutt of the two, "I observe that they prudently sent their invitation at our expense. You don't seriously consider bothering with any legal junk like that, do you?"

Mr. Tutt paused in applying a match to the rat-tailed stogy which drooped from his wrinkled lips.

"I wouldn't miss it for a farm!" declared he. "A country murder trial? Why, it'll be a regular vacation for me!"

"There'll be no money in it!" growled his junior partner. "And it'll take you a week."

"Who asks money," demanded Mr. Tutt, striking a heroic attitude, "when innocence calls for succor? Could any true-hearted member of the bar—if he had a trace of romance in his soul—refuse to defend a prisoner known by form and style as 'Skinny the Tramp,' especially if he be charged with murdering a hermit, and still more particularly if requested to do so by the Order of the Sacred Camels of King Menelek, whose invitation is a command? What, may I ask, are hermits for—but to be murdered?"

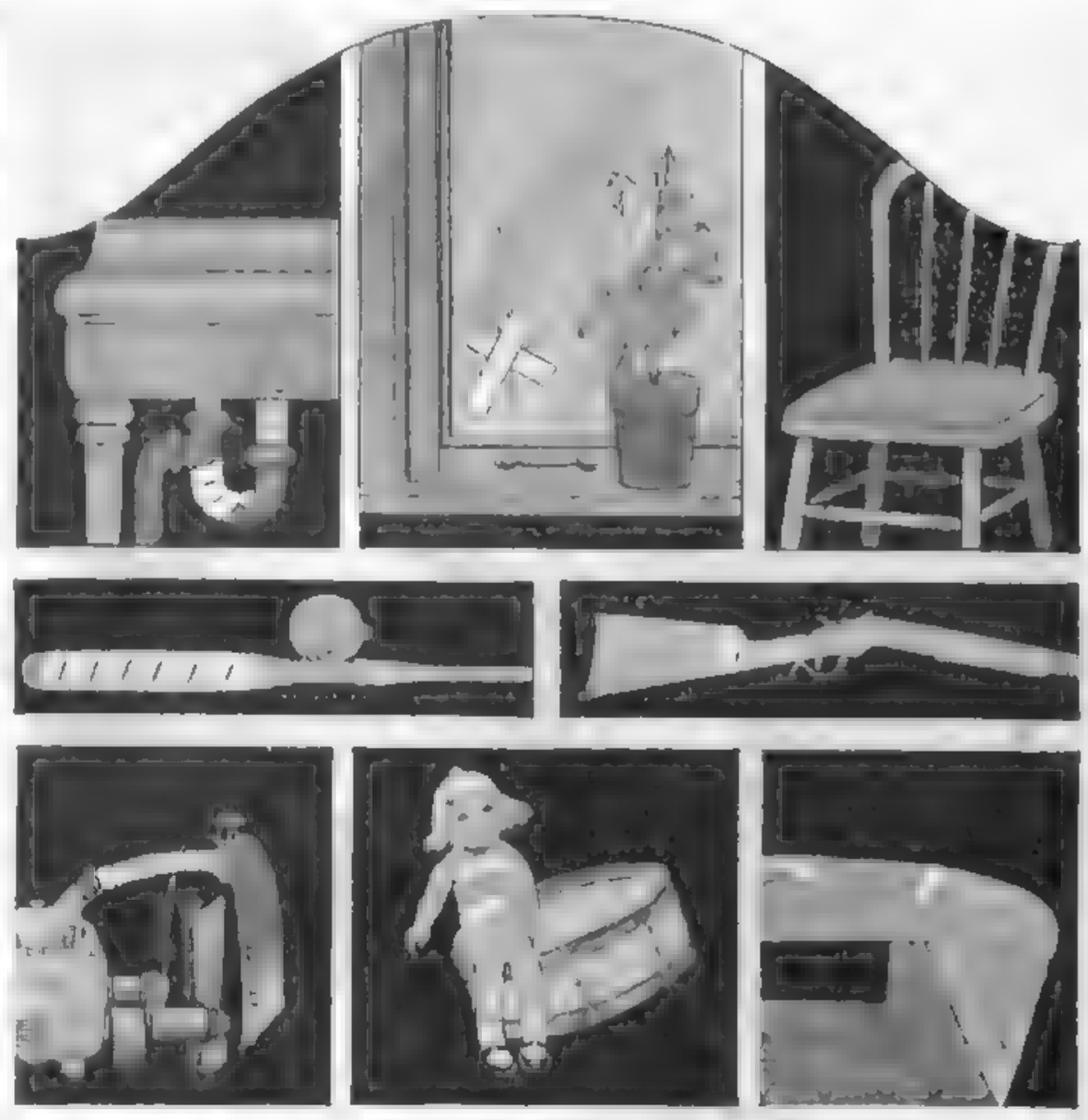
"You're incorrigible!" sighed Tutt. "I suppose the whole office will be depleted during the trial."

"No—I'll try the case alone!" replied his senior. "I'll merely send Bonnie Doon up there to look round a little and hear what my client has to say for himself, and then I'll go up a couple of days before and examine the witnesses personally—I'll have the time of my life."

"Yes! And incidentally you'll waste a week or ten days, and end by paying all the expenses of the trial yourself. I know you!"

"Well, what else have I got to spend my money on?" retorted Mr. Tutt. "I might as well spend it on keeping an innocent tramp out of the electric chair as anything else!"

Now, as Tutt the lesser knew that Tutt the greater would eventually do exactly as he chose, the argument then and there died. The up-to-date Mr. Bonwright Doon, that extraordinary combination of law clerk, ambulance chaser, detective and man-about-town who had attached himself to the firm, was at once dispatched to Pottsville as Mr. Tutt's *avant-courier*. There he in due course interviewed Skinny the Tramp in the calaboose, gave Squire Mason the once-over, fraternized with Sheriff Higgins and his fat-boy deputy, Mr. Sam Bellows, attended a lodge meeting of the Sacred Camels, of which—as well as of many similar organizations—he was a member, and after spending but a week under the hospitable roof of the Phœnix House won the lasting loyalty and friendship of Ma Barrows and of her daughter Betty, aged nine, whose capacity for peanuts, popcorn, ice-cream cones and bananas



Needed Almost Daily
and Ever-Ready

Tirro, the new and remarkable mender, makes a friend of each person who tries it. For it has countless uses and it is ever ready to save money and time. No need to throw things away—Tirro reclaims them.

Tirro is a super-strong tape. It is water-proofed. It sticks to *anything*—glass, wood, metal, china—and stays stuck.

In fact, Tirro becomes a part of the thing mended. It can be used for a permanent mend, or it can be used temporarily. It stops leaks. It binds split or weak handles. It mends torn things.

Tirro, once you use it, suggests its own many interesting uses. Hardly a day goes by but that you need it.

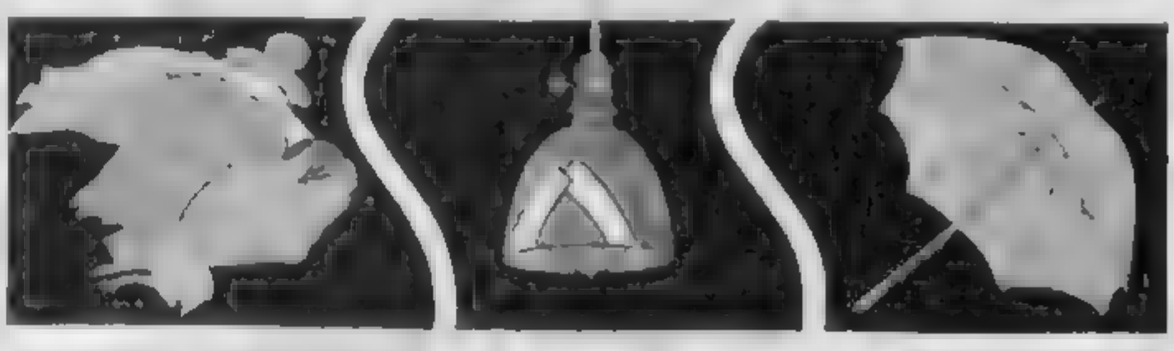
The Ideal Mending Tape

Tirro

Waterproofed
Extra Strong

For Sale at All Druggists'

We picture here some of the multitudinous uses. Tirro is for tiny jobs as well as big. It can be cut to suit. Or in wrapping, it can be applied many ply to give added strength. Outdoors and indoors, wherever you go, whatever you do, Tirro helps in countless ways where nothing else would do. Troubles are made trifles by it.



Free Trial Strip

Merely send us your name and address and we'll gladly mail you a strip of Tirro as a sample, together with our Book of a Thousand Uses. Once you try it you'll buy it from your druggist. Tirro comes in two sizes. Prices in the United States: ¾ inch wide, 30c, 1⅛ inches wide, 50c.

BAUER & BLACK

Chicago New York Toronto

Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

TRIAL STRIP FREE

BAUER & BLACK
2500 Dearborn St., Chicago

Mail me a strip of Tirro—also book.

S E P 910

he demonstrated by actual test to be equal to that of Faughpaugh Brothers' baby elephant.

Then having spied out the lay of the land he returned, weighted with information and wisdom, to make his report to Mr. Tutt—a report by no means rose colored, and yet not without hope.

"That town is certainly some hick!" declared the cosmopolitan Mr. Doon a week later in making his official return. "It's the variety of metropolis where they regard an imported cigar as an immorality, and where the height of dissipation is an evening of custard-pie comedy with Fatty Arbuckle as custardee. It contained no male citizen in Class 1 A, B or C under the recent draft, but it numbers among its midst forty-one Sacred Camels—of which, you recall, I am one."

"H'm!" murmured Mr. Tutt, making a mental note.

"Yes!" agreed Bonnie, reading his mind. "Moreover, nothing of moment has happened there since Artemus Ward gave his celebrated lecture on Fools in Odd Fellows' Hall in 1866. Hence this assassination has naturally excited a heap big local pride. When this tramp-hermit case comes to the bar there's going to be such a Roman holiday as the county never saw. The rubes are coming from miles around, bringing the entire family with 'em and sufficient cold victuals to last a week, and there'll be overflow meetings all the way to Utica."

"No doubt! No doubt!" mused his employer. "But what of my opponents? What of the *dramatis personæ* of the contest? And—what did you learn of my client?"

"Your client is a childish nut," responded Mr. Doon, "who devotes his life to trying to find the pots of kale at the twin bases of the rainbow's arc. From my casual observation I should infer that he was a trifle less harmless than a cottontail. He naturally asserts he didn't do it, and of course maybe he didn't; but by heck, they're going to come awful close to proving it on him!"

"What's the evidence?" inquired Mr. Tutt, leaning back in his swivel chair and crossing his congress shoes on Parker's New York Criminal Code, which lay open at Murder, upon his desk.

"All you want," answered Bonnie cheerfully. "Defendant observed going towards hermit's hut a few minutes before the murder; tries to avoid notice; cry and shot heard; witness bolts to cabin, which he reaches in three minutes, and finds hermit dying with gold piece in his hand and a broken bean pot on floor beside him; defendant's pipe left on table; pursues murderer through woods in general direction of village but can't overtake him. Defendant walks into grocery store, where all the rubes are assembled waiting for the weekly shave at four o'clock—breathless, excited, blood on his hands; pursuing witness arrives—also breathless—at four-fifteen, and gives the alarm. Defendant flees; is arrested, and when accused refuses to make any statement.

"Moreover—if that's not enough—his pockets turn out to be full of gold pieces of the same mintage as the one in the hermit's hand, and his shoes fit the marks in the potato patch. *Q. E. D.!*"

"Did you say this is going to be a trial?" queried Mr. Tutt. "I should say it was more likely to be an execution."

"So would I," assented Bonnie, "except for a few minor details. In the first place the defendant is a harmless dreamer—part feckless fool, part boob, part philosopher and part ——" He paused.

"Well?" commented his employer. "Part what?"

Bonnie still hesitated rather sheepishly.

"Part gentleman," he declared in a slightly defiant tone.

Mr. Tutt smiled approvingly.

"Do they know it?" he asked.

"Oh, yes!" answered Bonnie. "But everybody likes a drink of blood occasionally!"

"What are your other minor details?"

"The prosecutor is a crook—and I've got the goods on him."

"What kind?" asked Mr. Tutt more cheerfully.

"Fifty-seven varieties!" affirmed the ambulance chaser. "He sticks the natives for eighteen per cent on his loans; he sneaks up to Utica once in three weeks by himself and gets hard boiled, and he looks like the family portrait of Uncle Jonas Hardscrabble. Besides, although I don't know why I think so, I have a feeling he's got some particular personal animosity against our client."

"H'm!" mused Mr. Tutt. "How about the sheriff?"

Bonnie grinned as with meticulous elegance he removed a cigarette from a golden case bearing his initials set in diamonds.

"He's playing the constabule in a b'gosh drama up on Broadway. Better drop in and look him over. And he's got a posse like the fire-hose company in Old Jed Prouty!"

Mr. Tutt shook his head regretfully.

"I don't like your setting. The whole country will be hell-bent-for-conviction on general principles. They'll want to vindicate their reputation for law and order, and—if they're in doubt—instead of acquitting they'll return a verdict of murder in the second, and rely on executive clemency to remedy any possible injustice! I know 'em!"

"Mr. Tutt," replied Bonnie with intense seriousness, "they're going to give you the fight of your life!"

Mr. Tutt fumbled in the coffinlike box on his desk for a stogy.

"I surmised as much," he muttered. "I surmised as much. But—you never can tell!"

He lit the stogy meditatively and gazed out of the office window through half lowered lids.

"You say the prisoner entered the grocery store at four o'clock exactly?"

"Yes, that's absolutely fixed."

"And his pursuer at fifteen minutes past?"

"Yes."

Mr. Tutt pursed his lips.

"How far did they have to run?"

"About a mile."

The old lawyer made a rapid calculation.

"And what time was the murder committed?" he asked suddenly.

"I don't know," replied the clerk. "I had no way to find out."

"Well," said Mr. Tutt, bringing his feet to the floor with a bang, "that's what we've got to find out. The whole case turns on it. If our client fired the shot that killed the hermit, and it took the witness three minutes to reach the shanty, and a couple of minutes more, say, to look round there—then the defendant must have increased his five-minute start to fifteen minutes in a single mile; and if the other man was running hard I don't believe he could have done it! No, sir! He's not guilty!"

"And then—there's the Sacred Camels of King Menelek!" mused Bonnie. "And the sheriff is Head Camel!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Stop

fraudulent check alterations; they endanger your bank balance.

Safeguard yourself without cost.

Frequent newspaper stories tell of mail-box robberies and other schemes, promptly followed by raised check losses suffered by those bank customers whose checks are thus illegally procured

With a book of Super-safety checks, without any charge, a $1,000 00 bond is presented to their depositors by thousands of live bankers all over the United States

Their depositors enjoy superior protection—safe checks *insured* against "crooked check raisers," who are a constant menace and who fraudulently obtain millions of dollars through their manipulations with uninsured checks.

Ask your banker for these checks or write us for the name of one who will gladly accommodate you.

LOOK FOR THE EAGLE DESIGN ON EVERY CHECK YOU SIGN
Protected by individual bonds of *The American Guaranty Company*
These checks are the safest you can use

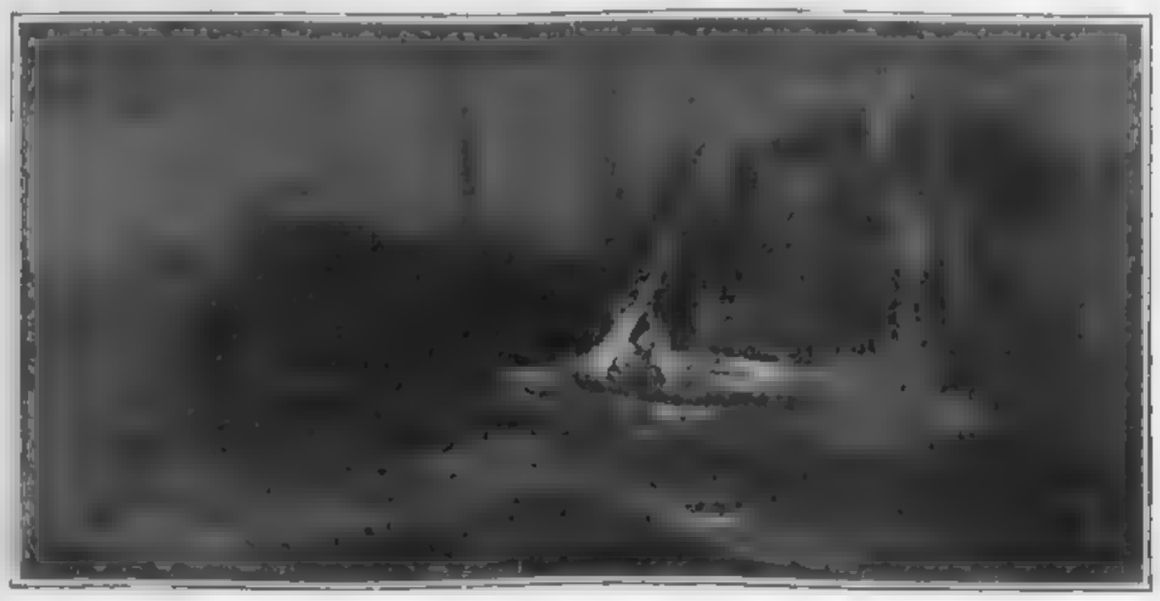
SUPER-SAFETY Insured BANK-CHECKS

$1,000 00 of check insurance against fraudulent alterations, issued without charge covers each user against loss.

The Bankers Supply Company

The Largest Manufacturers of Bank Checks in the World

NEW YORK CHICAGO DENVER
ATLANTA DES MOINES SAN FRANCISCO



The Profit's in the Last Package

(Are You Sure You Get It All?)

Four per cent net profit multiplied by a good turnover sounds fine, doesn't it?

But—did it ever occur to you that you pay for *all* those packages at one time and that you have to sell them one at a time?

That when you have sold eight of a dozen at a 33⅓% mark-up on selling price, you've got back only your cost—nothing for expense or overhead, nothing for profit?

That when you sell three more you've only paid for the average expense of running a store—and you haven't yet got your profit? *You've got to sell that last package to get the profit.*

Where Burroughs Comes In

A Burroughs Adding Machine helps you get full profit on your merchandise investment.

It gives you figures that enable you to buy the right lines—in quantities that you can sell before overhead and changing conditions rob you of the full profit in that last package.

It shows you how fast each line of merchandise moves. It helps you detect and get rid of the profit-eaters in your business.

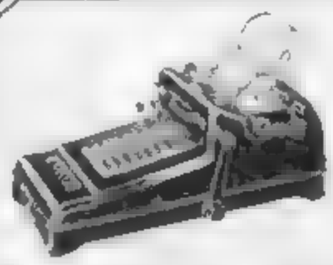
It helps you to push the goods that pay best, to cut out the dime and nickel errors in accounts, to check up your invoices, to know every day how your business stands.

Investigate for Yourself

A Burroughs representative will be glad to show you how other men in your line of business are using Burroughs Adding, Bookkeeping and Calculating Machines to stop leaks, boost sales, increase turnover, push collections and turn apparent losses into profits.

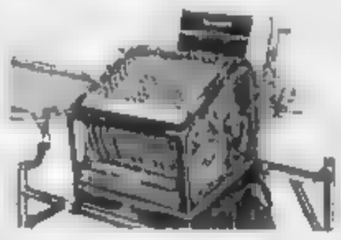
Consult your banker or telephone book for the address of the nearest Burroughs office, or write to the Burroughs Adding Machine Company, Detroit, Michigan.

Burroughs



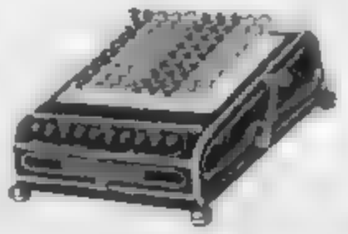
ADDING

Burroughs Adding and Listing Machines are built in different models of varying sizes to fit the needs of any kind of business, large or small.



BOOKKEEPING

Burroughs Bookkeeping Machines post ledgers and other important records with the automatic accuracy and speed of machine methods



CALCULATING

Burroughs Calculators add, multiply, subtract and divide without printing the figures—giving wanted results in the shortest possible time.

Whitman's Quality Group

THOUGHT adds value to your gift. Care in selecting the proper package of Whitman's chocolates to fit the occasion wins golden opinions. Get acquainted with the individual merits of the Sampler, Super Extra, the Fussy Package, Pleasure Island and the others. Inspect them at the store that shows the Whitman's sign and sells the Whitman line.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

New York Branch: 215 W. 33rd St. Chicago Branch: 1537 Michigan Ave., South

THE EVIL LIE

(Continued from Page 16)

emotion. Her cosmic scheme had gone flooie. She felt that she was about to become ridiculous.

The eyes of the terrified Noah Cripes and the lugubrious Glorious Sabb met, and held. And suddenly there was born in the breast of the great Mr. Cripes an idea begotten of desperation. In all the wreckage, in all the maelstrom of disaster, there remained a single hare-brained possibility. Only one. And with masterful calm—exterior only—he played his hole card; made his bluff with an effrontery worthy a Napoleon.

He conscripted a smile and plastered it all over his large perspiring face. He crossed the room with long positive strides. And then, before the guests, he swept Glorious Sabb into the shelter of his muscular arms!

Glorious was too startled to move. Here was something upon which she had not counted, an occurrence so bizarre as to destroy any equilibrium which shock may have left to her. And so for a few seconds she remained limp in his embrace.

And those few seconds did the work. Led by the hysterical Callie Flukers, the witnesses of the renewed romance broke into vociferous applause! It was then that Glorious Sabb was lost. She knew she was lost; and being lost she allowed the embrace to be prolonged. Meanwhile she tried to think.

She was experiencing a triumph which surpassed the most roseate of her anticipations. She was reunited to her husband—to a great man; and only the relatively unimportant fact that he was not her husband ——

Noah Cripes, feeling her figure go limp in his arms, knew that his magnificent bluff had won. He played his hand with fierce earnestness. Pressing his advantage to the uttermost, he bent his lips to her ear.

"Yo' husban' sent me down heah. If'n you says I ain't him, he is gwine be ruint. Plumb ruint. You an' him both."

She nodded dazed acquiescence. And then he turned proudly, his arm about her waist. He addressed the crowd in a voice that trembled, although the tremolo effect was not caused by the thrill of reëstablished love. Rather it was the limpness of a staggering reaction.

"Sons an' Daughters of I Will Arise," he orated. "Fum the bottom of our heahts I an' Glo'ious thanks you. Which you has done fo' us to-night is sumthin' we ain't nev' gwine be able to repay back. You has brung together husban' an' wife which has been sep'rated one fum each other fo' lo a heap of moons. But now we is reunited together again—an' we is much obliged." He bent terrifying eyes upon the dazed Glorious. "Ain't it so, honey-bunch?"

And Glorious, because she was weak and also because her brain had ceased to function, dug her own grave. She nodded.

"You done said it all, Dexter!"

They went through the balance of the evening in a daze—Glorious blossoming under her new adulation, yet sered with worry; Noah finding sufficient unto the hour the fruits thereof and worrying not a whit about the morrow.

Each knew that the die was cast. It was too late now for Glorious to repudiate her supposed husband. The assemblage would laugh at her, and either would not believe or would take for granted that which she did not want them to believe. And Noah knew that he had her where she was safe.

He took her with him in a taxicab when the reception was over, and immediately she broke into a torrent of tears.

"What I has done now?" she moaned. "What has I gone and done now?"

"You ain't done nothin'," he reassured, "an' you is gwine keep on doin' the same thing."

"B-b-but you ain't my husban' a-tall."

"I ain't no woman's husban', an' I ain't aimin' to be. An' this much I splains to you. I is takin' yo' husban's place fo' the Bummin'ham engagement, an' you has reckernized me as him. S'long's you keep on doin' that same you ain't gwine have no umbarrassment. But the minute you sigges's to anyone that I ain't Dexter Sabb—then right away I says you is got to prove it. An' bein' as you cain't, things is gwine be mighty onpleasant fo' you."

"Y-y-you is gwine keep right on livin' at the Cozy Home Hotel?"

"I is. S'long's you keeps yo' mouth shut. Now I asts you: Is you?"

And she answered fervently, "I is!"

Noah was as good as his word—or nearly so. But he found that in order to give color to the fiction of his husbandhood to Glorious he must visit her home occasionally. It loaned color to their romance and eventually brought him a new idea.

The more he saw of Glorious and her mode of living the more he marveled at the independence of the bemumped Dexter Sabb. Glorious was an excellent housekeeper, not at all bad-looking, and a boarding-house landlady who kept her rooms filled with paying guests who paid regularly. He early guessed that she had money in the bank, and as he needed immediate cash he went to her and requested a loan.

This request she refused flatly. Almost instantly he forsook his quietly friendly attitude and became domineering:

"Fifty dollars, Glo'ious. An' you gits it fo' me by t'-morry noon."

"Ain't gwine loaned you ary cent."

Noah started for the door. There he turned. "Ise gwine move outen the Cozy Home Hotel an' come heah to live!"

She emitted a wild wail. "I gits you the fifty dollars!"

He reseated himself. This was a superlative graft—and it solved a problem that had caused him no end of worry. True, the advance sale for his first and only public performance as Dexter Sabb was enormous—far greater than any that had ever blessed the efforts of the real hypnotist; but the performance was yet more than a week away, and the furtherance of his present schemes called for a sizable working capital.

But when, forty-eight hours later, he demanded an additional twenty-five dollars, she rebelled more hotly. And then it was that he faced her squarely and laid all his cards face up on the table.

"An' you has played thunder," he finished consolingly. "On account you is admitted I is Dexter, which same I ain't him. Comes you to tell folks I is a fake, what they is gwine leave of you ain't gwine be a grease spot. So not on'y does you say nothin' an' keeps on sayin' it—but also you he'ps me when I stahts my show down to the lodgerooms."

She exhibited signs of fear. "I he'ps you?"

"You does."

"How?"

"This heah feller Sam Trigg ain't nothin' on'y a fake which is wukkin' fo' me like'n I wuks fo' yo' husban'. An' he's gwine preten' he's hypnotized when I stahts makin' monkey faces at him. But one subjec' ain't enough fo' me—an' so I deman's that you comes up on the stage also an' gits hypnotized too. An' then ——"

She uttered a tremulous wail. "But I ain't aimin' to be hypnotized."

"Who says you was gwine to be?"

"You did."

"You says words, 'ooman, but they don' make no sense. I ain't never claimed to be no hypnotis'. An' I ain't gwine hypnotize you—'cause'n I cain't hypnotize nobody."

"You cain't? You is shuah?"

"Suttinly Ise shuah. I know jes' how it's done, but I ain't got me no evil eye like'n to what Dexter is got. But these heah cullud folks don' know that, an' when I hypnotizes you an' Sam Trigg both an' then pulls a few slighten-han' tricks, they ain't gwine think it's funny I don' put no mo' of 'em to sleep. Now I asts you: Is you willin' to be hypnotized like that?"

She wasn't, but there was no use airing her protest, so she discreetly kept her mouth shut. And there in her room they went through a careful rehearsal. He exhibited to her the reactions she was to affect, and drilled her in the tricks she was to do under his orders when she was in the supposed hypnotic state.

Certainly she made an apt pupil. And when he was leaving he threw behind him a final word of warning: "If you th'ows me down, Glo'ious—us slides together!"

During the days that succeeded, Glorious worried more than she had ever believed possible. She had got herself into something, but just how deeply she had sunk into the quagmire of public deception she had not yet commenced to realize.

Certainly Noah Cripes played no halfway game. She was a good thing and he

The Bedrock of Business

Better business means not only more business—more stable profits—it means higher standards of doing business.

Business standards must be such that men can trust each other. This is as fundamental to better times as sound currency, credit or banking.

When one man engages another to perform a service or deliver a commodity, he enters into a contract. If business is to be sound, that contract must be sacred to both parties as far as personal responsibility can go.

Modern business is based—not on the legality but on the sanctity of contracts—on the common faith that a business man will do what he promises. Credit rating depends on something more than a satisfactory relation between assets and liabilities.

If contracts were to become of value only through legal action, they would not be practical instruments of business—for business cannot be conducted through the agency of courts of justice.

Insistence of sellers and buyers alike that contracts of purchase are made to stand by is prerequisite to economic stability.

Business faces a long, steady climb to conditions better than it has ever enjoyed. Progress toward those conditions will be satisfactory or unsatisfactory in proportion as men and nations earn the confidence of each other by faithful observance of the letter and spirit of their contracts.

The National Bank of Commerce in New York believes that the preservation of confidence through the encouragement of sound business practices is an important banking function.

National Bank of Commerce in New York

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits
Over Fifty-five Million Dollars

Keep Their Young Eyes *Young!*

PROTECT the eyesight of your loved ones. The clear, keen vision of youth is priceless—nothing can replace it. Strong, healthy eyes are the means of letting sunshine, beauty and knowledge into your children's lives. Then Save Their Eyes!

Get Them a Quick-Lite Lamp to Study By

Under the bright yet soft and eye-restful radiance of this beautiful light; the children can pore over their lessons the whole evening through without the slightest chance of eyestrain. And the cost of a Quick-Lite is but a small fraction of doctors' bills and buying glasses for ruined eyes.

The Quick-Lite is "Just the Thing for the Study Hour." The sight-saving light it gives is *natural* in quality—nearest like the daylight intended for human eyes. Nothing hard about it—no glare—no flicker. It is brilliant, powerful, steady and at the same time smooth, clear and pure-white.

Standard in price everywhere: Style CQ-329 $9.00; West of Rockies $9.50, in Canada $12.50. More than 20,000 merchants sell Quick-Lites. If yours can't supply you, write nearest factory branch, Dept. P-19.

The Coleman Lamp Company

WICHITA ST. PAUL TOLEDO DALLAS
LOS ANGELES ATLANTA CHICAGO
CANADIAN FACTORY:
TORONTO

Coleman Quick-Lite

"The Sunshine of the Night"

worked her as such. There was considerable satisfaction to the big man in thus getting vicarious revenge on the wizened little hypnotist who had for so many years held him in leash by the power of his glinty eyes. Glorious furnished Noah with money, and the daily rehearsals made certain that she was to become a marvelous plant when the first public demonstration of his prowess should be given.

She was terrified; that much was evident. She had lost the last vestige of her backbone and was tremblingly acquiescent to his slightest demand. And gradually her antipathy to the man became a desperate personal fear. Suppose he should decide to abandon the Sabb banner when Dexter recovered from his mumps, and in such case should demand that she accompany him as an assistant? Unlikely, of course—but not at all impossible. And so, gradually, there came to Glorious Sabb the courage of cornered desperation.

Meanwhile other leads were working out well for the imitation professor. He had become overnight the lion of Birmingham's colored set. A protégé of Florian Slappey, he attended two Wednesday-night poker sessions of the Full House Social Club, where his expertness enriched him by nearly one hundred dollars. At Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor he demonstrated the fact that he could manipulate a wicked cue, and he pocketed quarters, half dollars and dollars with marvelous speed, his victims always willing to part with a modicum of cash for the honor of being, for even a short space of time, in his exclusive company.

And it was in Bud Peaglar's, before a large and enthusiastic gallery, that his well-rehearsed clash with Sam Trigg occurred.

According to the completely duped spectators, an exchange of blows between the men was narrowly avoided as their discussion of Noah's hypnotic powers became heated, and it wound up with a bet of five hundred dollars a side that Noah would be unable to hypnotize Sam Trigg. Within an hour after news of the epochal wager became bruited about, the few remaining seats for the show were sold at a premium. Already it had developed into more of a drama than a mere exhibition of hypnotism.

The day of the show Florian Slappey called upon the professor and assured him that his 75 per cent of the box-office receipts was to be paid over after the performance. And then Florian touched upon another subject which interested him mightily:

"Does you think you is gwine be able to hypnotize Brother Trigg?"

Noah simulated excitement. "I ain't thinkin' nothin' about it, Brother Slappey. I knows."

"I knows you knows. But is you shuah?"

"I hypnotizes anybody any time." He then bluffed magnificently. "Ise gwine hypnotize you now."

Florian backed away precipitately. "Nossuh, you ain't. Nossuh—not now you ain't. I ain't aimin' to be no wictim. But if'n you is so shuah you c'n do which you says you c'n, then us fellers is safe in layin' a li'l' bet on you?"

"You is, Brother Slappey. I says you is." Noah Cripes produced his sole remaining forty dollars. "An' bet this kinder quiet for me."

Florian departed, convinced. And when the doors opened that night, one hour before the performance, there was a wild surge through the hallway and into the chairs, which had been crowded unbelievably close.

Noah Cripes was experiencing a superb contentment. Having for years slithered along in the depths of degradation, he was now raised to the zenith of triumph. This was his big night, the evening upon which he would appropriate the entire glare of the calcium, and much hard cash. He even found it in his heart to be a bit contemptuous of the mumpy professor lying supine in Nashville. Dexter Sabb was a crude workman. Here in two weeks' time he, Noah Cripes, had become a local sensation and was about to stage a performance unsurpassed in elegance of conception or execution.

There wasn't a flaw. Sam Trigg had proved himself a marvel. Terror assured perfect coöperation from Glorious. So confident was Noah Cripes that he caught himself wondering occasionally whether or not he might actually possess hypnotic power. If poor little Dexter Sabb had it, why not Noah Cripes? He found himself longing for genuine volunteers at the evening performance. He was filled to overflowing with a sense of pep and power.

Professor Aleck Champagne's Jazzphony Orchestra was unharmoniously on hand So was Sam Trigg. Mr. Trigg sat pompously near the middle of the house, stared at by all. He, too, was enjoying the spotlight and not at all nettled by thoughts of the ridiculous figure he was soon to cut when supposedly hypnotized by the fake professor. Nor had Noah Cripes been resentful in the early days of his employment by Dexter Sabb. Rebellion had been a slow-growth process.

Promptly at 8:30 the curtain rose. Every chair was occupied, the aisles jammed with a mass of colorado-maduro humanity. Florian Slappey stepped importantly to the center of the stage and announced that Birmingham had been signally honored by the visit of a great man, and that he now took excruciating pleasure in introducing that dignitary. Whereupon, amidst applause that shook the rafters of the building, Noah Cripes stepped resplendently forward.

He bowed acknowledgment of the tribute and his smile disclosed four teeth of purest gold. Then he raised a bejeweled hand for silence. It came, tomblike.

"Brethern an' sistern," orated Noah, after the approved manner of Dexter Sabb, "I depreciates yo' comin' heah to-night to be the disciples of a great leader—which he is I—in the subjec' of hypnotism. They is sev'al things I desiahs to say bouten hypnotism, an' one of 'em is if they is any folks which don' b'lieve in same, they is fools. An' I wan's to make myse'f puffec'ly clear. They ain't ev'ybody c'n be hypnotized. It takes brains to git hypnotized, jes' like it takes brains to be a hypnotist. On'y it takes mo' brains to be a hypnotist than what it does to be hypnotized. So I asts yo' indulgence while I endeavors to amuse you with the greates', grandes' an' mos' glo'ious exhibition of cullud hypnotism which the world has ever knew. An' now, brethern an' sistern, it bein' nessery fo' a hypnotis' to have subjec's, an' so's they won't never be no question 'bout him bein' a faker, I reques's that someone in the audjence step up forth upon this heah stage an' see is I ginuwine or is I a fake."

He paused impressively and all eyes focused upon Sam Trigg.

Mr. Trigg rose magnificently to the emergency. With slow, impressive dignity he mounted to his feet and started a solemn march toward the stage. As he stepped across the footlights a fresh salvo of applause broke loose. Noah glared at him with a perfect pretense of rancor.

"Mistuh Trigg?"

"Yassuh, Mistuh Sabb."

"My name ain't mistuh. It's prefessor."

"Yes, Mistuh Sabb?"

Noah appeared to wax wrathy. "Does you desiah to git yo'se'f hypnotized?"

Sam waved an airy hand. "Ain't no man c'n hypnotize me. They ain't no sech of a thing as hypnotism."

"Huh!" Noah was loudly scornful. "Ev'y time you opens yo' mouth, Mistuh Trigg, nothin' comes out."

"When you don' git to hypnotize me," postulated Mr. Trigg, "five hund'ed dollars comes out—of yo' pocket!"

The house rocked mirthfully at this witty sally. The professor appeared peeved.

"You is willin' to do which I says?"

"I is."

"Then set yo'se'f down yonder."

Mr. Trigg did as bidden. Noah Cripes faced his audience. "I now reques's silence while I shows this heah cullud man that he don' know nothin'—or even less'n that."

The dropping of a pin would have created a disturbance in the quietude that ensued. And then, with many flourishes and much wiggling of eyes and body, Noah Cripes got busy.

His exhibition was more than worthwhile. His big muscular arms wove weird hieroglyphics in the atmosphere. His eyes narrowed and fixed intently upon the optics of his salaried victim. He mumbled strange incantations in a chanty singsong. The huge gathering of spectators leaned forward with breathless intensity.

And finally Mr. Trigg—a great actor himself—commenced to stiffen. His eyes glazed, muscles became rigid, jaw dropped. Suddenly Noah Cripes leaped back and snapped his fingers. He addressed the rigid man in the chair.

(Continued on Page 97)

$5000.00 PRIZE CONTEST

You can enter this Contest ~ $5000.00 in Prizes will be awarded for best Letters on Handy Uses of the Perfection Oil Heater.

HERE is your chance to win a worth-while prize by devoting a little of your spare time to writing a letter.

Over 4,000,000 homes have Perfection Heaters. Thousands of these Heaters are being used in ways we've never heard of. So, to learn more about the ways in which the Perfection is used, and especially to learn *new uses* for it, we are offering $5,000.00 in prizes. First prize is $1,000.00 in cash. And there are 999 other worth-while prizes.

It's Easy to Write a Perfection Contest Letter

Of course everyone is familiar with the common uses of the Perfection Heater. Chasing chills from any room during cool fall nights and mornings. Helping the furnace or base burner in winter. Bringing cozy comfort into dining room, bedroom, bath, living room and sick room. Reducing fuel bills, and conserving the health of young and old. It's a portable radiator that gives "heat by the roomful."

But there are hundreds of unusual and handy ways to use this Heater, such as drying clothes indoors, or taking the place of the evening fire at the summer camp. It's the unusual or different *ways of using the Perfection Heater* that we want you to tell us about. Uses that you are familiar with may be entirely new to us.

How to Enter Contest

To enter the Contest it isn't even necessary that you own a Perfection Heater, although experience with it would undoubtedly give you many valuable ideas. This Contest does not close until December 10th, so that you have time, if you wish, to get personally acquainted with the handy Perfection.

It costs you nothing to enter the Contest. Simply call on the nearest Perfection dealer *(Hardware, House Furnishing or Department Store)* and get a copy of the Perfection Heater $5,000.00 Contest Folder, or write direct to Contest Department, The Cleveland Metal Products Co., 7631 Platt Ave., Cleveland, Ohio, for it. Read the few simple rules given in the folder, then write your letter.

Three competent and disinterested Judges will decide the prize winners. The Judges are:

ALLARD SMITH, *Vice President, The Union Trust Co.: President, The Cleveland Advertising Club.*

FRANK G. PHEGLEY, *President, Ohio Chapter, American Society of Heating & Ventilating Engineers.*

HAZEL BLAIR DODD, *Home Economics Editor, The Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Look for the $5,000.00 Contest Poster in Your Dealer's Window

PERFECTION

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Oil Heaters

Address Contest Dept
THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS CO
7631 PLATT AVE
CLEVELAND OHIO

Branches in Principal Cities

In Canada Address Contest Dept.
PERFECTION STOVE COMPANY Ltd.
SARNIA ONT.

LIST OF PRIZES

First Prize
$1000.00 Cash
Second Prize
$500.00 Cash
Third Prize
$250.00 Cash
Fourth Prize
$150.00 Cash
Fifth Prize
$100.00 Cash

Sixth Prize ~ $90.00 Outfit of Aladdin Utensils
Seventh Prize ~ $75.00 Outfit of Aladdin Utensils
Eighth Prize ~ $50.00 Outfit of Aladdin Utensils

5 Prizes, Each a $25.00 Outfit of Aladdin Utensils
12 Prizes, Each a $10.00 Outfit of Aladdin Utensils

75 Aladdin Aluminum Percolators, 6 Cup Size
100 Aladdin Aluminum Steam Cookers (5 Qts)
150 Aladdin Enameled Steel Blue Double Roaster ~ 20 in.
250 Aladdin Enameled Steel Double Boilers (2 Qts)
400 Aladdin Aluminum Double Lipped Sauce Pans (2 Qts)

1000 Prizes ~ Total Value $5000.00

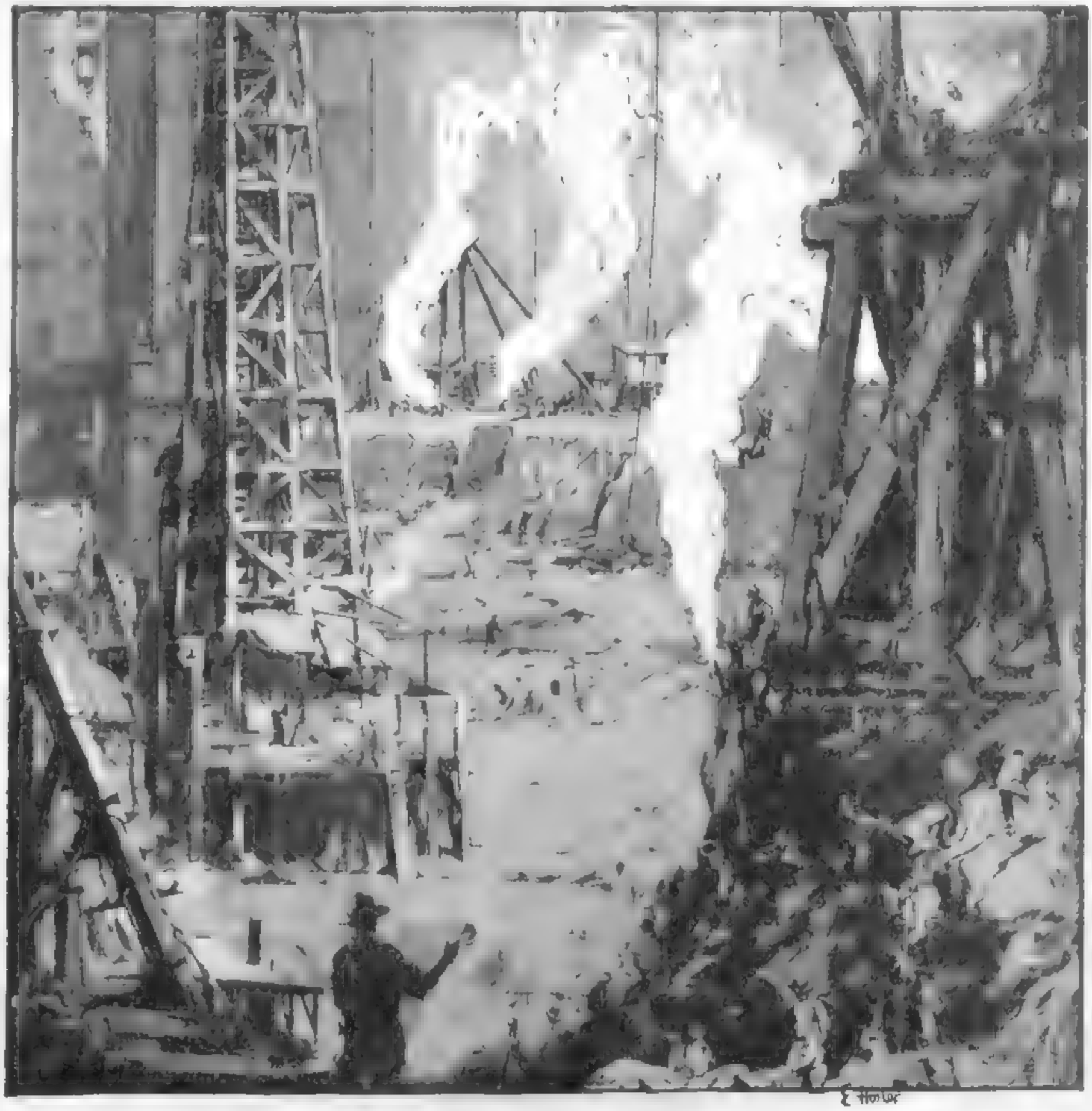
Note.—Winners of the $90, $75, $50, $25 and the $10 outfits of Aladdin Utensils may choose either Aladdin Aluminum, Aladdin Enameled Steel, or a combination of both.

Aladdin Utensils are Popular

Aladdin Utensils are members of the famous family of CMP Household Products. The sterling quality, the beauty and the many conveniences that have made Aladdin Utensils immensely popular also make them desirable prizes.

Get your copy of the Contest Folder from the Perfection dealer near you or write direct to us. It gives rules of the Contest, tells how prizes will be awarded, and describes Contest fully.

See Your Dealer Today and Write Your Letter Tonight



RESPONSIBILITY

Each of us holds in his hands the destiny of personal development as measured by an acceptance of responsibility toward others. An understanding of this fact has sent the leaders of each era into uncharted realms of science, philosophy, invention and industrial advancement.

Despite the doubt, fear and prejudice of those who have first persecuted and then praised, these leaders have held firm to their endeavors, strengthened by their conviction of responsibility.

The greatest achievements of this commercial age are tributes to responsibility. As responsibility became an operative factor in industry, industry grew. This growth made necessary the insurance of larger and more stable markets through impressing the public with industry's sense of responsibility.

To aid in the accomplishment of this essential objective came advertising. Its coming made the advertiser realize that his product had to be more than reliable; it had to be desirable.

Therefore, where advertising has been given its proper place in the operation of a business, it has stimulated improvements in the quality and design of a product, reduced costs, increased financial standing, and widened and stabilized sales.

In establishing a national recognition of commercial responsibility, advertising has provided industry with one of its greatest means for continued success. For, by the very act of advertising, business proves and proclaims its responsibility and its right to prosperity.

N. W. AYER & SON, *ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS*

NEW YORK BOSTON PHILADELPHIA CLEVELAND CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 94)

"Mistuh Trigg," he said softly, "if'n you is hypnotized, salute me!"

Sam's hand rose in rigid salute. And then it was that the house rose to its feet and cheered tumultuously. And in the face of the tribute stood Noah Cripes, bowing his acknowledgment while the little birdies sang in his heart and he knew that all was well with the world.

What occurred to the supposedly hypnotized Mr. Trigg immediately thereafter was alike witness to Mr. Trigg's histrionic ability and Noah Cripes' inventive genius. Mr. Trigg was first a sparrow flitting from limb to limb, and his flitting convulsed the house with merriment. He then fell prone upon the stage and gave an excellent imitation of an eel. Following that he emulated a dog begging, and then mewed like a cat. Finally the professor suggested that Mr. Trigg consider himself a frankfurter and that he wrap himself in a Vienna roll. That proved the crowning touch of high comedy.

Snap! And Mr. Trigg was left standing bewildered in the center of the stage.

He gazed in apparent unbelief into the widely grinning faces of the spectators and then he made the speech magnificent.

"I loses," he announced magnanimously. "An' I loses cheerful—on account I knows now that Professor Sabb is the greatest hypnotis' which ever was. Professor, I bows to you!"

Wild, untamed excitement, vociferous applause. And buoyed by a success unprecedented Noah Cripes drifted into the second part of his program, which was a sleight-of-hand exhibition with the now friendly and contrite Sam Trigg as his assistant.

Noah was no second-rate monologist and far from a poor magician. His card manipulation brought furrows of deep thought to certain Afro-American gentlemen who had lost to him at the poker table, but even they applauded his dexterity.

And then after a brief intermission, which was noisily occupied by Aleck Champagne's orchestra, the third portion of the performance began.

Noah called loudly for volunteers, but none came. Finally he invited Mr. Trigg to step again upon the stage, and that obliging gentleman accepted. Then it was that Noah broke into a broad smile and loud words:

"An' in case you think I on'y hypnotizes genmun, I now aims to give you a zample of my mighty powers by hypnotizin' a member of the fair gender. I inwites my darlin' wife, the beautchous Glo'ious, to come hence upon this heah stage an' lemme see c'n I put her to sleep."

Glorious hesitated. Glancing down upon her Noah sensed her trepidation. So as she obediently rose from her seat, yet hesitated in the journey stageward, he set the house to laughing.

"I wan's to show all the genmun in this audjence how to cumtrol their wifes. 'Tain't hahd when you know how. Jes' watch which I do, an' then do likewise yo'se'f also."

Glorious climbed slowly to the stage. The crowd broke into fresh handclapping. It was indeed getting its money's worth. As Noah gallantly ushered her to a seat he whispered uncavalierly into her light-brown ear: "You play up to me, gal, or you gits into trouble."

"But, Noer ——"

"I ain't no Noer. Ise Dexter."

Trembling, nervous, eyes darting wildly through the house, she faced him, and finally he commanded her guze.

Then came again the facial contortions by which he had affected to render Sam Trigg powerless. And just as efficiently as Sam Trigg had done, Glorious slid under his mesmeric spell. Noah turned triumphantly to his spectators:

"Missus Sabb is now under my cumtrol."

An enthusiastic voice—property of a married man—echoed through the hall: "Hot dam! Brother, go to it!"

Noah went to it with a vengeance. The thoroughly respectable Glorious first gave a very fair imitation of a ballet dancer. Then she sang a song, not at all badly. After which she doubled the spectators' amusement by walking an imaginary tightrope. And when Noah deemed that she had enough of it he seated her again and snapped his fingers before her tight-closed eyes.

"Presto! An' now, Glo'ious, you is outen the trance!"

But Glorious did not move! Noah frowned. He contorted his frame and once again snapped his fingers.

"Glo'ious! I declares you is unhypnotized!"

He was wrong. Glorious was not unhypnotized. She continued motionless in the chair, slowly opening eyes fixed glassily on a point on the opposite side of the walled-in stage.

Suddenly the heart of the hypnotist sank within him. He had realized.

"Glo'ious"—his tone was almost a wail—"I says fo' you to come to yo'se'f!" Still no answering movement. "Oh, my lawsy!" groaned Noah Cripes. "I is got her rilly hypnotized an' I dunno how to git her out!"

Through his brain there flashed snatches of information Dexter Sabb had imparted to him in the past—details of persons unable to rouse themselves from the hypnotic state who had remained in a comatose condition for centuries, alive yet dead.

There was no doubt of it! He was in for it now. Gone was any pride he may have felt in this suddenly discovered hypnotic power, departed the elation that had buoyed him to Elysian heights throughout the highly successful performance.

And to his ears came a plangent murmuring: "What you doin' now, prefessor? Wha's the matter with yo' wife?"

Here was a situation demanding quick, accurate thought. Outwardly imposing, Noah was in a state of internal seethe rivaling a volcano. There hammered in his mind one idea—the 75 per cent that was waiting for him in cash at the conclusion of the performance. Once let him get his hands on that and aboard a train, and it didn't matter to him if Glorious never came out of her trance.

What right did she have going into it anyway? He wasn't any hypnotist. And now ——

He gave ear to the insistent queries of the audience.

"Ladies an' genmun—I is aimin' to give you a livin' zample of how great I rilly is. I tells you heah an' now that anybody which has a heap of brains c'n hypnotize ordin'ry. But me—I don' stop there. I says to you, brethern an' sistern, that when I hypnotizes 'em they stays hypnotized. An' so, my frien's, I has put Glo'ious Sabb into a state of comma, an' I has commanded that she remain where she has be'n put ontil t'morrow at twelve o'clock! Ontil that time, folks, she ain't gwine know nothin'; an' at twelve o'clock t'morrow I inwites you all to come to her house, where free, an' 'thout cha'gin' no admission a-tall, I will bring her back to. Does that satisfy you?"

He mopped his forehead with a lavender silk handkerchief as a roar of approval greeted this master stroke of strategy. Once again victory had been snatched from disaster. Noah Cripes expanded inwardly. He began to believe that he was invincible. He inbreathed deeply and then, because he had an additional half hour of time to exhaust, he made a fresh speech calling for volunteers.

"Co'se, Brother Trigg is kin'ly willin' to git hisse'f hypnotized agin," he apologized, "but I craves fresh meat; fresh meat, tha's which I desiahs. Ain't there some genmun willin' to lemme try the power of my eyes on him? Not ary one genmun game fo' that? Jes' one. A-ah"—as a small figure arose in the darksome rear of the hall—"one pusson is good spoht enough to take him a chance! I promises I ain't gwine hu't him. He—I says he ——"

The volunteer progressed with slow and solemn majesty toward the stage, and as he emerged from the darkness and became limned in house lights the jaw of Noah Cripes dropped slowly and he experienced an all-gone sensation below the belt buckle.

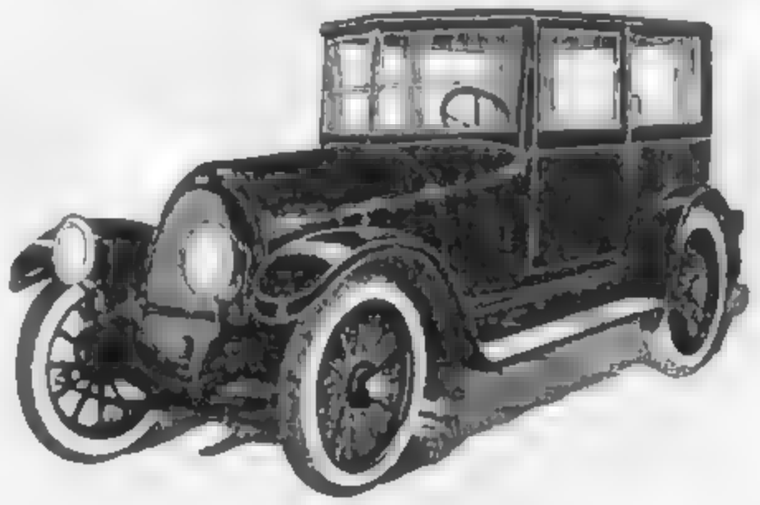
"Sister Tripe!" he muttered crazily. "It's Dexter Sabb!"

Dexter Sabb it was—Dexter free of mumps, Dexter's eyes glittering their conquering challenge—Dexter Sabb, the man who could hypnotize Noah Cripes at any time and any place he cared to do so!

Deathly silence had fallen upon the audience. Noah's fright was patent to them, even though they could not understand it. And there was something fatelike about the skinny figure which stepped masterfully across the footlights and confronted the cowering Noah Cripes.

For a few seconds they remained in impressive tableau. Noah's backbone had suddenly turned to water. Physical clash

The FRANKLIN



THE Franklin offers the motorist more advantages than he will find combined in any other one car. It is—

DIRECT AIR COOLED—temperature conditions cannot affect it.

COMFORTABLE—light weight and flexibility soften the jars, iron out the unevenness of bad going.

EASY TO HANDLE—less weight, greater road-clinging ability, nearly effortless steering.

RELIABLE—longer tire life, fewer parts to get out of order, quality materials and workmanship.

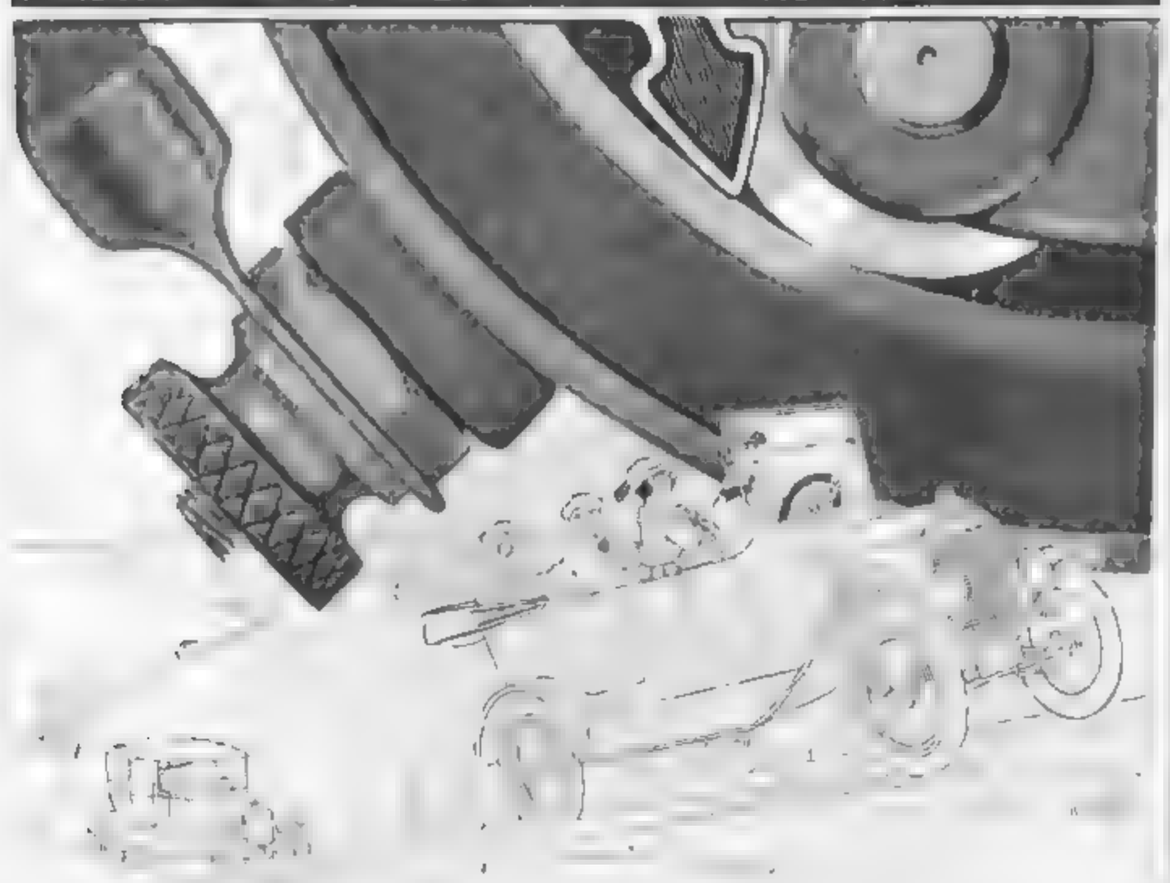
ECONOMICAL—witness owners' actual averages:

20 miles to the gallon of gasoline
12,500 miles to the set of tires
50% slower yearly depreciation

(National Averages)

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Poor Contact Here Breaks the Heart of Your Ford



FORTY times each second a little roller must make perfect contact with a terminal point in your timer, when your Ford travels 30 miles an hour.

If the contact isn't full and clean, some cylinders get a weak spark, or none—your engine pulls unevenly, misfires, or quits cold.

In a ***Milwaukee Timer*** the glass-hard roller, satin-smooth raceway and anchored steel terminals assure a series of perfect contacts for many thousands of miles. Result: Full power in each cylinder, quick starting, and mighty little carbon.

1,000,000 Ford owners endorse the simple, durable, dependable ***Milwaukee Timer*** (the largest selling Ford replacement). Nearly all auto supply and hardware dealers sell it. Retail price, $2.10 ($2.25 west of Rocky Mts.)

Look for the name "*Milwaukee*" on shell and brush assembly. There are many imitations.

"I've Got One on My Own Fliv"

—says the Expert on Fords

"I don't go in much for trimmin's on a Ford, but believe me there's a ***Milwaukee Timer*** under my hood.

"I've repaired enough ignition troubles in my time to know how to dodge 'em—and a ***Milwaukee Timer*** is the answer."

Milwaukee Auto Engine & Supply Co.
Milwaukee, U. S. A.

MILWAUKEE TIMER for FORDS

he feared not, but he knew himself to be helpless before the hypnotic eyes of Professor Dexter Sabb. Once those eyes should catch his ——

"Oh, laway!" groaned Noah Cripes. "Ise ruint—an' then some!"

He cringed before the commanding figure of the little professor. There was no doubting the fact that Dexter Sabb held the situation in the hollow of his hand. And Dexter Sabb spoke—spoke in a hollow, sepulchral voice which rang through the amazed assemblage:

"They ain't no use fo' you to try an' git away, Noah Cripes! I is got ev'y exit guarded!"

Noah knew that he spoke the truth. And then his eyes caught sight of a window at the rear of the stage. Perhaps there was no one there. He turned and made a wild dive.

But he had figured without his host's wife. With a wild shriek Glorious aroused herself from the state of coma and became attached to his coat tails.

"No, you don't, you mis'able faker! You stay right heah an' git me outen this trance!"

Florian Slappey moved from behind the scenes and stationed himself before the window, and Noah Cripes glared helplessly about the hall. This was the most unkindest cut of all, for he realized sadly that Glorious had trapped him by pretending to be hypnotized.

Dexter Sabb was addressing the spellbound house, and as he talked the hysterical Glorious and Sam Trigg left the stage, so that it was empty save for Dexter Sabb, Noah Cripes and the menacing figure of Florian Slappey.

Tersely and graphically Dexter Sabb sketched the story of Noah Cripes' perfidy.

"An' then," he finished, "my dear Glo'ious, my long-sufferin' an' misundumstood wife which was hypnotized by this faker that fust night so that she admitted he was her husban', which same he ain't, an' never is gwine to be on account I is returnin' to that job my ownse'f—Glo'ious written me a letter to Nashville, where I was jes' gittin' over them mumps, an' I come down heah in time to see this fake show.

"An' now, my frien's, so as you c'n decide fo' yo' ownse'f which is the real peerless Dexter Sabb an' which is the faker—I now inten's to give you a sample of my prowess which they ain't no hypnotist ever gave befo'. I is now gwine hypnotize Noah Cripes as he ain't never be'n hypnotized befo'. Watch fo' yo'se'ves, brethern an' sistern—an' watch him git unconscious befo' my pow'ful eyes!"

He turned slowly before the cowering Cripes, and slowly he advanced.

With terror writ large on his flaccid features and the perspiration cascading from his forehead, Noah backed away, one hand out before him, defensively. If only he could keep those eyes from catching and holding his. If only ——

Slowly, tensely, the strange pair moved about the stage—the wizened figure of Professor Sabb advancing, coming forward with slow steps; the mammoth frame of Noah Cripes cringing away—always away.

Around the stage they went; once, twice, thrice. Yet the gap between them was becoming smaller. The dramatic climax was being attained.

Fierce terror gripped the craven soul of Noah Cripes. He stopped circling—stopped and backed up against the cheesecloth which inclosed the stage. And there he stood in limp, futile terror while Professor Sabb closed in on him like a bird-charming snake.

"Fo' pity's sake, Dexter ——"

But no word from the professor. Close he came—and closer. He caught the eye of his victim; caught and held it, concentrated everything in his glance.

And then occurred a rare phenomenon; a thing which struck terror to the heart of Dexter Sabb and renewed hope in the stricken heart of Noah Cripes. For the first time in three years Noah Cripes found himself impervious to Dexter Sabb's eyes!

He knew—and his heart sang triumphantly—that Dexter Sabb could no longer hypnotize him! And at the same moment realization of that awful fact came to the little professor. He fought, fought desperately.

It was no use. Noah Cripes, still backed against the cheesecloth wall, expanded slowly with triumph.

And then—quite suddenly and unexpectedly—the eyes of Noah Cripes closed. His body stiffened. He pitched forward heavily into the arms of Professor Dexter Sabb.

The overwrought house roared with a hysteria of delight.

Professor Dexter Sabb stepped to the footlights and bowed grandiloquently.

"Ladies an' genmun—you has saw fo' yo'se'ves! I bid you one an' all a kin' good night!"

The curtain fell slowly upon a more-than-satisfied audience. At the box office arrangements were made to pay over to the genuine Dexter Sabb the 75 per cent agreed upon.

And on the stage stood the little man, eyes clouded with wonder as he gazed upon the prostrate figure of Noah Cripes.

From the wings came Glorious, radiant with pride and happiness. She held her right hand behind her back as she slipped into the hungry arms of her long-lost husband.

"Darlin' Dexter ——"

His mind was still busy with the problem of Noah Cripes.

"Tha's the dad-beatenest thing," murmured Dexter Sabb. "I know I di'n't hypnotize him."

"No," agreed his wife proudly. "I know you di'n't."

He glanced at her sharply. "How come you to know that?"

"I know it," she answered softly, "because I hypnotized him my ownse'f!"

"You?" He shook his head in puzzlement. "What you mean—you hypnotized him?"

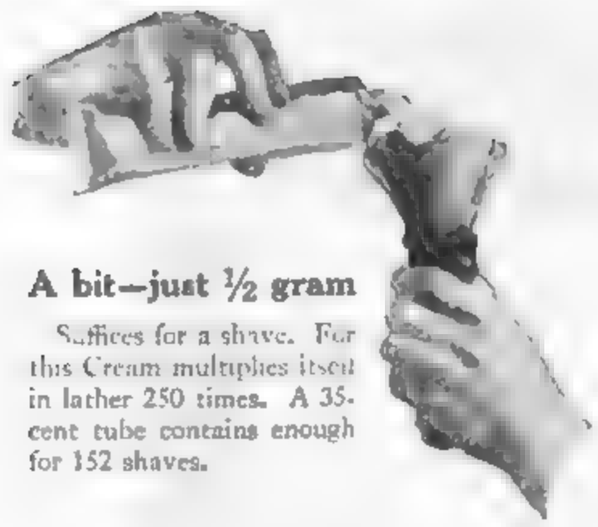
"You remember, Dexter—he was standin' up agin that cloth?"

"Uh-huh!"

"Well," she explained, "I was standin' right behin' him. An' knowin' you was in trouble, I jes' nachelly hypnotized Mistuh Cripes myse'f—with this!"

And she brought her right hand from behind her back. It clutched a large, competent wooden mallet!

Sunset, Honolulu Harbor



A bit—just ½ gram

Suffices for a shave. For this Cream multiplies itself in lather 250 times. A 35-cent tube contains enough for 152 shaves.

No long rubbing

Within one minute the average beard absorbs 15% of water. And that makes a horny beard wax-like.

No finger rubbing, no waiting for results. Begin your shave at once.

No renewing

The lather maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face. Countless tests have proved this. It does not need renewing.

No after-sting

No lotion is needed. The blended Palm and Olive oils form a soothing lotion which nothing can excel. The skin is left in soft and smooth condition.

Stop One Moment

Cut the coupon—see what we have done

By V. K. Cassaday, B. S., M. S., Chief Chemist

We urge all you men to cut this coupon. We have something to surprise you. Tens of thousands write us, and they start a new era in shaving. We want you.

We know the claims made for shaving creams, and how often they disappoint. But we are practical men—scientific men. We have solved this problem, and the proof that we offer is free.

We have met your wants

Years ago we met women's wants, you know. And Palmolive Soap has since become the great toilet soap of the world.

Six years ago we started to meet men's wants. We consulted thousands of men—asked them their supreme desires in a shaving cream.

Then one by one we met them. It took 18 months of experiment, despite all our skill and experience. We made up and compared 130 formulas. But the result today is a shaving cream to win and delight mankind.

Meets these requirements

It is a quick beard softener. Within one minute it causes the beard to absorb 15 per cent of water. That with hot or cold water and without hand rubbing. That saves you some minutes per morning.

The lather maintains itself—you don't need to renew it. Our tests call for ten minutes' creamy fullness on the face, and we made this soap to meet them.

The soap goes far. A trifling bit—just one-half gram—suffices for a shave. One tube supplies 152 shaves. For we have created a soap which multiplies itself 250 times in lather. So the soap is economical.

A feature 3,000 years old

Those features are new. They mark the last word, we think, in shaving soap science. But the best factors in it are 3,000 years old. Those are palm and olive oils. The blend is modern, and the treatment. But ancient Roman and Egyptian beauties used those same cosmetic oils.

In Palmolive Shaving Cream palm and olive oils do what they do in our toilet soap. They enter the pores, soften the skin, soothe irritation, leave the face velvety and clean. It is pleasing to use this shaving cream, but the after-effects are still finer.

Men are fast coming to Palmolive Shaving Cream. Thousands write us letters about it. Multitudes tell their friends.

If our claims are true you want Palmolive Shaving Cream. Our sample tube will prove them or disprove them, and at our expense. In fairness to yourself, cut out the coupon now.

PALMOLIVE
Shaving Cream

1210

10 SHAVES FREE

Simply insert your name and address and mail to

Dept. 674, The Palmolive Company, Milwaukee, U. S. A.

For fifty years the conviction of Garland's greater goodness has grown steadily, until it is now a matter of positive fact in more than 4,000,000 American homes.

In family kitchens everywhere, as in 90 per cent of American hotel and restaurant kitchens, it is clearly recognized that Garland does better cooking, at lower cost, and that it lasts longer.

See the leading models of the Garland Combination Simple-Action Coal and Gas Range at your dealer's. He also has the other Garland types of coal and gas ranges.

If there is not a Garland Distributor in your locality, write direct to

The Michigan Stove Company, Detroit, Michigan

Nathan-Dohrmann Company, San Francisco — *Pacific Coast Distributors* — Parmelee-Dohrmann Company, Los Angeles

The illustration shows the Garland Combination Simple-Action Coal and Gas Range, in semi-enamel finish. Furnished also in full enamel finish. The change from one fuel to the other is made by simply pulling out or pushing in the lever shown at the left.

GARLAND

MEN, THE BRUTES!

(Continued from Page 11)

"Have you been to Tia Juana again?" says Marie.

"Have I?" says Maison. "I'll tell the world! Marie, don't say you ain't been over yet?"

"I have not!" says she. "I got a director that's a hound for work. He don't let me forget my art for more than fifteen minutes a day, and that's for lunch. I and Jim was going over to-day, though. It's the first afternoon we haven't been wanted. But now—now I—I don't believe he will be going!"

"Well, then, that suits me fine!" says Maison. "It just fits in with what I came over about."

"How's that?" says Marie.

"Well," says Maison with a near-blush which showed her rouge was the wrong shade. "Well, I was over to the races yesterday and, say, dear—I met the swellest man! I dropped my program and he picked it up and he was alone and I was alone, and we talked, you see. He's a perfect gentleman, Marie—very respectful without being dead at all. Naturally I wouldn't of had anything to do with him if he hadn't of had class; you know me, dear!"

"Where does that get me anything?" demanded my daughter a little pettishly, I suppose on account of thinking how friend Rollo was safely parked in San Francisco, which San Francisco isn't generally so abnormally safe, but that chestnut worm would be safe alone in Paris. Well, anyways, "What does that get me?" says Marie.

"It's just this, dearie," says Maison. "Mr. Delux is going to meet me over to the Jockey Club this afternoon, and he's going to bring a friend. And I am to bring a friend for the friend, and that's where you come in, see?"

"Oh!" says my daughter Marie, a spark that I didn't altogether like coming into her eyes. "Oh!" says she, thinking a headful, as was plain to be seen.

"Do come along, dear!" Maison urged her. "What's the harm? You stick by that husband of yours like an old woman that can't get another man to take her out! It'll do you good to break away for once!"

"Huh!" says Marie. "Well, I don't know about that, Maison!"

"Be a sport!" says Rosabelle. "The boys are taking us to the races first and to dinner at The Monte Carlo afterwards! I'm sure the friend Jed brings will be an ace—he's such an ace himself. Besides, I don't want to go without you. I don't dine out alone, you know. But down here there's something in the air. It's the seaweed, they say—I dunno if that's so, but it sure gets to you. Come on—let's have a little lark!"

"What will I say to Jim?" says Marie, weakening.

"Why, tell him you are going to the Women's Republican Club," says Maison altogether too readily. "They got one in San Diego, I guess. Say they are having a hen supper. He'll never try to follow you to that!"

I had watched so far without saying a word, because I never thought my daughter would consent. But now that I seen her hesitate I butted in to give her strength—and I did. Strength to do the wrong thing. I might just as well of said "Get thee behind me, Satan, and give me a good shove where I want to go!"

"Don't you do it, dear!" I says. "What can you hope to gain?"

"I can show him that he's not the only man in the world!" she flashed. "Of course he is, to me, but you get me perfectly! I'll let him see that if he thinks I'm just a mere wife and mother and that he can snap at me and get away with it, there is other men still glad to go out with me! Maison, I believe I'll go!"

"Whew!" says Maison. "So you two had a row, eh? Well, dear, let me tell you you are giving him the right medicine. Never let them be too sure of you! Now, meet me at the ferry at three o'clock. Got your frontier pass?"

"Yes," says Marie. "We all got 'em the day the company come down."

"Fine!" says that big angora rabbit cheerily. "So long then! Look your cutest!"

"I will!" says Marie grimly. "So long, Maison!" And then the minute the door was shut behind that immodest modiste, my daughter turned to me. "You got to help me, ma!" said she.

"I've a great mind to spank you!" I says back.

"Now, listen, dear!" she says, ignoring my threat without at all realizing how sincere I was about it. "Now listen, dear, I want you should understand me clearly. All in the world I'm going on this party for is to tighten my hold on Jim!"

"But how will it do that if he don't know about it?" I demanded.

"Because you're going to tell on me!" says Marie. "Tell on me right away. Go find Jim and spill him an earful about me and Maison going over to Tia Juana with a couple of strange boobs. That'll start something. Advise him to let me go and then follow and catch me red-handed—see?"

"All right, dear," I says resignedly. "I know how you feel; you'd sooner he whaled the life out of you than ignored you. And so long as it's all a frame, why I'll do as you say."

"I'll bet he's out on the main porch now," says Marie. "Hurry up, there's a darling. Go tip him off right away!"

When I was with the circus, Mrs. Binz my dear, I got the habit of obeying promptly, and that instinct comes first with me yet, and all my daughter Marie has got to do is speak firm and sudden, and I mind her like a shot before I recollect that I don't need to. So this time I was out the door and halfway across the patio afore I realized that I had intended to say I'd do it when I got good and ready. But having gone that far it seemed kind of silly to turn back, so I just kept on until I caught sight of Jim.

Jim didn't catch any sight of me, however, because of setting with his back to me on a wicker settle, smoking a cigarette and looking like the canary had been real tasty, the way a man does even to himself when he thinks his wife is now thoroughly put in her place. And a good thing his back was to me, and also a few palms between the two of us, because just before I let go of the "Oh, Jim" that was on the very edge of my lips a young feller come up to him from the other way—a real snappy-looking boy with red hair and custom-built clothes, by which I mean clothes built in the customary way on a sewing machine. The minute Jim seen what was occupying the landscape before him he got to his feet with a yell.

"Jed Delux, you old horse thief!" he cried. "Where and the hell did you spring from?"

"Hello, Jimmy, how's the boy?" says the stranger. And of course, Mrs. Binz my dear, that name of his was what stopped me in my tracks, because I at once recognized it as the same Maison had uttered as belonging to her new mash.

"I'm great!" says Jim. "A little much married now, you know, old top. But what are you doing down here?"

"Playing San Diego," says the Jed bird. "I'm on the Yellow Socks, you know. But, oh, baby! That ain't all I'm doing! Say, boy—can you make a sneak away this afternoon and evening?"

"Well, I dunno!" says Jim. "Spill the dope!"

"Say, you're the very one I want!" says Mr. Delux. "Say," says he, "I met a jane down to Tia Juana yesterday and I've got her dated for the races and a little dinner to-night. The only trouble is, she won't come alone. She's going to bring a friend—some queen, she's promised; and me, old thing—why I'm going to bring you!"

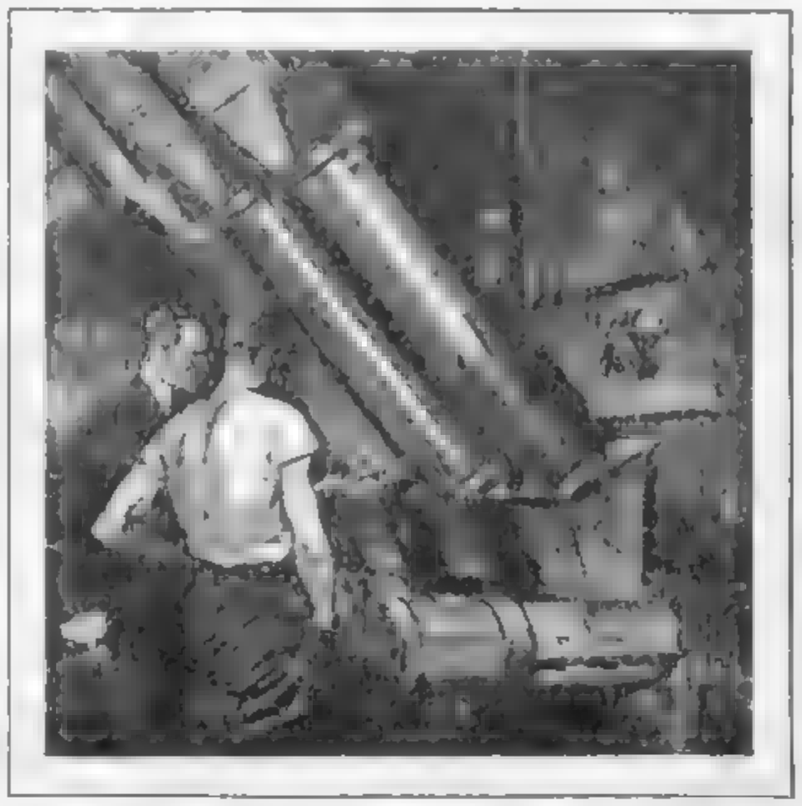
"Nix!" says Jim. "Nix on that, Jed. I don't never cheat! I'm crazy over my wife."

"Crazy must be about right," says Jed, "if you let her rule you that hard. Don't you get no night off? Ain't you an Elk or Mason or nothing?"

"Never mind that, Jed," says Jim. "I don't go on that kind of a party!"

"It ain't going to be that kind of a party," Jed comes back at him. "I tell you this jane won't even go out without it's a crowd, see? Where's the harm? Go on, Jim, you ain't dead yet! Get a little life while it's going."

"Well," says Jim thoughtfully, "I don't know but that it might be kind of a good thing if I was to assert my independence a little. I stick around with Marie too blame



Where Power Counts

YOUR plant manager must insist upon delivery of ample power for the day's work regardless of whether it requires 100 tons or 200 tons of coal. Careful study of what goes on beneath the boilers, however, may enable you to cut down the tonnage burned without impairing the power delivery. Careful study will show you, also, that first costs may be a misleading factor in determining fuel economy.

If you have purchased coal on a tonnage, instead of a power, basis, you may unwittingly have paid for rock, bone and dirt—substances which produce practically no heat. It is easy to figure the increased power results if you make sure that you get the maximum of clean coal.

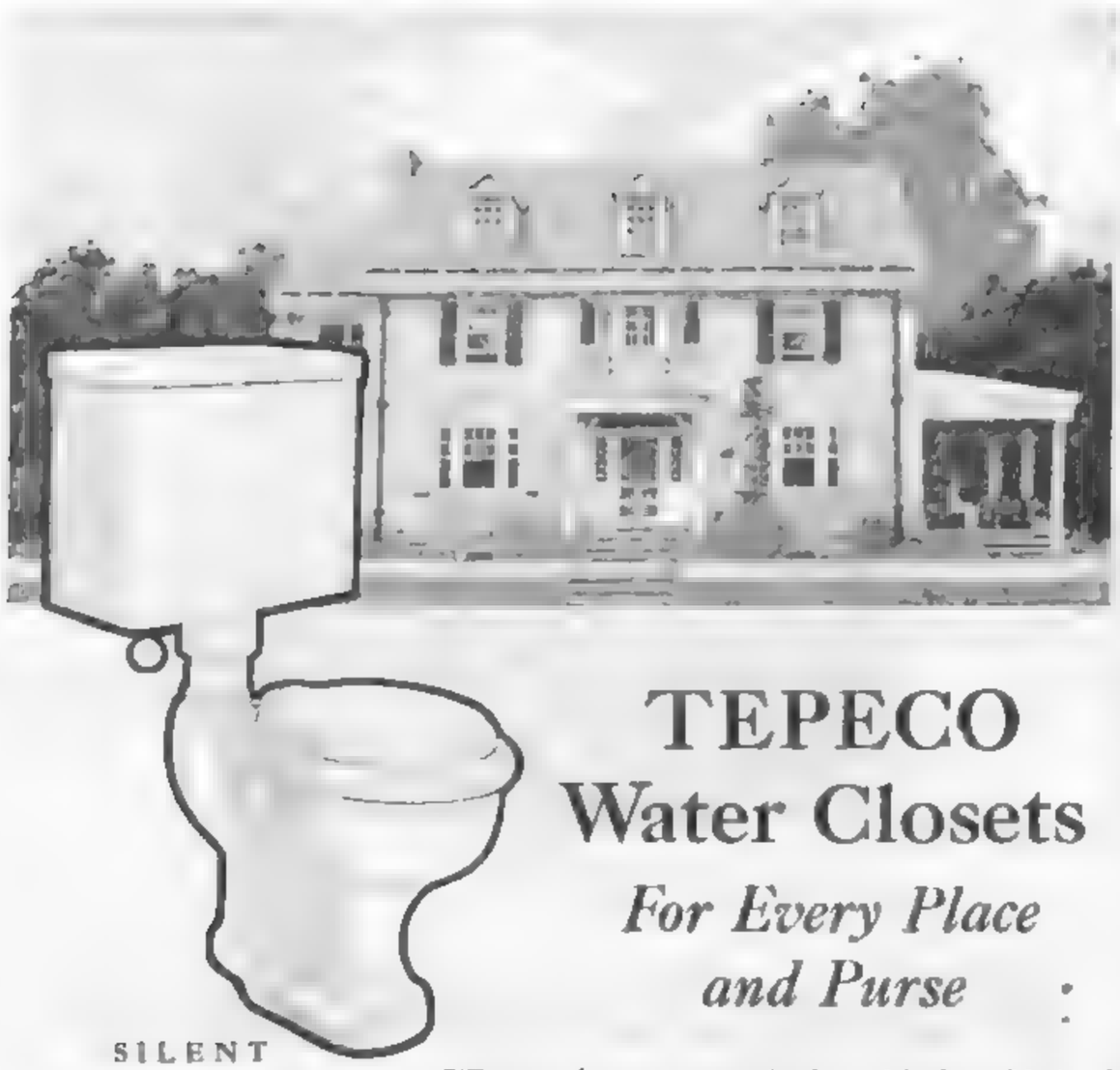
Because we never ship a ton without all possible elimination of waste substances, the use of CONSOLIDATION COAL results in real saving when substituted for inferior fuel. The production of clean coal has been the unvaried rule of our 83 diversified mines since this Company's establishment.

THE CONSOLIDATION COAL COMPANY

INCORPORATED

Munson Building - New York City

DIME BANK BUILDING, DETROIT, MICH. UNION TRUST BLDG., WASHINGTON, D.C.
137 MARKET STREET, PORTSMOUTH, N.H. FISHER BLDG., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.
CONTINENTAL BLDG., BALTIMORE, MD. UNION CENTRAL BLDG., CINCINNATI, OHIO.
STATE MUTUAL BLDG., BOSTON, MASS. MARION-TAYLOR BLDG., LOUISVILLE, KY.
LAND TITLE BLDG., PHILADELPHIA, PA.



SILENT
SIWELCLO
Prices
White Seat - $108.35
Mahogany Seat - 99.60
F. O. B. Trenton

TEPECO Water Closets

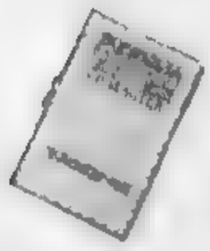
For Every Place and Purse

IT may be conservatively said that 80% of the trouble experienced by the house owner with water closets lies in the faulty operation of the tank fittings. Rubber balls must be replaced. Fittings work loose, water fails to shut off, new washers, etc., are some of the troubles. Each time something goes wrong means the plumber must be called in. This is no source of gratification to the plumber because he must charge from the time his man leaves the shop until his return—and his charges may seem out of proportion for the actual repairs made.

Starting with what is generally recognized as the best vitreous china that can be produced, The Trenton Potteries Company determined to minimize as nearly as possible all closet troubles. Since the design of the closets themselves assured the utmost sanitary value, it remained to perfect the tank fittings so that the return calls of the plumber would be eliminated. We believe this has been accomplished. Exclusive Tepeco tank fittings are now a part of Tepeco Closet Combinations.

What is known as the Syphon Jet Closet is unquestionably the most sanitary, quickest operating type of closet that can be produced. Because of its complicated construction, it costs more than the simpler types known as the Syphon Action and Reverse Syphon Action. Recognizing that the best may be beyond the means of owners of modest homes, The Trenton Potteries Company has placed these Tepeco Tank Fittings in each of its leading closets of the different types. Each in its class represents the best you can buy. If you can afford a Si-wel-clo or Welling, by all means buy it. If you must go down the scale a bit, be sure to have the plumber order you a Merit or Saxon.

Make your own choice



We have published a new booklet telling the difference between the types of closets. We want you to send for it, asking at the same time for our bathroom plan book—"Bathrooms of Character." Edition D.

THE TRENTON POTTERIES COMPANY
Trenton, New Jersey, U. S. A.
BOSTON NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO
World's Largest Makers of All-Clay Plumbing Fixtures

much; she'll be sick of me, first thing you know!"

"Atta boy!" says Jed. "I'll meet you at the U. S. Grant Hotel over to San Diego at four."

"Providing you guarantee there'll be nothing rough about the date," says Jim.

"I swear!" says Jed, grinning.

"Well," says Jim with a sort of sigh, "I'll be there. I'm a miserable sinner, and glad of it!"

Well, Mrs. Binz my dear, can you imagine what I done then? Walked away without speaking. Certainly! What was the use? Ain't it awful what men will do? Here was my poor daughter Marie working like a dog to hold her husband's love, and there he was, the hound, getting all dated up to go over to Tia Juana on a bat, with never a thought of his poor dear little loving wife! And even less thought that it was her he had dated himself up to meet. Well, he'd get a lesson when they collided, that was clear as mud, and so, for that matter, would she, and the both of them deserved it so thorough, Mrs. Binz my dear, that I simply says to myself, "Leave events take their course—don't try to interfere with sleeping dogs, but let them come home dragging their tails behind them!" Wouldn't you of? Certainly! And so I didn't say a word to Marie except "He will be there, dear," and let her think what she wanted. And of course I never breathed a word to Jim of any kind, nor give away what I knew by so much as one look, even when we all three met at lunch and Marie and Jim commenced handing each other a few well-chosen lines of honeyed poison.

"Jim dear!" says Marie as crisp as the celery she was passing at the moment. "Jim dear, if you don't mind I think I won't be home to supper to-night. The Ladies' Republican Club is having a hen party and I am invited to be a guest."

Jim give her a kind of what they call covered look at that, as if he was sort of relieved she had beaten him to it, yet at the same time sore that he hadn't been able to land the first blow. But he didn't lose a trick.

"Huh!" says he. "That's a nice thing to do go and leave my evening on my hands without giving me any chance to arrange something," says he. "I suppose," he says then, with synthetic annoyance—"I suppose I may as well go on over to the studio and sit in on a little game the boys is having. Since you are beating it to a hen party I'll make it a stag!"

"Well, don't be out too late, dear," says Marie sort of anxiously. "And give Al Goldringer my love if you see him at dinner."

"H-h—er—sure I will!" says Jim in a kind of forced heartiness. "I hope you enjoy yourself, dear!"

"Thanks—I hope I do!" says my daughter Marie, and got up from the table with a kind of a snort.

Well, Mrs. Binz my dear, I thought "Sick 'em, Prince!" but of course said no word. The best thing to do when married people quarrel is nothing, don't you think so? Certainly! So I done it and later watched my daughter Marie wrap herself into a swell package of sports clothes without comment. The things I ain't said since I come to live with her would fill a dictionary. But I thought, Mrs. Binz, and most of my mental remarks was on marriage and how it is really a pretty good thing if the people who go into it wouldn't try to change it or make it over, but would put their renovating onto their own selves instead. Because, believe me, Mrs. Binz my dear, it isn't marriage that's a failure but the folks that do it, the same as representation government, cake recipes and religion. Marriage is the backbone of civilization and it's nobody's fault but their own if a lot of marriages turn out to be cases of spinal meningitis. Like all worthwhile, basic things in life, a happy marriage has got to be earned. It's got to be worked for, with unselfishness, yet not too much, for a little selfishness is necessary for self-protection. With generosity and faith, and real, honest-to-goodness physical labor, too, on a fifty-fifty basis, or else you simply don't get results. You can't grab off a happy marriage without earning it any more than you can a million dollars. Less so, in fact, because you can't inherit a happy marriage. And where marriage is a failure, ten to one either or both of the parties is a slacker!

Well you see, Mrs. Binz my dear, I think pretty well of marriage and so naturally I was anxious my daughter Marie shouldn't go and throw a perfectly good one out of the window for any little misunderstanding. After she had left, looking as smart as a woman always can for a strange, unknown man, I stayed in my room a while hardly knowing what would I do. It ain't my nature to set around a resort hotel, not knitting but cooking being my specialty, and between meals I get pretty restless. So I took a desperate chance and sneaked into the nursery, but no luck, the nurse was there and rose up at me with a hiss like a she gander; so all I seen of that blessed beautiful child was the back of his sleeping head, with the little damp curls close to his neck. My land, what a child! And for his age, as smart! Excuse me! Of course that wasn't what I was telling you about!

Oh, yes! Well, I seen there was nothing stirring, as the nurse didn't care to take the afternoon off I offered her, so I went back to my room and picked up the newspaper, and after I had read the comics I started in on the ads, hoping something to do would show up before I was reduced to the news. And there did!

It was an advertisement and it sure made good reading: "Come to Mexico, the land of joy and sunshine, where life is one long flash of bright eyes and the tinkle of the light guitar! Tia Juana's finest restaurant offers refreshment of every kind. Spanish or American cooking. Dancing. Next door to Mexico's Monte Carlo. A jazz palace in the land of joy!"

Besides all of that, Mrs. Binz my dear, there was a picture of a girl in a mantilla and a pair of castanets, handing the razz to a young buck Mexican in a four-gallon hat, a cigarette and a crocheted bedspread, or what looked like one.

The whole thing give a person a sense of mad gayety, carefreeness, flowers, music, and a regular big time generally. I don't know when I been so fascinated by anything as by that ad. And looking at it made me realize for the first time how near and yet how far I was from sunny Mexico, being as I was right where sunny California bumps into it. Also I got to thinking of how I had never been in a foreign country all my life except on a motion-picture ranch, and here was unlimited quaint Spanish atmosphere a short jitney ride away. Then and there I made up my mind to go over to Tia Juana and see its Moorish architecture and mission bells, listen to its tinkling guitars and fountains, get a good slant at its peons, peanuts, haciendas, and hildagos, of which there are many of both in that neighborhood. I decided not to miss a trick from gambling places to seeing them dance the tortillia, for at my age where could the harm be? Besides, I wanted to try that real Spanish cooking they advertised, and while I was there, might even get myself a light beer. And last but not least, I could kind of keep one eye out for my daughter Marie and be on the spot in case anything started. I don't believe in interfering in married quarrels, but I never said a word about not looking on, and besides a girl's best friend is her mother.

When I was with the circus, Mrs. Binz my dear, I was known as a Gibson girl and a classy dresser, and I have tried to keep it up as far as possible, and now that the ingénue styles is all obtainable in snappy stouts I flatter myself I am as well dressed as any two women you want to name.

Having decided to trip along to Tia Juana I dolled myself up in a blue crêpe meteor slip-on model with nursery collar and cuffs of batiste, a pair of French ankle-strap pumps and a real cute sports hat. I felt I had to wear some sports garment, going down there. And when I was done up I didn't look over a hundred and eighty or ninety.

What? No, not years; I mean pounds, Mrs. Binz my dear. But with them tight clothes making me feel three hundred in the shade, I started for the Mexican border.

Well, when the car I had hired left the beautiful little city of San Diego and started for foreign parts I commenced to get real excited. And when we approached our side of the border I was all on mental tiptoe because of that lovely ad, and all. I don't exactly know why I expected the rather homely and barren landscape to all of a sudden change in a few hundred feet, but I sure did. I somehow thought the minute I shot past the customs house what I had already saw of Mexico would undergo a miracle. But it didn't. I personally

(Continued on Page 105)

Announcing the All-Shingle House Competition

$1000.00 IN PRIZES

THE RED CEDAR Shingle Manufacturers of the U. S. and Canada offer cash prizes of $1000 for photographs and plans of the best designed all shingled houses submitted on or before November 1st, 1921.

We want you to send us pictures and plans which will emphasize the great charm and beauty of this typical American building material —the Red Cedar Shingle.

The requirements of this contest are simple. Contestants may be home owners, builders, contractors, lumber dealers or architects located in the United States or Canada. Intelligence in answering the questions will have just as much bearing on winning as professional knowledge.

Houses submitted to contain not less than five and not more than eight rooms with bath.

Exterior walls and roof are *both* to be covered with shingles.

Each photograph must be printed on smooth finish paper, size 7x11 or 8x10. Your local photographer can make enlargements to either of these sizes.

Floor plans may be roughly indicated and drawn to any convenient scale with dimensions of each room clearly indicated in ink.

Each photograph and plan must bear the name of the sender and street address of house plainly written in ink upon the reverse side of both photograph and floor plan. A third sheet should accompany the photograph and plan, upon which should be answered the questions indicated in the right hand column of this announcement.

List of Prizes

First Best Design	$250.00
Second Best	200.00
Third	150.00
Fourth	100.00
Fifth	75.00
Sixth	50.00
Seventh	50.00
Eighth	25.00
Ninth	25.00
Tenth	25.00
Eleventh	25.00
Twelfth	25.00
	$1000.00

Four Architects selected from different sections of the United States and Canada have kindly consented to act as Judges for this contest.

Address all replies

In United States to—

SHINGLE BRANCH, WEST COAST LUMBERMEN'S ASSOCIATION
HENRY BUILDING, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

In Canada to—

SHINGLE MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION OF BRITISH COLUMBIA
METROPOLITAN BUILDING, VANCOUVER, B. C.

Questions

Date house was built?
Name of architect or contractor?
What kind of shingles used?—(name of wood)
* What grade and thickness?
* Exposure to weather on roof?
* Exposure to weather on side walls?
How treated—stain or paint?
* Kind of nails used?
Has your roof ever been re-shingled?
Reasons why you prefer an all shingled house?
(Framed writing is not essential—ideas are what count.)

* *Your local lumber merchant, architect or builder will gladly assist you in answering these technical questions.*

Famous Stars Endorse CHLOR-E-DIXO

PRISCILLA DEAN, [illegible] star of "Conflict," writes: "I like to use CHLOR-E-DIXO Tooth Paste because it never hardens in the tube."

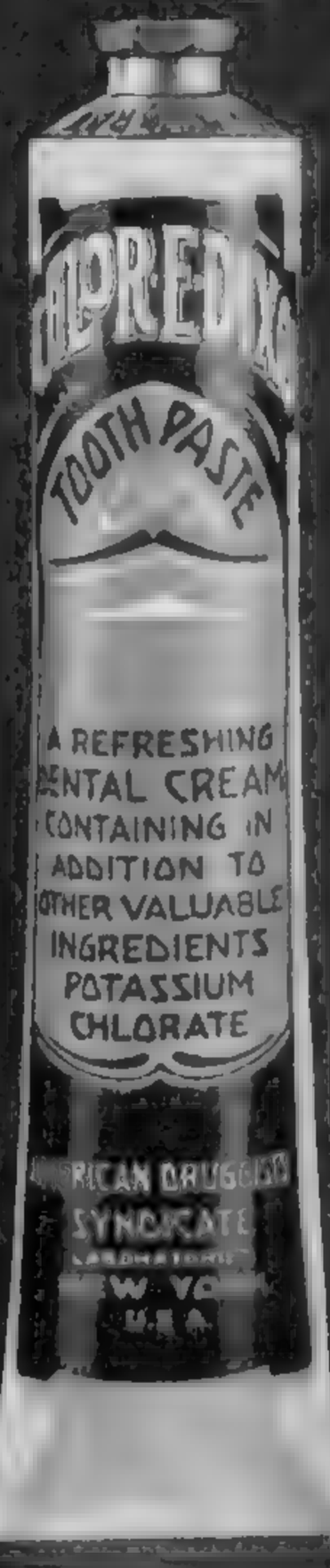
CHLOR-E-DIXO

The Tooth Paste for an Acid Mouth

Will not harden in the tube

DOROTHY PHILLIPS, [illegible] the First National production, "Man, Woman, Marriage," [illegible] uses CHLOR-E-DIXO Tooth Paste because it keeps my teeth pearly white, which is an essential in my profession.

Protects Teeth Worth Millions


ALPRODIX
TOOTH PASTE
A REFRESHING DENTAL CREAM CONTAINING IN ADDITION TO OTHER VALUABLE INGREDIENTS POTASSIUM CHLORATE
AMERICAN DRUGGISTS SYNDICATE

THE income of an ordinary millionaire is insignificant compared with the fabulous sums paid annually to many stars of the stage and screen.

Great actresses depend on their art, their personality, their charm of manner, and above all else their personal attractiveness for their success.

With ugly teeth no man or woman can be attractive.

Knowing this, these great artists who depend so much upon beautiful white pearly teeth for their success give to the care of their teeth the utmost attention.

On this page a few of the many endorsements received from great stars are printed, telling you how they protect their teeth by the use of Chlor-e-dixo, the tooth paste for an acid mouth that removes film and prevents the accumulation of film.

MAY ALLISON, [illegible] uses CHLOR-E-DIXO Tooth Paste [illegible]

RUBY DE REMER, [illegible] uses CHLOR-E-DIXO Tooth Paste night and morning because it [illegible]

OSCAR SHAW, [illegible] New York's greatest musical comedy success this year, [illegible] uses CHLOR-E-DIXO Tooth Paste

Sold only at stores showing A.D.S. Products

AMERICAN DRUGGISTS SYNDICATE
Laboratories New York City

(Continued from Page 102)

myself have seen many a more natural-looking Mexican village right on Goldringer's lot up to Los Angeles!

Well, I was awful disappointed, for the general aspect of this burg was more like Casey's back lot than sunny Spain, tra-la-la, but nevertheless now I was there I decided to have a good look about. And I will say I saw a lot of refugee bartenders from New York, in picturesque bowler hats and lovely striped Spanish shirts from Blackburger's. I also saw a colored señorita smoking a languid Plymouth Rock five-cent cigar, and some dashing Mexican soldiers dashing around a barracks yard at the rate of about five miles a year. Then there was some vivid *grande dames* from Wisconsin and Michigan towns, taking in their first eyeful of sin, and considerably disappointed that it come in such mild doses. As for castanets, the rattle of the bones in the big barnlike Monte Carlo had to supply the proper atmosphere, and the tinkle of the guitar, if any, was entirely drowned out by the tinkle of the light fantastic highball. I never touch liquor myself, but judging from the new look of the bottles which I seen they have a lot of persuado-scientific whisky and near-bier down there just the same as we do back home.

Well, Mrs. Binz my dear, the picturesque old streets of Tia Juana full of Mexican buildings dating way back to January first, 1918, had me wore out before very long, and I soon got fed up looking at the horde of patiently waiting high-powered roadsters, sedans, touring cars, flivvers and limousines which hung around the outside of the saloons, lonely and neglected hour after hour while their brutal masters was inside wasting their money and busily trying to forget that the little car needed shoes. I did get tired of it? Certainly!

So after a while I laid off and went and took in a few races, and they was real pretty, with a nice clubhouse and a swell track, and some of the best horses in the world gets raced there and it's the real thing if the rest of it ain't, and after ten years of bareback work when I was with the circus I consider myself a judge of horses and was one time billed as the Equinine Queen.

Then I tried a bite to eat and ordered some of this chile con carne but all I got served was the con part. It sure was the bunk as far as my idea of food is concerned. Leastways, it certainly wasn't Christian eating. And having by then done Tia Juana pretty thorough and the town having done me ditto, I commenced to wonder where was my daughter Marie and how come I hadn't seen her and Maison nowheres.

And so I started making a business of finding the girls, because up to now I had not done so on account of wishing to see the town my own way without Marie saying "Now, mother, come along, we got no time for that!" or "Now, mother, how can you drink that light beer when you are fat enough already?" and other daughterly remarks. But it did seem queer I had not run into her merry party no place, and as the evening crowd commenced to thicken up I begun to look about in earnest, and it was harder now, for the mob begins piling in around sunset, when the bright lights begin to shine. So I searched around from Monte Carlo back again to the Last Chance, and back again to the Jockey Club, where at considerable length I found them—Marie and Maison, all by themselves and having that kind of wilted look about them which comes of a date which ain't materialized. I seen it on them right off the bat, and sure enough, Jed and his friend had stood them two girls up.

"Why, Ma Gilligan, what are you doing here?" says Marie. "Oh, ma, there ain't nothing wrong with the baby?"

"Not when I left," I says, but with a kind of guilty feeling because maybe I should of stayed home and who knows what that trained human iceberg had done to the poor little helpless infant during my absence? "When I left he was fine," I says. "But what are you two doing here at 7:15 all by your lones?" I says. "Where is the gentlemen friends was to meet you? Didn't they show?"

"Not a feather!" says Maison. "I can't understand it, honest! I swear Jed said four o'clock. I've telephoned six times, and it seems he left the hotel at three and ain't been back since!"

"Well, what you going to do?" I says. "Stick around all night?"

"I am not!" says Marie, suddenly grabbing me by the arm. "I'm going to take you right home out of this place, Ma Gilligan! It's no town for a woman of your age to be wandering around in. I'm surprised at you, honest I am!"

"I ain't seen anything that's liable to hurt my morals, daughter!" I says mildly, but glad I had seen the burg before I seen Marie. "The knowledge of wickedness ain't confined exclusively to the younger generation, my dear," I says, "but I'm willing to go home if you are."

"I sure am!" says Marie crisply. "I was a fool to come in the first place."

"Oh, is that so!" says Maison, very cool. "Well, who was it that was so anxious to put one over on friend husband, I would like to know?"

"I—I had no such intentions," says Marie. "You don't understand, Maison!"

"Neither do I!" snaps Maison. "Neither do I understand why Mr. Delux and his friend didn't show, unless maybe they seen who was with me, first!"

"Mr. Delux probably knew you for the cheap sort you are," says Marie angrily. "And he never had any intention to keep this date!"

"Here, here, girls!" I says. "Cut that stuff now! Remember the both of you is ladies!"

But they wouldn't, Mrs. Binz my dear, except my daughter, and she's always a lady in her heart, even if the only education she got was from the school of life. And in the end we left that big bottle blonde of a Maison Rosabelle to go home alone in her own car, while my daughter Marie come with me in the one I had hired. And Mrs. Binz my dear, when we was driving through San Diego on our way home, who would be standing in the door of the U. S. Grant Hotel but Jim and Jed, both with the same left-all-alone-again-blues expression! Like a flash I see what had happened. They had been waiting only twenty-five miles from the right spot!

But Marie didn't see them, and so I said no word. But Jim must of give up that ghost of a date right after we passed. He must even of gone over on the same ferry with us, although it was by now dark, and we missed seeing him. Because almost the first person we run into back at the Coronado was he, and I wish you could of seen them two turtledoves, Jim and Marie, fly to each other and coo!

PHOTO. BY A. L. DUNN, THERMOPOLIS, WYOMING

A Trustful Wild Deer in the Yellowstone National Park

This Heater Is a Self-Lighter

As up-to-date as your automobile! Without matches, without a pilot light, with only the simple business of turning on the gas and pressing the lever, you start a warm, cheery, beautiful fire in the

Welsbach GAS HEATER

Before buying a room heater—before feeling the first frosty nights and cold wet days of Fall—it will pay to examine the convenient and unusual features of the "WELSBACH." The self-lighter is but one. The efficient Welsbach burner is another, producing a wonderful volume of heat very economically. Still another is the copper reflector which distributes the heat instantly and effectively (and does not discolor). In short, every part of the Welsbach Gas Heater is designed for service, efficiency, and beauty.

Notice the illustration—a real fireplace in a real home. How much the heater adds to the pleasant picture! How much more beautiful it becomes when its lighted glowers flame and pulse with the rich glow of a true log fire!

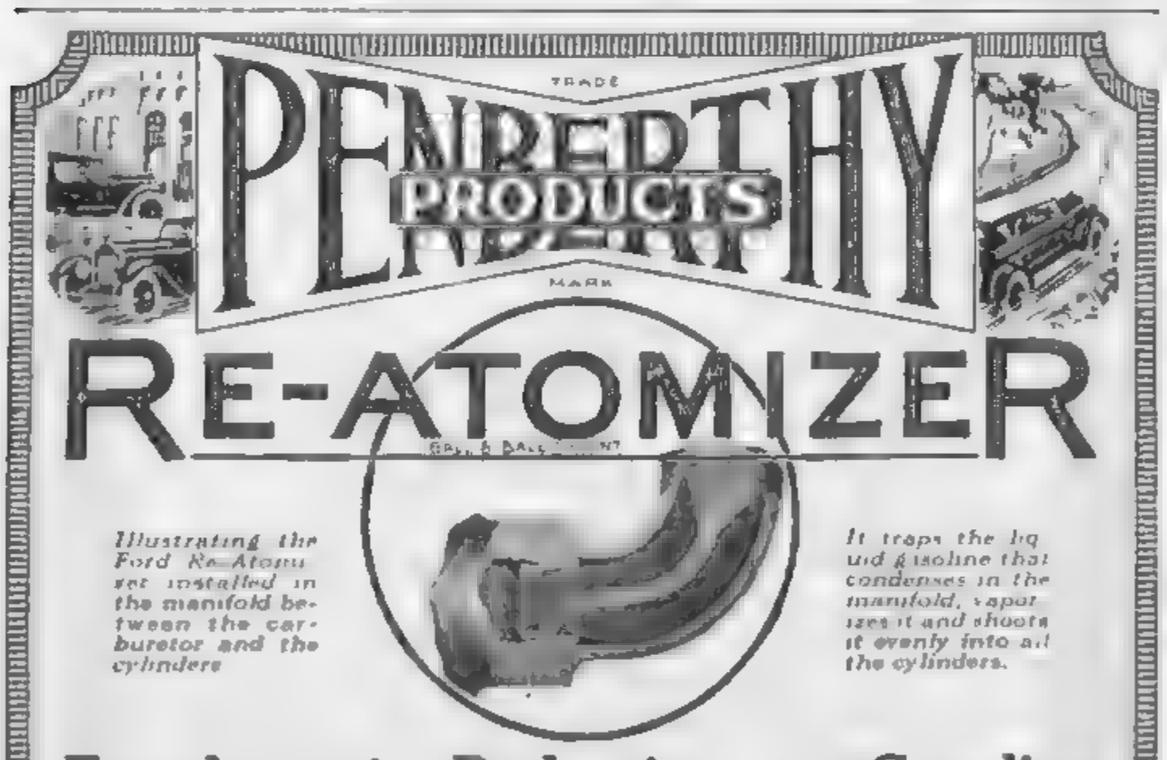
The Welsbach Gas Heater is the heater for every home. It is made in two sizes—six and eight glower. Your gas company or dealer will show it to you.

We Have a Booklet About It
Sent Free On Request

WELSBACH COMPANY
GLOUCESTER, N. J.

Member American Gas Association

Fashion is sounding a new note in men's shoe styles for Fall, as indicated by the illustration, and sturdy Scotch Grain Oxfords are in high favor. When making your selection look for the Ralston label & make satisfaction a certainly We'll be glad to send you the name of the nearest Ralston dealer.
Ralston Health Shoemakers
Brockton (Campello) Mass.
Ralston
GOODYEAR


TRADE
PENBERTHY
PRODUCTS
MARK
RE-ATOMIZER
Illustrating the Ford Re-Atomizer installed in the manifold between the carburetor and the cylinders
It traps the liquid gasoline that condenses in the manifold, vaporizes it and shoots it evenly into all the cylinders.

Equals a 4c Reduction on Gasoline

The Penberthy Re-Atomizer is sold with an unqualified guarantee that it will increase your gasoline mileage at least one mile per gallon for each dollar paid for it—3½ miles per gallon increase on a Ford—3¾ miles on a Dodge—4 miles on a Buick—besides making a remarkable improvement in your motor's performance. You are to be the judge of its performance. Full price will be refunded if desired at any time within thirty days from purchase. At the present average price of gasoline, this is equal to a reduction of four cents per gallon.

The Re-Atomizer is simple—no moving parts—no changes in motor or controls—installed by anyone in 15 minutes. Stops spark plug and carbon trouble, "loading," thinned out oil, and many other troubles caused by liquid gasoline entering the cylinders and crank case.

We ask you this plain question: **Are you willing to spend $3.50 in order to secure a guaranteed reduction in your gasoline cost, at the rate of four cents per gallon, plus better motor performance?** If your answer is "yes," get a Re-Atomizer from your dealer, or send direct to the nearest distributor.

Prices—Ford, $3.50—Dodge, $3.75—Buick, $4.00. Other models soon.

DISTRIBUTED BY

Detroit—Federal Automotive Sales Co., 4610 Woodward Ave.
New York City—James Wright Wilson, Inc., 1819 Broadway
St. Louis—A. D. Thomas, 3238 Murdock Avenue
Jacksonville, Fla.—Southern Automotive Sales Co., Dyal-Upchurch Bldg.
Los Angeles—Howell & McCreery, 12th and Olive Streets

PENBERTHY INJECTOR CO., Established 1886 Canadian Factory Windsor, Ontario **Detroit**

"Why, hello there, girlie!" says Jim, smiling and plainly glad and happy and relieved and everything. "Where did you drop from like a pretty little chicken out of a clear sky?"

"Oh, Jim dear!" says Marie. "I got fed up with them Republican dames and excused myself! I felt, somehow, you would be back early and I wanted to be with you!"

"You dear little peaches!" says Jim, tucking his hand through her arm. "Ain't that funny, now? The same thing came into my mind, and I says, 'Boys,' I says, 'you can have your game. I'm going home to my missus!'"

"Dearie!" murmured my daughter Marie.

"Come on, ma, let's get a bite to eat!" says Jim gayly.

"Come on, let us do that," says Marie. And so we did.

The dining room was quite crowded, Mrs. Binz my dear, and the head waiter grabbed off Jim at the door and the two of them led the way, winding in and out among the tables, with me and my daughter Marie following quite a little ways behind. I was feeling real happy and contented over my two dear children being all glad again, and sort of singing to myself in my mind, when all of a sudden I seen something pretty near froze my blood.

Seated at a side table directly in our line of march was Maison Rosabelle and Jed Delux. They was gayly ordering supper, and when Jed seen Jim he jumped to his flat feet, not noticing that Jim had any company with him except the captain. And so this Jed, he lets out a yelp of glee.

"Hello, Jim, old sport!" he hollers. "We're in luck, after all. Here is one of the two girls we was to take out to-night. She says she can't get the other one because of her husband living right here in the hotel! Sit down, Jim, and meet my lady friend, Mrs. Rosabelle!"

Well, Mrs. Binz my dear, it was what you might call a dramatic moment. Certainly! I just stood there with my soul calling on Saint Andrew and Merry Andrew, and all the gods of the circus! And believe me, my prayers was needed, because my daughter Marie, who had heard it all, who, as you might say, had seen the beans spilled right before her very eyes, turned on her husband with a icy glare.

"So!" says she very cold and distinct. "So this was your poker party, James Smith! So these people were the crowd of men at the studio! Oh, to think you would deceive me like that! I, your loving wife, that trusted you while you was deliberately planning to go on a party with your pal and my best friend! Oh! It's outrageous!"

"Oh, my Lord!" says Jed. "The wife!"

"Now you done it!" says Maison to Jed, simply furious.

"I should say he had!" says Marie.

"Hold on there, kid!" says Jim, very white, but not bluffed as bad as might of been expected. "Hold on there!" he says. "How about this dame whose husband lives here in the house, eh? Maison's whom that she dassen't call up? You ain't her, by any chance, are you?"

Well, my daughter Marie, she looked at him kind of dazed for a minute. I thought he had her floored, sure, and that she was taking the count. But I was wrong, Mrs Binz my dear; that daughter of mine is a remarkable woman. She's hard to lick, I'll tell anyone. She was vaccinated all right, but it didn't take. She pulled herself together something grand, and then got off a line that was a masterpiece. She saw Jim was wise, and so she didn't try to get out of the hole. Instead, she deliberately dug it deeper, and in he fell along with her.

"Of course it was me!" she admitted with a splendid frank indignation. "Of course it was me! I knew all along you was going out with them roughnecks, and I consented to go along merely to show you up!"

And with that, Mrs. Binz my dear, she made one of the grandest exits I ever seen, leaving us all too flat even to applaud.

And that's about all, Mrs. Binz. Except the end. What? Oh, it come about an hour later, when I was sitting all alone out on my little screened private porch listening to the baby being fed all wrong on the one side of me, and to Jim and Marie murmuring sweetly on the other. She had him beaten and I guess he knew it. So she was ready to make up.

"Dearest, ain't we the couple of poor nitwits?" says Jim. "But I'm so glad we told each other the whole truth!"

And Marie answered back. What did she say? Why, Mrs. Binz my dear, I'm surprised at you! There is some things I don't tell to nobody, not even a close friend like yourself. Besides, I don't know what she said. I moved my chair in and shut the window tight. I may be a nosey old woman, Mrs. Binz my dear, but there are some things I don't even try to overhear!

SAVING THE SILENT SQUEALS OF INDUSTRY

(Continued from Page 21)

into a porous black blasting powder. And as explosives contain cellulose, which is the basis of celluloid, artificial leather and like things, other uses may be found for it. Thus $135,000 was realized by the Government on something that appeared not only worthless but likely to cost money to dump.

Arrangements had actually been made for dumping 40,000,000 pounds of apparently useless TNT when somebody with the Aladdin's lamp of the right chemical trick turned up, bought the lot and transformed it into blasting powder, which has since done a world of road building and forestry work.

However, these war wastes may come only once in a generation, while waste like that of industrial liquors is going on every day. The salvage of war material might yield a handsome profit, but when it is done it is done. The salvaging of values out of the water from a packing house, a paper-pulp mill, fish-oil plant or wool-scouring establishment, once begun, can go on as long as the industry lasts.

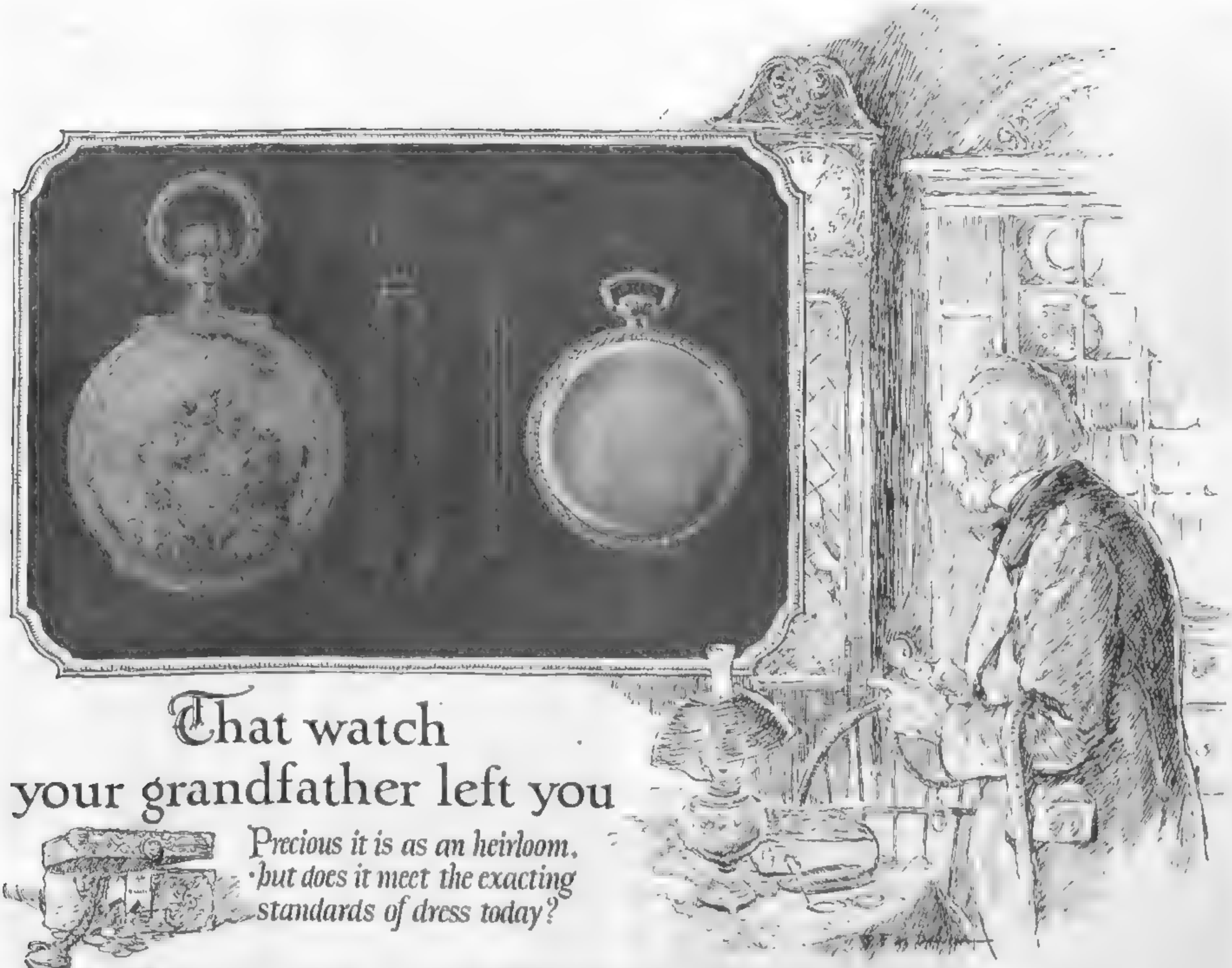
In making paper pulp from wood by the sulphite process chips of spruce and like woods are cooked in sulphurous acid combined with lime and magnesia in digesters. About two cords of wood are needed to make a ton of pulp. The process takes out of the wood everything except the cellulose fiber from which paper is made. The production of a ton of pulp leaves a ton of liquor. This liquor contains the spent chemicals, along with all the gum, pitch, resin, sugars, and so on, in the wood; 50 per cent of the weight of the dry wood is left in the liquor. Our present output of sulphite pulp is 1,500,000 tons yearly; so that many tons of liquor are produced. With the exception of perhaps 2 or 3 per cent that is treated in the very few plants thus far equipped with apparatus for saving it—they can be counted on one's fingers—it is all wasted. It runs into streams, kills fish and is a public nuisance. And it is all good money; figuring 3,000,000 cords of wood bought yearly by the sulphite mills at, say, twenty dollars a ton, and half of it turned into streams and sewers, $30,000,000 yearly. Up the power-plant smokestack of every sulphite mill there is being wasted more than enough heat either to condense this liquor to the consistency of molasses or to turn it into a dry powder by another process.

When you have got it in that form what is it good for? Well, in the first place, you can ferment and distill from this liquor wasted yearly hundreds of thousands of gallons of industrial alcohol.

There isn't much sugar in a spruce log, but when the sugar in a spruce forest is concentrated as a by-product in such a process as this it will yield nearly 1 per cent of the volume of liquor in alcohol. After the alcohol has been extracted the residue is in the adhesive class. Already it has been used as a binder for briquettes of coal, for making cores in foundries, for a road binder and other purposes. The residue also contains 30 per cent of tannin, which can be extracted for leather making.

Liquor from paper pulp made by the soda process yields alcohol, acetone and wood oil, the last useful for separating minerals from the ore by the oil-flotation process. Thus far the principal utilization of soda-pulp liquor has been along the line of drying it to a powder and burning it

(Continued on Page 108)



That watch your grandfather left you

Precious it is as an heirloom, but does it meet the exacting standards of dress today?

PERHAPS on the desk in your den at home there is a silver-bound case that houses a few treasured heirlooms—the bracelet and chatelaine watch of your grandmother, the money pouch of your grandfather, and the ornate watch charm in which he took such pride.

All are surrounded with memories that make them priceless, and yet all are laid aside because they do not conform to the styles of today.

Should you not add one thing more to this precious collection—the watch your grandfather carried thirty or fifty years ago?

A product of those earlier days of watchmaking, it is heavy, cumbersome and bulky in the pocket—a timepiece out of keeping with your present business and social activities.

Watches, like clothes, have changed in style

Progress has wrought changes in man's dress, even to the smallest details. You would not appear today in the tile hat and frock coat of your grandfather's time. What, then, of this watch, an echo of styles long passed?

Preserve the old watch as you have those other valued heirlooms. But know the satisfaction, the convenience of having a modern watch—a good movement dressed in a sturdy, clean-lined Wadsworth case—a watch as modern as the clothes you wear.

Among the Wadsworth creations there is a case for every taste, a case for every purse. The name Wadsworth is your assurance not only of correct design but of the finest material and workmanship.

To give your watch a longer life

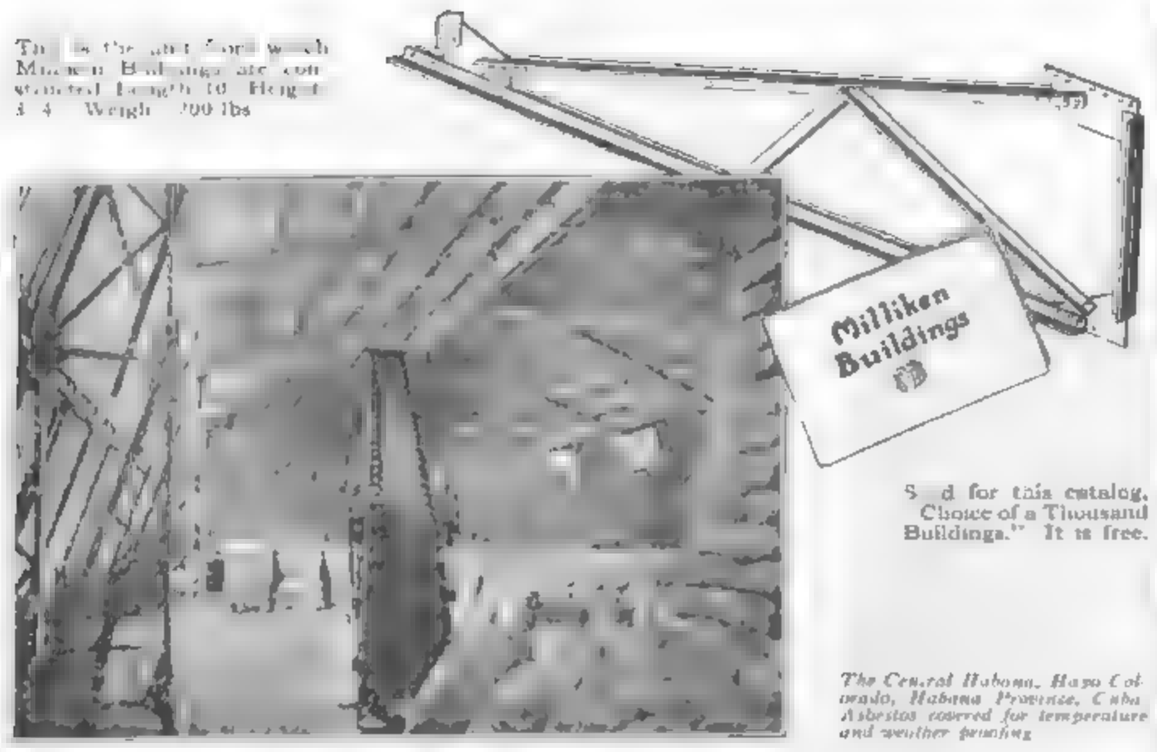
Wind it fully every morning. Have it examined and oiled at least once a year—before the last particle of oil has disappeared from the bearings.

Have it taken apart occasionally and cleaned—for every watch accumulates dust particles, which in time impede its performance.

Copyright, 1921, The Wadsworth Watch Case Co.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE CO.
CINCINNATI, OHIO
Makers of watch cases exclusively
Factories, Dayton, Ky.

Wadsworth Cases for Fine Watches



Send for this catalog, "Choice of a Thousand Buildings." It is free.

The Central Habana, Hato Colorado, Habana Province, Cuba. Asbestos covered for temperature and weather proofing

Milliken Buildings

Still Time to Build Before Winter

GET needed floor space now before winter accentuates your difficulties. There is still time.

Foundation plans and bolts for Milliken Buildings are shipped promptly upon receipt of order. Remainder follows in from two to four weeks. Erection a matter of days only.

Yet Milliken Buildings are of structural steel framework, permanent in every way. Standardized Interchangeable Truss Unit makes speed possible. Weighs only 200 lbs., is easily handled by two men, requires only wrenches and hoisting gear—no skilled labor. Allows later alteration or removal without loss. Bolted, not riveted.

All types of one-story buildings—any width or length in 20-foot multiples—clear spans up to 60 feet wide. Roof, ends and sides of any material desired. Steel window, door and skylight casings. Steel frame alone if wished.

Suitable for warehouses, saw-mills, light manufacturing plants, machine shops, foundries, farm buildings, garages, etc. Special designs for your special needs obtainable.

MILLIKEN BROTHERS MFG. CO., Inc.
2014 Woolworth Building, New York City

Prices on
STETSON HATS
for Fall
averaging
25% lower
than last year

To the man who is wondering how lower prices are going to affect his money's worth in a hat we say:

Look at the new Fall Stetsons!

Quality precisely the same as for fifty-six years of Stetson history

Style embodying that most intimate feeling of the well-dressed man *today*.

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY
Philadelphia

STETSON HATS

(Continued from Page 106)

under boilers. This leaves the soda as a residue to be used again for pulp making, but all the woody matter, with its oil, alcohol and acetone, is burned and wasted.

As the chemist lays bare this hidden waste of wealth one asks the question of the man who won his first bet at a race track: "How long has this been going on?" And why doesn't industry save these things? Is it indifference or ignorance, or does it require expensive apparatus—or what?

"In the wood-pulp industry it has been going on more than forty years—since the first sulphite was made," said the chemist. "And in other industries since the first pig was killed, the first wool scoured for spinning, the first sugar made. It is a combination of indifference with other factors. In the laboratory we can extract from any industrial liquor certain materials that have potential value. The cost of the apparatus to do it on a commercial scale would be simply a good investment, and in many plants the waste heat from the boiler room would do the condensing and drying economically. But very often when you do get your material out its market value is only prospective, because uses must be found for it in industry."

Potential Markets

"The residue of sulphite liquor has qualities as an adhesive. Making a market for it, however, is a pioneering job. You have to canvass industry for outlets. Experiment shows that it is a great binder for briquettes, but briquette making itself is in the pioneer stage. Foundries use binding material in cores for making castings, but the particular merits of your sulphite molasses for that purpose must be worked out by experiment before foundrymen adopt it. The stuff is so plentiful and cheap that it can be used in road making, but that calls for more experiment by the road builders. Thus, uses must be found and outlets created for a vast quantity of the stuff, and that takes time and money. We can find technical outlets in the laboratory, but to develop one of them commercially might cost $100,000. The manufacturer may be willing to invest $100,000 in equipment to recover material from his spent liquors if there is a market already waiting. But spending another $100,000 to develop a market is something that, thus far, American manufacturers have not done. Either individually or in cooperation, money must be spent for research and market development. German manufacturers have been successful in utilizing such wastes, because they have learned the necessity for organization and teamwork. They get together and finance the pioneering, and the results of research are both respected and shared for the good of the industry. In this country manufacturers still are too much inclined to have the individualistic viewpoint, which leads them to try to monopolize a process or an outlet for themselves, or take it from the other fellow. Even among chemists working on such problems there is none too definite a standard protecting the other fellow's aims and results."

Along the Atlantic Coast every year are caught millions of menhaden, a fish practically worthless for food. Taken to plants ashore, their oil is extracted and the residue dried for fertilizer. As in the packing industry, the waste water from these plants carries valuable material; by the chemist's estimate a few large plants let run away in the season 4000 to 5000 tons of fish solids, worth fifty to seventy-five dollars a ton for fertilizer, poultry feed and other purposes; a quarter-million-dollar item.

Then there is the waste of wool-scouring liquors. As it comes off the sheep, wool contains anywhere from 7 to 40 per cent of grease, with 1 to 7 per cent of potash, and ¼ to 1 per cent of nitrogen. Some of the grease is recovered, but not all, and the chemical residues, together with the ingredients in the soap and chemicals used in wool scouring, run away into the sewers; perfectly good soap and fertilizer material. In the steel industry there is an enormous waste of the acid pickling liquors in which castings, wire and sheet metal are dipped for cleaning, galvanizing and tinning; the spent liquor carries a combination of acid and iron which can be salvaged as copperas. And so on through nearly every industry that uses water or chemicals in its processes.

This chemist took samples of cinders from the roundhouse dump of an Eastern railroad. Laboratory tests showed not less than 40 per cent of unburned carbon, and often more. That railroad burns nearly 2,000,000 tons of coal yearly, and at least 500,000 tons are wasted. To screen these cinders and get out the unburned coal particles is quite feasible, and when somebody undertakes the necessary pioneering the unburned coal can be crushed, briquetted with raw garbage, and coked for a fine, clean domestic fuel; or it can be briquetted with sulphite molasses or other materials.

In every large city coal yard there is a waste in coal dust left from the screenings of marketable fuel. Generally it is dumped to get it out of the way. This might be briquetted or turned into powdered coal for big steam plants; another job of organization to collect coal-yard refuse, turn it into something salable and develop a market.

But one of the biggest possibilities is found in our disreputable, banished John Barleycorn. There is still money in the liquor business, and always will be. Instead of standing behind a bar in a white jacket, however, John Barleycorn will don overalls, ring a factory time clock, and go to work as industrial alcohol. There is a job awaiting him in nine factories out of every ten.

Alcohol for convivial purposes is—or was—made from food materials—grain, fruit juices, fruit and edible things of fairly high cost. Industrial alcohol can be made largely from inedible things, waste materials of little value in themselves—the molasses by-product of cane and beet sugar, the fruit and vegetable refuse of canning and preserving plants, coarse potatoes and other roots grown for the purpose, paper-pulp liquors, sawdust, straw, acetylene gas, ethylene from coal and coke gases, and so forth.

Since the war demonstrated what might be called the oil power of nations, there has been a world-wide hunt for petroleum to run automobiles, tractors, internal-combustion power plants, ships, railroads, factories. This search has taken man in the direction of the tropics, and there if he doesn't strike oil another great undeveloped resource awaits him. There is molasses from cane-sugar making for cheap alcohol, and there are other promising materials in the abundant vegetation of the tropics.

Speeding Up Molasses

Cuba, growing rich on her sugar, buys automobiles, and gasoline to run them. Full utilization of the molasses from her sugar industry, turning a product often wasted into alcohol, would make her independent in motor fuel. In Hawaii the waste and liquor from pineapple canneries are now being turned into motor fuel, and in the Philippines the nipa palm is capable of yielding 50,000,000 gallons of industrial alcohol yearly. Various tropical products, more or less worthless for other purposes, are being dried and taken to England, to be turned into alcohol.

"The development of molasses during the next five or ten years will be like that of cotton seed," says a chemist. "You know that cotton seed was thrown away as useless not so many years ago, while to-day every scrap of it is used in the form of oil and meal, for table purposes, soap making, cattle feeding and fertilizer. Geologists tell us that in less than five years the peak of petroleum production will be reached, and then we shall see a gradual decline over a long period of years. The demand for motor fuel isn't going to decrease, however, but will constantly grow. The manufacture of alcohol from the cane-sugar molasses of the tropics has increased the past few years, yet only one-quarter to one-third of the molasses in a country as handy as Cuba is utilized. When the collection and handling of the stuff are organized so that molasses from remote mills can be distilled in plants operating over the greater part of the year the molasses end of that industry may be as profitable as the sugar end. And other tropical products will be used to keep such distilleries going—wild vegetation like palms, and cultivated things like cassava and cactus. For years we have drawn upon the tropics chiefly for the trimmings of life—coffee, tea, cocoa, sugar, tobacco, spices. Now we are going to those regions where the sun delivers the greatest amount of energy to our planet, and are taking sun power out in the form of staples. The first great

essential drawn from the tropics was vegetable fat in the form of coconut and other oils, the production of which has lately been wonderfully increased. Next we shall probably take the starches and sugars of nonedible vegetation, and turn them into alcohol for power. So the London taxicab, the Manitoba tractor and the New England farm engine will operate with the sunshine that fell last year in Demerara or Mindanao."

To get John Barleycorn into overalls is an organizing and selling proposition too.

Fifteen years ago the American farmer was urged to follow the example of that fellow who was then being universally held up as a model—the German. He was told that with a small alcohol still back of the barn he could make alcohol from his cull potatoes, wormy apples, spoiled grain or any other odds and ends around the place, feed the slops to his cattle and hogs, light his house with alcohol, run his gas engine, and sell the surplus alcohol, denatured, to prevent its use as booze. To encourage greater production Congress took the tax off denatured alcohol, which up to that time had paid more than two dollars a gallon revenue and been surrounded with all the restrictions of beverage alcohol.

The anticipated development of small stills did not follow. Revenue regulations were hampering, for one thing. But the chief difficulty was that distilling is a large-scale business for technically trained men—not an odd chore for amateurs. Instead of the mental picture of a farmer taking a couple gallons of surplus alcohol to town and trading it for groceries, the chemist asks you to think of industrial alcohol in tank cars at forty or fifty cents a gallon, and to buy it that way for industrial purposes. A modern distillery must have large capacity to keep costs down, and its complicated apparatus demands constant skilled supervision. And if it operates on waste products or nonedible crops there must be a supply large enough to utilize capacity to the utmost and keep the plant operating throughout the year.

Alcohol is a good deal like paper in that it can be made from innumerable things. Rarely does a week pass without its newspaper item that somebody has discovered how to make paper out of wheat straw or alcohol from banana skins. These discoveries are honest, but not original. Making the paper and alcohol from such materials is easy enough if you can collect mountains of straw and fruit wastes at a low enough transportation and labor cost to keep your paper mill or distillery running profitably. Until somebody discovers how to do that, paper will continue to be made largely of wood pulp, and alcohol out of the most convenient materials.

In the case of alcohol, these vary in different countries. Our own 60,000,000 gallons yearly of the industrial article are made chiefly from grain and molasses. In Germany large crops of coarse potatoes, yielding two or three times the crop of edible potatoes per acre, and hardly fit for human food, are the chief source of alcohol, along with molasses and refuse from beet-sugar factories. In France sugar beets and beet-sugar refuse are used.

John Barleycorn in Overalls

John Barleycorn at honest toil is under a handicap of suspicion, growing out of his bad record behind the bar. Or rather, the bar record of a relative would be a better way to put it, because John Barleycorn in overalls has always been a sober, hard-working fellow. Apart from the small percentage of alcohol used—sometimes abused—in medicines, flavoring extracts and perfumery, industrial alcohol is used in ways entirely detached from beverage uses, and most of it is unfit for drinking, being poisonous, as wood alcohol, or denatured with poisonous chemicals.

Moving pictures would be impossible without alcohol—a typical instance of its use as a dehydrating agent. Explosives and dyes are two typical fields in which it does work as a solvent. In the chemical laboratory it is second to water in usefulness, in the hospital an antiseptic, in the home a source of heat and light, and for the automobile a source of power as well as a preventive of freezing and a remover of carbon. A single type of denatured alcohol known as Number One is used in the manufacture of more than 170 products—artificial flowers and watches, candy colors and artificial silk, celluloid and soap, incandescent gas mantles and thermometers. This kind of alcohol has been sold for as little as thirty-five cents a gallon, while grain alcohol of the kind that can be used for beverage purposes now costs about nine dollars a gallon in this country.

Since 1914 we have established chemical and other industries that require large quantities of cheap nonbeverage alcohol for their processes and growth. Makers of industrial alcohol urge that industrial users regard it as the cheap commodity which it really is, employ it freely, and buy it in tank-car lots. They also urge Congress and the public to distinguish clearly between beverage and industrial alcohol. The latter is the only product used in industry which has been taxed several hundred per cent of its value, and bound round with hampering restrictions, where it is really a product to be used and handled like gasoline.

One by one the industrial nations are freeing John Barleycorn the worker. At first confused with John Barleycorn behind the bar, he was taxed and restricted. But as his value became apparent, ways were found to facilitate his usefulness. Germany's great chemical industries were built up not only by tax-free denatured alcohol, handled with the fewest possible restrictions, but also through subsidies frequently paid to stimulate its use. France, England, Belgium, Italy, Switzerland, Holland, Sweden, Norway, Austria and other countries have for years taxed industrial alcohol but moderately or not at all. Fifteen years ago Uncle Sam took the tax off denatured alcohol, but since then the prohibition issue has brought new complications and a confusion in the public mind that threatens to tie up alcohol the worker more tightly than ever.

Turning Molasses Into Milk

Alcohol is not the only salable product that can be made from molasses. A chemist in the sugar industries, anticipating that prices for the sweet staple are going to be lower in future, and that molasses must be utilized to make up the difference, suggests that yeast can be made as well as alcohol. Housewives who buy the little compressed tinfoil-covered cake at the grocer's probably think yeast an unimportant trifle, but if they could see it going into the big bakeries by the barrelful, like flour, they would think otherwise. According to this expert, both beet and cane molasses can be fermented to make yeast, with alcohol as a by-product. And because yeast is made chiefly of malted grain, a much more expensive material than the waste molasses of the sugar mills, it could be made more cheaply.

Molasses also makes good vinegar, and if you do not want to turn it into vinegar, yeast, denatured alcohol or rum, just set up another type of plant and turn it into milk. The milk in your breakfast coffee was probably derived partly from molasses, whether you got it fresh, tinned or powdered. There are more than 2,000,000 small plants for making this product scattered throughout the United States, and operated successfully by farmers. The molasses-milk factory is a four-legged one, the old cow. It is news to most city people that a billion-dollar industry has been built up on the dairy cow's bill of fare the past twenty-odd years—an industry made almost entirely out of pickings from the dump.

A generation ago the dairy cow lived on grass and corn, her menu affording hardly any concentrated or tonic foods, although her physiological job is to turn the greatest quantity of feed into the greatest quantity of milk. The dairy farmer was none too well fed himself in those days, according to a mixed-feed manufacturer who has grown up with this industry. For, lacking knowledge of scientific feeding, his activities were often unprofitable. Starting with cotton-seed meal, made from the cake left after oil was pressed from the seeds, the mixed-feed manufacturer has demonstrated the value of concentrates, and utilized other wastes of the same kind, including molasses. Down South the hogs are often turned into a field to harvest peanuts and fatten themselves. Send peanut-fattened hogs to the packing house, and they bring a lower price than corn-fattened hogs, because their flesh is oily and soft. Press the oil out of the peanuts, however, sell it for salad and cooking purposes, grind the cake and feed the dry, rich peanut meal to hogs, and their flesh will be firm and fine.

The mixed-feed manufacturer has added this peanut meal to the dairy cow's breakfast. He has gone to other industries, as

The Foster—Style M-73

TO the man who enjoys the finer, better things in life, The Florsheim Shoe affords quality of unusual excellence and style that is pleasingly correct, at a cost that is low for the satisfaction received.

The Florsheim Shoe—$10 and $12
Photographic Booklet "*Styles of the Times*" on request

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE CO.
Manufacturers *Chicago*

for the man The Florsheim Shoe *who cares*

*"Take a tip from Winthrop Wise
Save the Surface with KYANIZE"*

Kyanize FLOOR FINISH
KY-A-NIZE

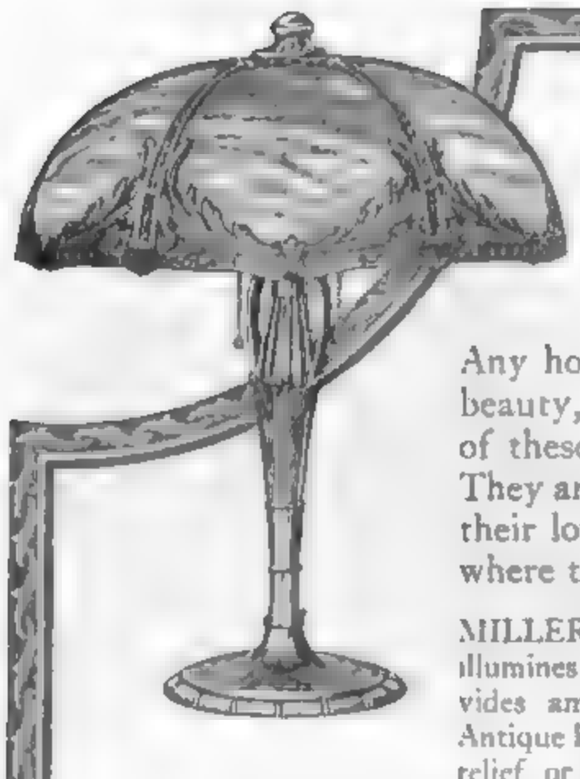
One operation—that's all.

Take a can of Kyanize Floor Finish (any color, Light Oak to Dark Mahogany) and a good brush—apply without mixing. Old furniture disappears. In its place you have a handsome ornament. Stained and varnished in a *single* operation. Kyanize Floor Finish, made to endure abuse on floors, is *for that very reason*, ideal for furniture and woodwork as well. Waterproof—of course—and gritty heels cannot scratch it white.

Our booklet, "The Inviting Home," awaits your postal request

BOSTON VARNISH COMPANY
10 Everett Station Boston 49, Mass., U. S. A.

Kyanize your floors, furniture and woodwork

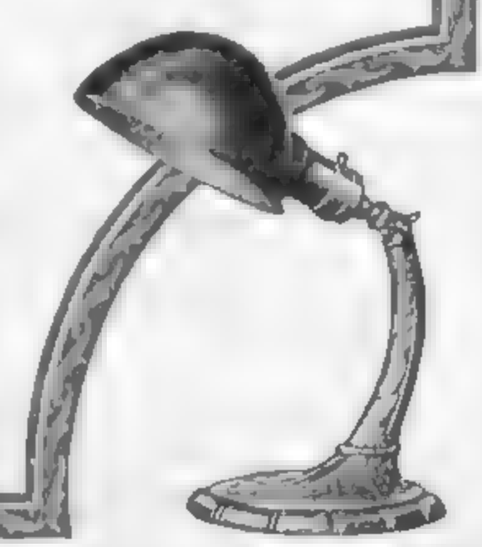


MILLER
Portable Lamps

Any home may be enriched with the beauty, harmony, comfort and cheer of these charming MILLER Lamps. They are sound and trustworthy. And their low prices make them available where they are needed most.

MILLER Table Lamp (shown above) softly illumines any living room or library and provides ample light for reading. Choice of Antique Bronze, Dark French Brown with gold relief or Florentine Relief finishes. Price: $14.95. (West of Rockies $15.95.)

MILLER Utility Lamp (shown below) is portable and placeable wherever you need its light, and adjustable to any angle. Suitable for home reading, writing—or as a piano or desk lamp. Choice of Dark French Brown, Old Ivory, Florentine Relief or Antique Bronze finishes. Price: $4.50. (West of Rockies $4.75.)



MILLER Lamps are sold by Electric Light Companies and Electrical Dealers everywhere. Write for name of nearest Distributor.

Edward Miller & Co.

Established 1844

Meriden, Conn.

CROSSETT SHOES *are made in a unique way. You get the economy of large-quantity production joined with materials of the highest quality.*

LEWIS A. CROSSETT CO.
North Abington, Mass.

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

The CROSSETT Shoe
"MAKES LIFE WELL-EASY"

well as to the Orient and the tropics, and utilized the residues from linseed, soy bean, rape, palm and other oil-yielding things, as well as gathered up the screenings and scrap from grain elevators, seed houses, breweries, distilleries, food factories. Most of these things are so rich that they have to be diluted. And because farmers seldom knew how to turn them into balanced cattle rations, and were very often skeptical about them anyway, the mixed-feed manufacturer has made his market by combining them with other ingredients, and created demand through salesmanship and advertising; again patly illustrating how the salesman must be brought in to help extract wealth from this great industrial dump.

The mixed-feed industry finds another good customer in the little red hen, who needs concentrated feeds for egg production. Her bill of fare has been enriched by taking the wastes of several dozen industries—particularly our breakfast-food factories.

Studying the possibilities in heaps of walnut shells piled up by plants where the nuts are cracked, a California chemist found that they would yield wood alcohol and several other commercial chemicals, with a residue of charcoal. The charcoal puzzled him a bit, but finally he demonstrated that it was necessary in the little red hen's diet, and put it in poultry feed. When he has time to take an Eastern trip there are piles of pecan shells awaiting him at the Texas nut crackeries.

California has other wastes from her highly specialized crops, like oranges and lemons. So have Florida and Hawaii, and the Pacific Northwest with its apples, berries, prunes, and so on. Culls unfit for market are sorted out in packing fruit, or prices drop so that it cannot be shipped profitably at certain times. Much research has been devoted to these problems, with the outcome that canning and preserving take up the surplus in some lines. Prohibition has created a demand for fruit juices, bringing many new products to the soda fountain and the grocer's shelves. One of the latest ingenuities is lemon and orange juice in powdered form, the product of California factories in which dehydration processes have been brought to a commercial scale after years of laboratory experiment. Down in Paraguay, where tropical fruits grow almost wild, a million miles from the world's markets, an American meat-packing plant, established to turn Paraguayan cattle into bully beef for soldiers' rations during the war, finding demand for this product cut off, has turned to similar fruit products.

A Contribution From the Movies

Raking over industry's huge heap of discarded things the wealth seeker frequently comes across a row of worn-out moving-picture film; it is estimated that American factories now produce 1,000,000,000 feet of it yearly, along with an immense quantity of photographic film, which is also thrown away eventually. New and unexposed it is worth about two and a half cents a foot, and when it carries silent drama, about six cents. As the cellulose in the smokeless cannon powder was good for celluloid and astificial leather, so celluloid in turn is good for cannon powder; every available pound of film was smuggled into Germany for this purpose during the war. Scrap celluloid is now worth twenty to thirty cents a pound in England, and rising. As leather veneer it may furnish the gloss for your patent-leather pumps; as artificial leather the upholstery for your automobile; and in cans it may be varnish, stain, veneer, lacquer, antirust coating for machinery. New uses are constantly being found for the material after the custard-pie comedy and the wiles of the vamp have been scraped off.

We are lectured so much about throwing away wealth utilized by more thrifty countries that it will be refreshing to look into a certain Eastern factory and see what American methods can accomplish with a waste material from no less thrifty a country than Japan. This is silk refuse—pierced and dead cocoons, with those from which all but the remnants of silk have been reeled, with short length and coarse fibers. The Japanese overlook few possibilities in their silk industry. For example, the finest strains of silkworms are used for breeding under government supervision. After each selected female worm has laid her eggs, and they have been fertilized by a selected male, they go into cool storage to prevent immediate hatching. Both the male and female are killed and examined microscopically. If any taint of disease is found in either, that particular lot of eggs is destroyed. Throughout the silk-growing sections of Japan the mulberry trees come into leaf at various seasons, according to climate. The silk farmer determines when worms will be needed to feed upon his mulberry leaves, notifies the government station, and eggs are taken from storage, put into incubators and brought within a day or two of hatch. Then they are shipped to the farmer, and the worms emerge when the leaves are ready.

The Japs have silk culture down as fine as that, and it might be thought that when they got done with cocoons there would be little opportunity for extravagant careless Americans to extract values from their leavings. Yet from these discarded cocoons the Eastern mill in question obtains short silk fiber ranging from one to six inches in length and spins it into thread for fabrics and garments. It is a big mill and through technical skill and experience has been able to beat the Jap in this particular industry for nearly a generation.

Junk de Luxe

A large corporation making electrical apparatus has a special sales force constantly hunting markets and uses for the motley waste materials incident to its processes. To illustrate the salesman's work in turning apparently worthless things into values, one of the men in this department recently described its activities in the company's employe magazine.

Formerly wastes were sorted and sold to the junkman at his price, but one day a salesman interested himself in a special lot of stuff that looked too good for junk. When he found a customer in another manufacturer, and got a raw-material price, he was told to go ahead and see what could be done with other discarded stuff. This activity soon grew into a special sales force which realizes every year $50,000 or $60,000 more than junk values out of the company's odds and ends.

There was a chemical residue from one process which, with a little teamwork between chemist and salesman, was found to be worth ten dollars a pound as a perfume base. Old and short-length telephone wire of the twisted kind used for indoor connections had chiefly copper value after its insulation had been burned off, but it was found that another manufacturer made hair curlers out of this material, and now he buys it at better prices. Old telephone cords found a market with manufacturers of electric heating pads during the war, when new material was unobtainable. Scrap shellac is sold to make phonograph records. Scrap metal, which in ordinary times brings satisfactory junk prices, became almost unsalable during the depression in the metal market, but the special sales force found an outlet among manufacturers of electrical toys. A little change in a design made obsolete a considerable quantity of German-silver strips, apparently only junk—but a market among fountain-pen manufacturers was developed. Insulating thread used to cover wires contains silk, wool and cotton; this is salvaged, the materials separated, the silk floss and woolen fiber sold, and the cotton waste utilized in the plant. Heavy paper tubes on which this thread is wound are sold to fireworks manufacturers, old paraffin to makers of lithographers' crayons, asphalt impregnating compounds from discarded electric apparatus to manufacturers of roofing paper. In every case added value is literally created through the salesman's knowledge of where to offer each particular kind of stuff, or his ingenuity and leg work in finding a market if he doesn't already know of one.

Concerning these silent squeals of industry a chemist says that business needs a liberal education in the possibilities for salvaging waste of every description.

"Every lot of waste material that goes to the sea or elsewhere to be dumped, or to the sewer, is a crime against our industrial and civic economy. When it is realized that every dollar of such recoverable value which is thrown away in our national waste and extravagance is just so much capital lost to the world for all time, and the magnitude of this total figure is driven home to those in position and authority to act in the matter, there may then be given the consideration to this problem which it deserves."

Can Any Stock Car Equal These Certified Records?

These certified records were made in and near New York City with a stock Lexington model, equipped with the famous Ansted Engine. Below is a resume of the report of O. M. Wells, Chief Roadman of the Automobile Club of America. When *the Lark* was introduced it was instantly recognized as not only an improved and better-built car but also as the leading style vogue for next year. Now it is recognized as the real leader in the three vital points of motor car performance—

Power—Economy—Speed

Fort George Hill (Manhattan)
From standing start, in high gear, 5 passengers, reached the top at 25 miles an hour. Another test with 5 passengers showed speed of less than 10 miles an hour from bottom to top.

* * *

Snake Hill (Brooklyn)
Standing start, high gear, finished at top at 60 miles an hour. Also all the way up this hill at less than 3 miles an hour in high gear, with 5 passengers, four men walking alongside car and making circles around it.

* * *

Fort Lee Hill (New Jersey)
With standing start, in high gear, 5-passenger load, went over top at 42 miles an hour, nearly upsetting car in taking last sharp curve at this speed.

* * *

Eagle Rock Hill (New Jersey)
Two passengers, starting in high, went over top at 32 miles an hour. With 5 passengers, starting in high, went over top at 30 miles an hour. With 7 passengers, total weight 1,280 pounds, went over top at 24 miles an hour. With 9 passengers, 2 standing on running board, went over top at 24 miles an hour.

* * *

Dyckman Hill (New Jersey)
From standing start, high gear, with 5 passengers, went over top at 22 miles an hour. Same hill negotiated in high gear, with 5 passengers all the way, with speed not exceeding 10 miles an hour at any time.

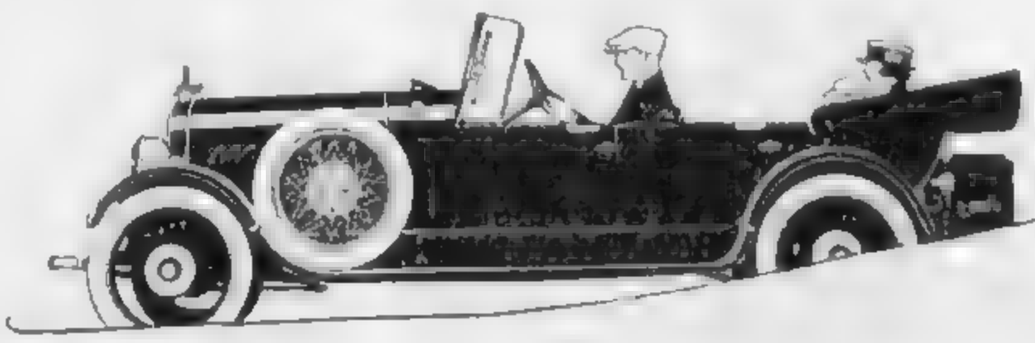
Miller Ave. Hill (Brooklyn)
In high gear, reached top at 41½ miles an hour.

* * *

The same car, without changing carburetor adjustment, ran 23.1 miles on one gallon of gasoline. Standard test gasoline was used, the gas tank being filled from a roadside fuel pump.

* * *

On Motor Parkway, Long Island, same car, without changing carburetor adjustment, reached maximum of 77 miles an hour by speedometer that, according to report from Stewart Company, manufacturers, was 1½ miles slow at 60 miles an hour, indicating that actual speed of more than 78½ miles an hour was attained. A measured mile was covered in 56 seconds flat.



The Lark

A facsimile of Mr. Wells's report will be mailed to anyone on request to the factory. *The Lark* is powered with the famous Ansted Engine. *The Lark's* power, speed, and economy, combined with its style, beauty, and comfort, make it a phenomenal value. While these records were made in and near New York City, they are being duplicated almost daily in many parts of the United States. See your Lexington Dealer, or write us for additional information.

Lexington
MINUTE MAN SIX

LEXINGTON MOTOR COMPANY, CONNERSVILLE, INDIANA, U. S. A.
Subsidiary United States Automotive Corporation

Badger De Luxe All Season TOPS

WHEREVER automobiles are driven, a car equipped with Badger De Luxe "All-Season" top is completely at home.

The finest car maintains its distinctive tone of quality; the car of moderate price is lifted to a new appearance value, for Badger quality meets the standards set by the builders of the finest bodies.

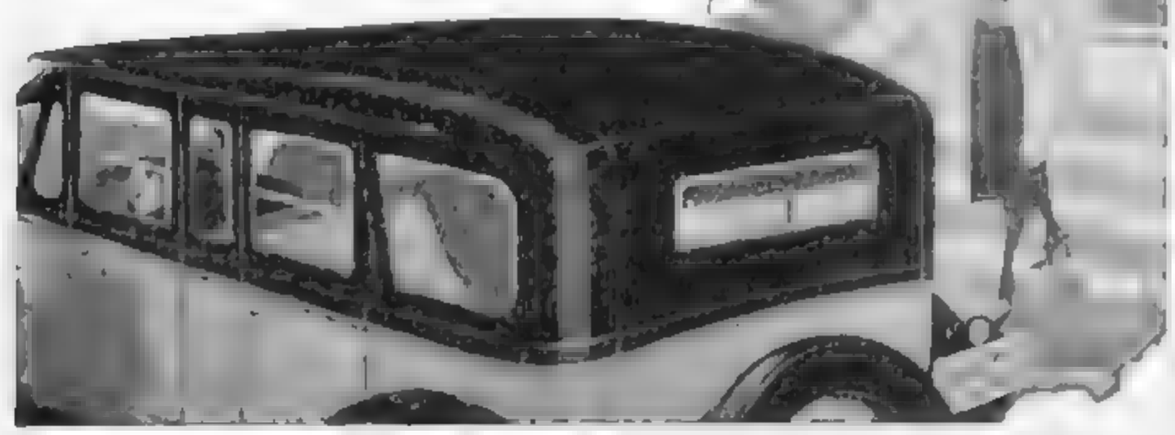
In finish, appointments, grace of outline, as in distinctive and exclusive features adding to service and convenience, Badger Tops offer a value beyond measure by comparison. Made in 96 models for the leading makes of cars.

2 passenger Models $185
4–5 passenger Models . . . 2[illegible]
7-passenger Models 285
Prices f. o. b. Racine, Wis.
War tax and installation extra

Write for descriptive booklet

WISCONSIN TOP COMPANY, Inc.
Consolidation of
McAvoy Brothers & Co. and Wisconsin Auto Top Co
Racine, Wisconsin

Also makers of a complete line of Auto Fabric Accessories sold through 3800 dealer connections covering the entire country.



You're in Style if You're Warm

MAKE Friends with Winter! All-wool-warmth, comfort and authentic style are yours with Bostwick Warmwear.

Choicest fabrics expertly tailored and fashioned, generous fur collars, shawl or three-way, large comfort pockets, knit worsted wrists *inside*, unusually soft and comfortable linings—these features make it essential that you insist upon Bostwick Warmwear.

The coat illustrated is typical of Bostwick Warmwear Tailoring. The cloth is a dark green mixture with beautiful white lambskins. Has long point collar of natural wombat, plain back, two flap pockets and full belt.

Write for illustrated catalog of Bostwick Coats, Jerkins, Vests and Shirts.

JOHNSON BOSTWICK CO.
100 Bostwick Building, Minneapolis

Wholesale Distributors:

Finch, Van Slyke & McConville - St. Paul, Minn.
Levi Strauss & Co. - - - San Francisco, Cal.
Slater Bros. - - - - Salt Lake City, Utah
E. J. Lindquist Mercantile Co. - - Denver, Col.
The Donald Company - - Grand Island, Neb.
Smith-McCord-Townsend Dry Goods Co.
Kansas City, Mo.

BOSTWICK WARMWEAR

FARMERS AT RUNNYMEDE

(Continued from Page 7)

investment and needless duplication of overhead expenses, over and over again."

Gradually the marketing plan of the Committee of Seventeen rounded out into a national farmers' coöperative marketing company—a nonstock, nonprofit corporation, differing only from existing marketing methods in that it would put the machinery under the control of farmers and eliminate the speculative features that exist on grain exchanges as an integral part of the present system of marketing.

By-laws and contracts were put into the hands of a committee of lawyers. For financial advice, Bernard M. Baruch, the well-known New York financier, was consulted. Since the work has been completed Mr. Baruch has consented to act as permanent though unofficial adviser.

In February of the present year the committee announced the details of their plan, and on April sixth official delegates from every farmers' organization in twenty-three states were called together by President Howard to consider and adopt or reject the plan. It was at this meeting that Howard made the statement I quoted at the beginning of this article, that the farmers are standing at Runnymede. It was their plan he designated the new Bill of Fundamental Rights.

There was but one important provision in the plan upon which the delegates differed, that of pooling the wheat. Some insisted that it should be compulsory for every wheat grower to pool one-third of his crop, whereas the committee had offered the grower the choice of pooling, direct sale or consignment. In the end the original proposition was settled upon and the original report adopted.

The delegates then elected a board of directors, who proceeded with the organization of the new company. On April sixteenth the U. S. Grain Growers, Inc., was incorporated. It is open for business and plans to handle grain this fall.

The essential idea of this new corporation centers around the existing farmers' elevators, most of them more or less coöperative. There are now in existence the Farmers' National Grain Dealers' Association, which comprises more than 4000 such country elevators; the Equity Coöperative Exchange of St. Paul, which controls some eighty country elevators and terminal elevators at St. Paul with 2,000,000 bushels capacity; the Farmers' Union Grain Company of Omaha; the Union Coöperative Elevator Company of Cleveland; the Indiana Farmers' Coöperative Commission Company, and others.

Signing Up the Farmers

Since the first of these farmer elevators was organized, at Rockwell, Iowa, about 1889, and there has been a steady growth of them ever since, this U. S. Grain Growers' company is by no means a new thing, after all. It is in reality only the next step in what has come into being through thirty years of development—a thing lost sight of by critics of the movement.

All told, there are around 5000 of these farmer elevators in the Middle West alone. If but one-half of the grain now handled annually by these can be secured for handling by the U. S. Grain Growers, it will total more than all the cash grain handled annually through the Chicago Board of Trade. It is expected that a considerable number of these existing units will shortly merge into the new body.

In proceeding with details of organization, the Grain Growers are going first to these elevators and signing contracts with them to market their grain through the Grain Growers as a sales agency, rather than through a private commission house. Then in turn the farmers will be asked to sign contracts agreeing for a five-year period to deliver all grain to their home elevator.

Farmer members, on signing up, will pay an initial fee of ten dollars, paid only once. For the time being cross contracts will be made with existing farmer companies handling grain. No grain except that of members will be handled.

Actual solicitation began in late July and in the first three days of campaigning 122 coöperative elevators signed up for membership, indicating that the movement will soon assume considerable proportions.

The objects of the organization, as set forth by them, are to stabilize prices by steadying marketing as demand warrants and by contracts direct with mills and other consumers, keeping grain in the farmers' control until sold to a legitimate buyer; export or pool for export grain not needed for domestic consumption, so that speculators cannot use an extra good harvest to beat down prices at harvest time; furnish credit through the Finance Corporation; learn true foreign conditions; clean, mix and regrade in farmer-owned plants; eliminate unnecessary and duplicate handling and freight charges by shipping direct from country station to miller or exporter and prorating savings made back to the farmer in proportion to the amounts and grades of grain which he sold through the company.

President Gustafson's Views

To secure funds for setting this organization in motion several state farm bureaus, notably Illinois, which furnished $25,000, have loaned money to the Grain Growers. In part instance, this money was raised by county farm bureaus at the request of the states. Then from the ten-dollar membership fees will come a considerable fund. Once in operation, commission charges will provide going funds.

The next step taken was in organizing the Farmers' Finance Corporation, the subsidiary credit organization. As originally planned, this provided for twenty-one shares of common stock, non-interest bearing, to be held in trust and voted by the directors of the U. S. Grain Growers, Inc. Preferred stock, non-voting but interest bearing, was to be issued up to $100,000,000. This was to be sold to farmers or anyone interested in shares of $100.

Not only was grain to be financed by this but the articles of incorporation, taken out in Delaware, provided that other commodities may be financed as well. The entire control, however, would be in the hands of the Grain Growers, since the same men would be directors of both.

There are signs, however, that this corporation may have to be radically revised before it is put into practical operation. The laws of certain states are such that it would be prohibited from selling stock there. Also there is a feeling that the present plan puts too much power without sufficient check into the hands of one group of men.

In addition, other acts of the Grain Growers have tended to raise doubts in the minds of those who should be their best friends and have furnished their enemies with ammunition for fighting them. Official representatives of ten mid-West State farm bureaus met at Chicago in August and served the U. S. Grain Growers' with what were termed "recommendations." The first of these recommendations, that salaries be substantially reduced, was immediately carried out.

The most vital recommendation, however, was that the Farmers' Finance Corporation be entirely reorganized by a joint committee of the Grain Growers and the American Farm Bureau Federation and so reorganized as to take the control of the corporation away from the Grain Growers by providing that the majority shall be from outside the board of directors of the Grain Growers; that the directors of the Finance Corporation, since it plans to finance other than grain interests, be composed of representatives from different commodity organizations; that consideration be given to formation of state units as part of the central organization and that the American Farm Bureau Federation have a permanent part in the active affairs of the corporation.

Just how much of these recommendations will further be carried out has not been determined as I write. But instead of anyone being discouraged over this, it might be regarded as a cause for encouragement. The situation indicates that the American Farm Bureau Federation has its feet on the ground and that it will insist that its protégé proceed to business in the soundest and best possible manner.

The night after the Farmers' Finance Corporation had been permanently launched I sat with President Gustafson, of the U. S. Grain Growers, in the lobby of a Chicago hotel, and I asked him just what he expected to do with these two giants that he and his fellow directors were creating.

"We expect to furnish the farmers of America a place where they can honestly market their grain, free from the speculators and gamblers of the Board of Trade who now market it," he replied. "We don't intend to fight the Board of Trade. We don't intend to ask for legislation against them, nor have we supported any such legislation that has recently been contemplated. We expect to compete with them. If you want to put it this way, we expect to organize a board of trade of our own that will be legitimate as to all sales, that will handle grain and not gamble. More accurately, we will function rather as a commission firm than as an exchange. As for hedging and dealing in futures, possibly we may work out a form of insurance that will take the place of hedging. And get this straight: We farmers are not asking for any special privileges. I am unalterably opposed to special privilege for anyone. All we want is a chance to engage in our own business in an open way."

Will this marketing plan succeed, planned as it is on such vast lines as never before were visioned by American farmers? These officers have confidence that it will. To get the opposite viewpoint I went to see members of the Chicago Board of Trade. These men say that it can't succeed, because, first, there is no need for it; second, because it is wrong in principle; and, third, because the men attempting it do not know how to do the thing.

These men pointed out that the Board of Trade is the largest institution of its kind in the world, built up through seventy years of keen competition to a high state of efficiency, functioning like a well-oiled machine, operating freely to the law of supply and demand as reflected in world conditions. Cash grain is handled on a margin of 1 per cent, the lowest margin of cost of any food product or merchandise in this country. There is always a market for grain. The hedging that the farmer objects to is used by nearly half of existing farmer elevators and furnishes a cheap form of insurance that is in itself a safeguard against speculation. The professional speculator is needed to absorb part of these hedges.

There are rigid rules for conduct of members and violation automatically brings suspension or expulsion. The board has a system of weighing, inspecting and grading that has taken years to perfect and that is one of the best of its kind in the world.

"Do you see that line?" a Board of Trade man said as he showed me a chart graphically indicating the drop in the price of wheat in the last year. "That line registers the price of grain day by day on our exchange. We are merely the recording instrument for world conditions. The farmers, dissatisfied with present prices, think we settle the price and are responsible for that line."

Another man, an official of the board, told me that the farmers who comprise the Grain Growers are inexperienced and do not understand the intricacies of the grain market. Instead of employing expert grain men they are trying to run things themselves. He called attention to the fact that the farmers had originally voted fat salaries to themselves as officers.

But the Grain Growers will employ grain experts, said Mr. Gustafson. That is just the thing they intend to do. They have already had the best men they could get to advise them legally and financially.

Past and Future Trading

The Board of Trade points out that though speculative grain sold is much larger than the cash grain, this is because not only do grain dealers but mills and bakers hedge to protect themselves on the same grain. Then Chicago is the speculative grain market for the whole world, the total volume of which is probably twice the world crop of grain.

When there was no Board of Trade or dealing in futures, wheat-price fluctuation was much greater than now. With no future dealing in barley, it had to be handled on a much higher margin. Germany by law in 1896 stopped all trading in futures. The attempt resulted in failure, and future trading was resumed. There is a formidable argument in favor of advantages in future trading and the present system of marketing.

"But here's the thing," a farmer representative said to me. "If the Chicago Board of Trade has fair intentions toward the farmer it will admit farmers' cooperative organizations as members, which it has absolutely refused to do. It has a rule which prohibits any member rebating on commissions, and our business is ruled as rebating when we pay back our profits to our members. If we give up this we could become a member. In other words, if we first destroy the heart and soul of coöperation, then we may join."

If the grain exchanges are opposed to this new farmer grain marketing scheme, so likewise is there dissension among farmers. The Farmers' Union of Kansas not only refuses to have anything to do with it but recently through a subsidiary company it has bought a seat on the Kansas City Board of Trade. Also the Illinois Farmers' Grain Dealers' Association voted to withhold approval, on the ground that it was an untried affair.

So much for the way the farmers are tackling the grain problem. In about the same way a committee of fifteen, appointed by President Howard, of the Farm Bureau Federation, is now studying the livestock-marketing situation. This committee has not yet finished its study or made a complete report.

It will probably take up the perfection of plans for the establishment of producer-controlled coöperative commission companies at the leading markets as the first step, since such companies in the past few years have proved quite successful at Omaha, St. Paul and other markets. Upon the establishment of these firms they will be affiliated in an organization national in scope, in which producers will obtain membership and control on a coöperative basis. A zone system of some sort that will provide for an orderly marketing of stock and an avoidance of gluts is to be a part.

The Cotton Growers' Exchange

Within the past few years 4000 coöperative livestock-shipping associations have organized around local shipping points in the Corn Belt. These have pretty much driven out the old-time stock buyer and have effected a considerable saving to the farmer members. A number of states have organized state associations and a national federation has been formed, with Knute Espe, of Iowa, as head. It is assumed that these shipping locals, some of which are in conjunction with farmer elevators and a number of which do from $1,000,000 to $2,000,000 of business annually, will be the focal points around which any livestock-marketing plan is based.

With cotton, just as with grain and livestock, the American Farm Bureau Federation has been called upon, as a service bureau, to help out. Upon invitation to do so the federation took the initiative and called together at Memphis last April representatives of twelve cotton states, including those already organized or under way, with the idea of seeing what best could be done to unite them under some national working agreement.

The result of this conference was the indorsement of a plan already projected, known as the American Cotton Growers' Exchange, which has for its basic idea a working agreement of the various state coöperative marketing associations for the purpose of marketing their cotton through a national sales agency. The exchange will be governed by a board of trustees elected by the associations which sign the agreement. Any association handling cotton on a purely coöperative and nonprofit basis may sign the agreement. An executive committee of five is to carry out the business of the exchange.

Here's a unique feature that may interest those who say that the farmers are forming trusts that will fix prices to the detriment of the consumer. The United States Secretary of Agriculture, the chairman of the Federal Trade Commission and the governor of the Federal Reserve Board will each be asked to name one trustee to represent the interests of the general public, and one of these trustees must be selected as a member of the executive committee.

The exchange will have full authority to determine the time, manner, place, method and terms of all sales of cotton delivered to any of the associations. This will be in effect a national pool.

It's a long story and many and varied are the activities of the national and state farm bureaus. I haven't told yet of the conference between vegetable growers and canners. Plans are under way for tackling the tobacco-marketing problem. In New Jersey the Farm Bureau Federation has been

JACKIE COOGAN wears *only* Heid Hats and Caps! And the very models he wears are sold by leading merchants all over the country, bearing the Jackie Coogan label reproduced above! Heid Headwear has set the standard for quality, style, fit and workmanship for half a century. When you want the utmost in headwear value, go to the Heid dealer nearest you. If you don't know him, write us and we'll introduce you.

Jackie Coogan Hats and Caps are manufactured exclusively by

FRANK P. HEID & CO.

Juniper and Vine Sts., Philadelphia New York Office: 234 Fifth Ave.

Also makers of

MEN'S CLOTH HATS AND CAPS, MEN'S STRAW HATS, CHILDREN'S HATS, BOYS' HATS AND CAPS

Easy to pack

Z.K.M. found that clothes properly packed do not need pressing at the journey's end. She has written a book, "Householding in an Indestructo," that tells exactly how and where to pack every kind of garment so that it will come out of the trunk with all of its original freshness. She has used Indestructo trunks continuously for fifteen years and maintains that no other trunk offers equal convenience or equal protection.

We will send you a copy of this book free. Send for it at once and see for yourself why the Indestructo is usually preferred by seasoned travelers for long, hard trips.

INDESTRUCTO

MISHAWAKA, Trunk Makers INDIANA.

YOUR QUESTION:

How Can I Make More Money?

OUR ANSWER:

Sell Us Your Spare Hours

Hundreds of thousands of extra dollars are earned every year by the representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman.*

You are invited to share in the earnings.

Ellery Mahaffey (Pennsylvania)
$606.40 in Two Months

You will find the work easy and pleasant and, above all, profitable.

Commissions

For every subscription that you secure you will be paid a generous commission.

Monthly Bonus

In addition you will be offered a monthly bonus, based on your production. This alone may run as high as $200.00 a month.

Lloyd Hall (Nebraska)
$350.00 in One Month

W C Cowgill (Oregon)
$1.00 an Hour

Weekly Salary Contract

Or if you prefer, and if you can produce a reasonable monthly quota, you may receive a weekly salary contract—up to $50.00 a week—in addition to commissions.

Permanent Profits

Every order that you receive can bring you additional profits year after year. The same commissions and bonus are ordinarily allowed for renewals that are paid for new orders.

Burton L. White (Massachusetts)
$50.00 Extra in One Month

George Bockoven (Arizona)
$75.00 in One Month

Territory

There is no restriction on the territory in which you may work. Unlimited territory offers unlimited opportunity.

W H Guscott (Ohio)
$90.00 Extra in One Month

Your Profits

The table that follows will give some idea of the extent of the monthly profit for part-time or full-time work.

Raymond Starr (California)
$100.00 a Week

Average Subscription Production of	Total Monthly Profits About
Less than 3 a week	$ 4 40
Less than 4 a week	7 40
Less than 1 a day	12 00
Less than 8 a week	15 50
Less than 10 a week	20 50
Less than 2 a day	27.00
Less than 17 a week	37.00
Less than 3 a day	50.00
Less than 4 a day	67.00
Less than 5 a day	80.00
Less than 7 a day	99 00
Less than 1 each working hour	128 00
Less than 10 a day	165 00
Less than 12 a day	200.00
Less than 14 a day	244.00
Less than 2 each working hour	285.00
Less than 18 a day	328.00
One may devote 25 minutes to each sale and still earn	370.00

A. B Arment (Ohio)
$100.00 in One Month

ACT NOW If you want to take advantage of this money-making opportunity to lay the foundation of a successful subscription business, send, now, the coupon below:

CUT HERE

The Curtis Publishing Company
325 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gentlemen:

The offer you describe looks good to me. Please rush full particulars.

Name _____ Street _____

Town _____ State _____

helping the potato, the poultry and the tomato growers to organize. In Illinois the growers who produce from 80 to 90 per cent of all onion sets in the country are being organized to control this side line. The Texas Farm Bureau, in addition to cotton, is marketing $1,000,000 of tomatoes this year, several thousand carloads of watermelons and a part of the pecan crop.

There is no room here to tell of the legislative program of the American Farm Bureau Federation, nor of the state programs. The formation of the agricultural bloc in the Senate and House at Washington is a sign of the times and the influence of this, however. The federation, through its Department of Transportation, headed by Clifford Thorne, is furnishing service to shippers and taking a hand in railroad rates. A Department of Economic Research has recently been created, with S. W. Tator, an economist of standing, at the head. S. R. Guard, an associate editor of a big livestock journal, has been placed at the head of the Department of Education, which includes information and publicity and involves advertising and motion pictures. The Washington office, in charge of Gray Silver, was one of the first things established.

These are some of the facts regarding the things being undertaken by the organized farmers of to-day, newly risen to a new importance. How far they will succeed, whether they will misuse their power in case they do succeed, are matters of conjecture. Whether they are right or wrong is a subject of controversy, depending upon whose spectacles you are wearing.

Before ever he was considered for appointment as Secretary of Agriculture, Henry C. Wallace spoke as a farm editor to the coöperative marketing conference at Chicago which resulted in the Committee of Seventeen. His views then set forth are significant.

"Take the affirmative, not the negative," said Mr. Wallace. "The farmers of this country have been on the negative side of this whole marketing business for forty years. They did not know enough about the affirmative side to help themselves until this movement started. The time has gone by for the negative fellow."

Before one can fully appreciate what all these things mean that I have been relating he must first get a vision of the new type of American business farmer that has arisen in the last decade, a type entirely different from the old boot-strap, bewhiskered individual of the stage and comic cartoon, a farm captain of industry—but let me tell you what the editor of an Iowa country newspaper told me the other day. He gets out a newsy, businesslike sheet of 3500 circulation three times a week. More than half his subscribers are farmers.

"The farmer of my county is a big-business man," this editor said. "As for his business ability—adoption of new methods, modern appliances—he is far more progressive than the average small-town business man. He grabs the modern idea of advertising, of efficiency, of big business, quick. The small-town business man must waken up or he'll find all the big business of the community handled from the farm.

"The average farm in this county is worth $350 an acre and is 160 acres in size. That alone means an investment of $56,000. For the machinery, tractors, autos, cattle, hogs, sheep, horses and the rest—why, $20,000 would hardly be large enough value.

"One business man, he is, with an investment of $75,000 or more in his business—more than nine-tenths of the hardware emporiums, temples of economy or soda-jerking joints on Main Street of any town in the county have.

"And there are 1800 such business men who take my paper. Do you realize that last year these business farmers, to advertise their pure-bred livestock and other products, took more display and classified advertising in my paper than did all the business men in this county-seat town combined? The farmer is the business man of to-day, not the town and city fellow—and you can't get around the fact. And he's just beginning to realize it too."

That's the point of my story. The farmer is just beginning to realize how big his business is, once he combines with his neighbor who is in the same kind of business as he is.

All this presages the awakening of a giant. Maybe he isn't standing at Runnymede. But he's standing somewhere, and we're going to realize it in various ways before long.

"Tell me just what you consider the single biggest achievement of the American Farm Bureau Federation," I asked President Howard as I sat with him at lunch not long since.

"It is the fact that the farmers have awakened to their own importance," he said; "and even more, the fact that the city business man is coming to realize that there is such a thing as the farmer business man. It is the recognition that has been accorded everywhere to the organized farmer, the putting of agriculture on a higher business plane—that is the big thing."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

IS fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without special permission. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.

Table of Contents

September 10, 1921

Cover Design by Paul Stahr

SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
The Killer—*Lowell Otus Reese*	8
Men, the Brutes!—*Nina Wilcox Putnam*	10
The Evil Lie—*Octavus Roy Cohen*	14
The Inspiration—*Barker Shelton*	22

ARTICLES

Farmers at Runnymede—*Harry R. O'Brien*	6
They Sometimes Come Back—*Kenneth L. Roberts*	12
Saving the Silent Squeals of Industry—*James H. Collins*	21

SERIALS

The Hermit of Turkey Hollow (In three parts)—*Arthur Train*	3
Face to Face (Third part)—*Edwin Lefevre*	17
Mob of Three (Conclusion)—*Herschel S. Hall*	30

DEPARTMENTS

Editorials	20

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. Be sure to give your old address as well as the new one.

On Easy Terms
Model H2
$57.50
F.O.B. Chicago
1¢ F. O. B. CHGO.
BLANK metal "one-piece" address plates quickly "graphotyped" with names, addresses, etc., in your office or at our nearest service station.
Thru a Ribbon
OHIO

Addressograph

TRADE MARK

PRINTS FROM TYPE

Costs Little to Increase Your Sales!

67% more Addressographs were sold in June, 1921, than in June a year ago. Yet June, 1920, was a record month! July and August show proportionate gains. Why? Because, right now, firms in every line want *more* sales—from the smallest retailer to the largest corporation!

And the amazing success many firms are having in winning bigger business with the Addressographs they have installed on *free trial* is causing them to buy this "business energizer" on our *easy payment* plan.

"Our extraordinary growth in 1921 is due in great part to Addressograph-ed circularizing"—Van Den Berg Bros. (Ret. Furniture), Grand Rapids.

"Addressograph-ed advertising *increasing* our 1921 business over 1920"—Bert L. Daily (Painters' Supplies), Dayton.

"$31,000 sales resulted from Addressograph-ed campaign just finished. Money couldn't buy our Addressograph if we couldn't get another"—Samuels Shoe Co., St. Louis.

"Addressograph makes our postage stamp account pay dividends"—Jones-Brewster Co. (Jobbers), Houston, Tex.

"Addressograph pays for itself before the bill comes due"—Iowa Fruit and Produce Co.

"Free trial Addressograph sold itself"—Seneca Wire & Mfg. Co., Fostoria, O.

The small cost of an Addressograph for increasing your sales will *surprise* you. Trying it at our expense will *convince* you. And our easy way of "paying for it as you sell more" will *please* you. 10 times *faster* than pen or typewriter, the RIBBON-PRINT Addressograph "fills in" letters—addresses anything, everything, exact typewriter style. Errors impossible! Wins sales—speeds collections—cuts routine costs, *at free trial quickly proves when you mail coupon opposite.* No obligation—just good business!

2 Free Books To Help You Sell

THOUSANDS of executives have profitably read these books which tell how YOU can win sales quickly—

1 "Mailing Lists—their Preparation, Care and Uses."
—By C. P. Ufford, Mailing List Expert of Goodrich Rubber Co.

2 "How Live Sales Promotion Puts the Sharp Edge on Dull Business."
—By A. J. Reist, Sales Promotion Expert.

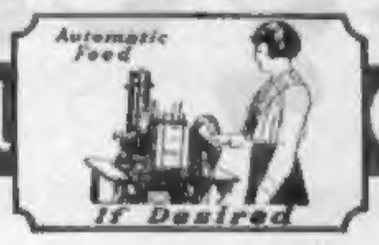
General Offices: 900 Van Buren St., Chicago Factories: Chicago, Brooklyn, London

Allentown	Boston	Cleveland	Duluth	Kansas City	New York	Salt Lake City	St. Louis
Albany	Buffalo	Dallas	El Paso	Los Angeles	Omaha	San Antonio	St. Paul
Atlanta	Butte	Denver	Grand Rapids	Minneapolis	Philadelphia	San Francisco	Syracuse
Birmingham	Chicago	Des Moines	Houston	Newark	Pittsburgh	Seattle	Toledo
Baltimore	Cincinnati	Detroit	Indianapolis	New Orleans	Portland	Spokane	Washington

Canada: 60 West Front Street, TORONTO—Vancouver—Montreal—Winnipeg—Calgary

Free

Trial



Coupon

MAIL WITH YOUR LETTERHEAD to Addressograph Co., 900 Van Buren St., Chicago.

☐ SEND ON APPROVAL Hand-Operated Ribbon-Print Addressograph for 10 days' free trial. If we don't buy, we will return it at your expense.

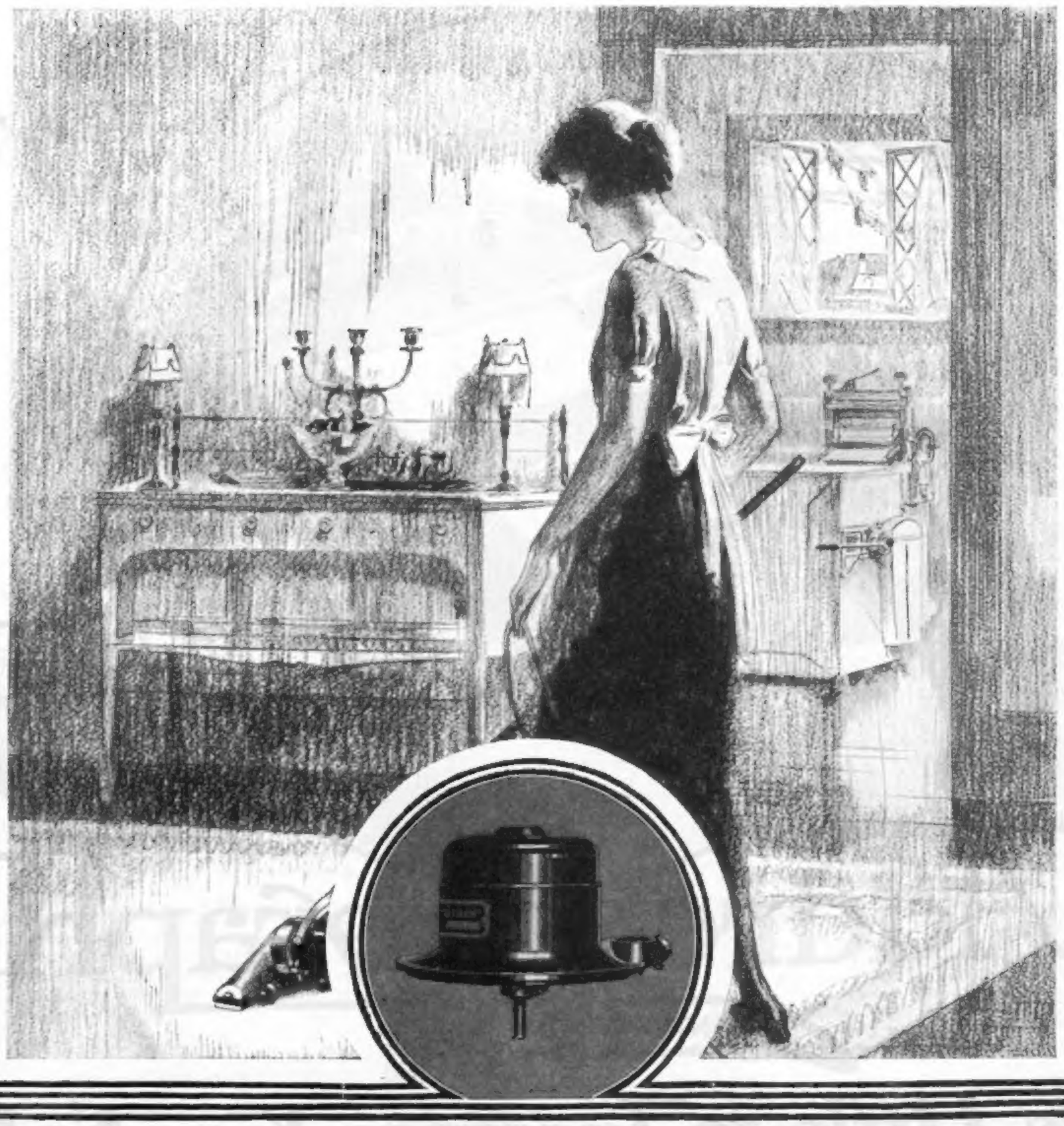
☐ HAVE SALESMAN DEMONSTRATE the Addressograph he carries with him.

☐ SEND SAMPLE 1c Blank Plate.

☐ SEND BOOK No. 1.

☐ SEND BOOK No. 2.

(9-10-21)



TO an electrically driven fan, washing machine, or suction cleaner, the motor is its very life. Because this is true, the manufacturers of electrically operated household appliances exercise extreme care in deciding upon the motor to be used on their products. The present immense and growing employment of Robbins & Myers Motors on the leading household and office appliances is the natural reward of continuously competent service. For nearly a quarter of a century these simple and silent producers of energy have faithfully and reliably discharged every task put upon them.

Robbins & Myers Motors

Made in Springfield, Ohio — Brantford, Ontario

"AND all this glistening, gleaming whiteness is *your* work, Bon Ami! At your soft touch the dull and dingy becomes the bright and shining. You cast your spell upon my grimy tub, and in a moment it stands forth like a piece of spotless china—and the nickel-work gleams like new silver.

"Bon Ami—'Good Friend!' Your name tells truly what you are, and by making easy my task of keeping home-things spick and span, you prove it."

Bon Ami is also fine for cleaning and polishing windows, brass, linoleums and white woodwork.

Cake or Powder
whichever you prefer

"Hasn't Scratched Yet"

PUBLIC approval follows artistic leadership. The Victrola stands alone. The great artists who make records for it have by that simple fact given it the only sanction which really counts for a musical instrument.

Victrolas $25 to $1500.

Victrola

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J.

This trademark and the trademarked word "Victrola" identify all our products. Look under the lid! Look on the label!
VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO.
Camden, N. J.